Harvard College
Class of 1956
60th Anniversary Report

2016

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CAMBRIDGE
Printed for the Class
2016

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PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF HARVARD COLLEGE

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MCMLVI REDUX

Foreword

"Now entering the alumni procession, welcome to the Sixtieth Reunion Class—the Class of 1896." 1896! That group of reunioning classmates in Harvard Yard on a sunny afternoon in June 1956 is *us* to this year's graduating Class of 2016. For those of us who watched that day (if we were paying attention), we observed a hardy band of slowly walking classmates who—like us now—had passed through most of their life cycle and had witnessed (and participated in) the turn of a century, two world wars, economic travail, and postwar boom . . . and Harvard's transformation into a truly national, and even international, university.

We, too, have already experienced much of our own life cycle; in twenty years, some of us may be centenarians! This Class Report volume again offers us the quinquennial opportunity to follow the "group journey through life" of Harvard '56. (And Radcliffe '56, for those still strong enough to turn this book over and upside down! Two books in one publication.)

Over 50 percent of living classmates returned the biographical information form. Many shared chronicles of their lives across a wide range of personal and professional paths, encompassing multifarious career paths and multigenerational personal and family tales.

As a cohort we are already past the life expectancy projected for us in 1952 and our college years, when we were truly "fresh men" at Harvard (and Radcliffe). Now our life expectancy is past ninety. And it seems true that "eighty-five is the new sixty-five" when it comes to activities—even if some of our body parts have exceeded their "use by ____" dates (to quote a classmate at a recent event). As I have noted myself, as our years grow longer, so do our roster of doctors and our portfolio of pills.

A sad accompanying reality to our stage of the life cycle is the growing number of classmates who have passed on. The obituaries in this Report represent temporal sadness, but also serve to refresh our memories of shared experiences in earlier times, including our college years. A cumulative In Memoriam list provides an opportunity for reflection.

More positively, though, let me encourage you to dip into the reports in this volume. Whether you know the individual or not, you will find interesting stories on every page. As my wife, Linda, has said, "Meander and enjoy, whoever wrote it." Thanks to those who responded.

Thanks also to those who returned their Confidential Surveys. Over half responded—a significant rate—allowing us to gain perspectives on our lives, attitudes, and lifestyles. Tim Ellard and I have designed, conducted, and analyzed these five-year glimpses of Harvard '56 since 1966. (A full report will be presented at the Reunion.)

Our appreciation once again to our indefatigable shepherd(ess) in the Class Report Office, Deborah Smullyan '72. Without her organizing abilities, guidance, hard work, and necessary nudging, along with the smile on her face and in her voice, this volume could not have come into being. She has been a bulwark for our Class Reports over the years. Appreciation also goes to Diane MacDonald, senior associate director of the Class Report Office, and to assistants Sam Danello '18, Alexandra Grimm '17, and Katherine Finnegan.

Finally, let me remind classmates to scan through the messages in these pages from our reunion leadership and all who are helping to make our Sixtieth a memorable and happy event. Many have served H'56 not just in reunion years but in between. And a special recognition for our omnipresent class secretary, Ken Rossano. Through all our decades since graduation, he has been our beacon, our binding spirit, and our wellspring of energy.

MCMLVI Redux!

Respectfully submitted,
Stephen A. Greyser
Class Report Chair

Acknowledgments

On behalf of the Harvard and Radcliffe Classes of 1956, and in recognition of their assistance with class activities, Class Reports—including reprints of our Freshman Register—and fundraising efforts since our Fifty-fifth Reunion, it is my privilege to extend sincere gratitude to the following:

- John Kaneb, Steve Kay, and Paula Budlong Cronin, for enthusiastically co-chairing our Sixtieth Reunion
- John Armstrong and Steve Kay, for co-chairing our Sixtieth Reunion gift, assisted by the many classmates listed in the pages that follow
- Steve Greyser and Tim Ellard, for overseeing the planning and production of Harvard '56's Sixtieth Class Report, as they have all previous Class Reports. They also plan and produce the accompanying Confidential Survey, the longest continuous survey of the attitudes and behaviors of a Harvard College Class
- Jody Fisher Williams, for overseeing the planning and production of the Radcliffe '56's Sixtieth Class Report
- David Lee, for serving as class treasurer—in place of Dan Pierce—and advising me on financial matters while keeping our funds safe and secure
- Tim Cogan, Ned Gammons, and Lew Schneider, for planning and orchestrating what promises to be a moving memorial service and tribute to our departed classmates. As noted above, in a precedent-setting occurrence, the Class has reprinted our Freshman Register, which recognizes all who entered in 1952
- Dan Rezneck, Dave Dorsen, Chuck Edson, and Evan Berlack, for organizing a November pre-reunion event in Washington, DC, featuring Bob O'Neil, who spoke in the Cosmos Club on the current and future state of American higher education
- Bob Ballard, Thor Thors, Stan Shuman, and Fletcher Hodges, for organizing a November pre-reunion event in New York, featuring Bob Wilmers, who spoke in the Century Club on the current and future state of American finance. The same individuals deserve our gratitude for initiating the long-running Harvard/Radcliffe '56 "Last Tuesday Lunch" at the Harvard Club of New York, thus providing the inspiration for the launching of the Boston version, "First Tuesday Lunch," at the Harvard Club of Boston. We in

Boston salute our colleagues in New York for this fine idea, which we have now happily adopted

- Paul Sperry and Larry Berman, for arranging musical favorites, including Tom Lehrer's best, during relaxing times at our Sixtieth
- Joe Cronin, for again organizing our scintillating symposia
- Roger Payne, for updating us, in one of the symposia, on his lifelong work on behalf of the whale population
- Lew Schneider and David Lee, for overseeing the reprinting of our Freshman Register, encompassing precedent-setting features
- Susan Campbell Brownsberger, Joan Harvey Burns, Paula Budlong Cronin, Laurie Gorfinkle Hammer, Paula Morse, Rosa Rosenbloom Rasiel, Carole Latter Robinson, and Jody Fisher Williams, for overseeing the Radcliffe component of our Sixtieth
- Kailey Walsh, Brittany Badik, Courtney Shurtleff, John Prince, Jack Reardon, and Philip Lovejoy of the Harvard Alumni Association, which supports us all year long, and now with Harvard's best-ever Sixtieth Reunion
- Diane MacDonald and Deborah Smullyan, who oversee the planning and production of our Class Reports, along with those of many other Classes
- Mary Preston, Lucas Simpson, and Emily Walkenstein of the Harvard College Fund, who with their colleagues, assist classmates with expert philanthropic advice to the benefit of our families and Harvard College

These acknowledgements are a small attempt to recognize the legions of classmates and staff who consistently, and with enthusiasm, participate in our Reunions, of which this Sixtieth is but the latest. We are grateful to those named and unnamed, and extend our deepest appreciation to all supporters, past and present, of Harvard and Radcliffe '56. We are as privileged to be associated with each other as we are to be a part of Harvard College.

Respectfully submitted,
Kenneth R. Rossano
Class Secretary

Reunion Program Committee

Co-Chairs
Paula Budlong Cronin
John A. Kaneb
Stephen B. Kay

Program Committee

John Allan Armstrong
David S. Babin
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Robert A. Benson
Evan R. Berlack
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Stanley S. Shuman
Donald A. Smith
Joseph LeVow Steinberg
Thor H. Thors Jr.
Ralph B. Vogel
Jody Fisher Williams
Robert G. Wilmers

Report of the Reunion Program Committee Co-Chairs

Welcome to the Sixtieth Reunion of the Harvard and Radcliffe Classes of 1956 . . . Where *did* the years go, especially the last five?

Our energetic class committee, with the help of many classmates, has put together what we believe is a wonderful program for our Reunion, beginning with registration and a welcoming reception on Monday, May 23, and continuing through Tuesday, May 24, with lectures, our joint memorial service, lunch, and what is sure to be a highlight of reunion week, a reception with hearty hors-d'oeuvres in the newly renovated Fogg, now a part of the Harvard Art Museums. During the evening we will be privileged to hear from Theodore E. Stebbins Jr., consultative curator of American art emeritus.

Wednesday morning, May 25, we will be offered lectures by two noted Harvard professors, followed by Steve Greyser and Tim Ellard's traditional presentation on the Confidential Survey. Radcliffe '56 will have its own survey-generated discussion of "where we are now" on Wednesday morning as well. After lunch, our classmate Merle Bushkin will introduce classmate Roger Payne, who is to speak on the impact of climate change on whales; and we will reconvene in the evening for a New England clambake (with expanded menu) and the annual Harvard University Band and Glee Club concert.

Commencement morning, Thursday, May 26, will find us in Tercentenary Theatre for Harvard's 365th Morning Exercises and the awarding of undergraduate, graduate, and honorary degrees, including that awarded to our principal speaker, Steven Spielberg. The Alumni Association Exercises will be held in the same location in the afternoon, with addresses given by President Drew Gilpin Faust and honorand Spielberg.

Radcliffe '56 and their guests will have the opportunity to attend a dinner at the Cambridge home of classmate Polly Cronin and husband Philip '53 on Thursday night, after Commencement, and will join other Radcliffe alumnae in celebrating Radcliffe Day on Friday, May 27.

Harvard has changed physically in the last five years, and we think the University has done a superb job of updating some iconic but aging buildings while keeping the ambience we all remember and love. One of the most valuable elements of our reunion week will surely be the unstructured time we will have to revisit Cambridge, and to renew old friendships of nearly two-thirds of a century while simultaneously forming new.

We look forward to seeing all classmates in Cambridge, May 23 to May 26.

Respectfully submitted,
Paula Budlong Cronin, John Kaneb, and Stephen Kay
Reunion Program Committee Co-Chairs

Reunion Campaign Committee

(as of April 4, 2016)

Gift Co-Chairs
John A. Armstrong
Stephen B. Kay

Participation Chair
Kenneth R. Rossano

Participation Committee
Kenneth W. MacCormac
Robert C. Milton
Richard W. Montague
David H. Morse
Ralph B. Vogel

John Harvard Society Chair and Class Chair
David S. Lee

Report of the Reunion Campaign Co-Chairs

As our Sixtieth Reunion approaches, we look forward to connecting with friends and to celebrating another wonderful Harvard milestone. Our reunion festivities will be held in Cambridge from May 23 to May 26, 2016, and we sincerely hope that you will be able join us in the gala celebration.

Your reunion campaign committee is now hard at work encouraging classmates to participate in our reunion gift. As you consider your contribution, you might be interested to know that many of our classmates have taken advantage of planned giving opportunities. These gifts offer individuals at our stage of life significant ways to provide increased and secure income for ourselves and for our families, as well as lowering our taxes. These are good gifts to Harvard and wonderful estate planning tools. If interested, please contact Grant Whitney, of the FAS Gift Planning Office, at 617-496-6248.

The campaign effort has picked up momentum in recent months as we head down the home stretch toward reunion weekend. We are happy to report that all signs point toward a very successful campaign. As of April 1, the Class has raised $12.2 million, with 39.1 percent participation. If you have not yet made a gift to the reunion campaign, we encourage you to do so. Gifts at all levels have an impact. Broad participation is one of our most important goals this year.

We are grateful for the time, effort, and dedication of the committee members and for their hard work in guiding us toward a successful Sixtieth Reunion campaign. We hope you will respond as generously as you can to their efforts.

Respectfully submitted,
John A. Armstrong
Stephen B. Kay
Co-Chairs, Reunion Campaign Committee

Report of the Class Secretary

On the occasion of our Fiftieth Reunion, the Harvard and Radcliffe Classes of 1956 joined in the planning and implementation of a precedent-setting combined Fiftieth Anniversary Report. We wrestled with issues of layout that weren't entirely to everyone's satisfaction until now, ten years later, when we have chosen to use two front covers plus alphabetization. Current classes, more evenly balanced by gender and not having the challenges we faced as pioneers, use alphabetization solely. It might be of interest to know that in 1952, 1,236 men entered Harvard College, while 289 women entered Radcliffe College, and that by the end of 2015, 523 members of the combined H/R Class of 1956 have been reported as deceased.

In this Class Report you will find entries of varying length and introspection; fiction and nonfiction; or possibly just last-known contact information. It is by any measure a remarkable record of the men and women who assembled in the autumn of 1952, and who now, at their Sixtieth Reunion, continue to share their life views with each other. Harvard classmates Steve Greyser and Tim Ellard have overseen all aspects of the Harvard Class Reports from the Tenth Reunion on, as well as their equally precedent-setting longitudinal study of our changing attitudes, which we believe constitutes the only such continuous study of a Harvard Class. Jody Williams has overseen earlier Radcliffe Reunion Reports, and now joins Steve and Tim in a collaboration on this book.

More than a year ago, John Kaneb and Steve Kay graciously agreed to take on the responsibility of our Sixtieth Reunion as co-chairs. Activities began last fall in Washington, DC, when Dan Rezneck invited Bob O'Neil, former president of the University of Virginia and the University of Wisconsin, to speak at the Cosmos Club on the future of higher education, and Bob Ballard, Fletcher Hodges, and Thor Thors invited classmates to the Century Club in New York to hear from Bob Wilmers, longtime CEO of M&T Bank, with Stan Shuman moderating. The Sixtieth Reunion itself will be held from May 23 through May 26 in Cambridge, with the signature event a tour, lecture, and dinner in the newly renovated Harvard Art Museums. A memorial service, symposia, a band concert, a clambake, and finally Commencement will round out the week, along with opportunities to renew old friendships and establish new.

Among the many interesting activities involving our classmates, two are of particular interest. Bill Cleary's dedication to Harvard athletics is being recognized by the endowment in perpetuity of the William J. Cleary Jr. '56 Endowment Fund; and Mel Miller is being celebrated for the fiftieth

anniversary of the outstanding local newspaper he founded, the *Bay State Banner*. Having been privileged to work with both Bill and Mel, I could not be prouder of their respective accomplishments.

A note on the Boston and New York luncheons: in both cities, Harvard and Radcliffe classmates meet at informal monthly luncheons at the respective Harvard Clubs, where all, regardless of club affiliation, are welcome. World problems, deep philosophical questions, and insignificant matters are discussed with passionate interest; old and new relationships are maintained and formed; and we stay engaged. Dates and contact information for these monthly luncheons are to be found in *Harvard Magazine*, and we strongly encourage those surfacing in either city to come to lunch when able.

Sixty years ago you, my classmates, assigned to me the privilege of serving as your class secretary, and without benefit of official job description, instructional manuals, or guidelines, my colleagues and I have adapted, innovated, communicated, and done our very best to give nothing but our very best. With the help of everyone both near and far, we enjoy a class spirit that can compete with that of any of our peers anywhere in the world, and, for most of us, Harvard remains an essential ingredient in who we aspired to be in our Freshman Register of 1952, who we are in 2016, and who we will become "far down the future's broadening way . . . ," as Washington Gladden wrote in 1879.

With grateful appreciation, your class committee and I look forward to seeing you from May 23 through May 26 in Cambridge.

Respectfully submitted,
Kenneth R. Rossano
Class Secretary

Report of the Class Treasurer

As of December 31, 2015, the Harvard Class of 1956 Association had $16,491.85 in the treasury. This account has been primarily used over the past decade or more for reunion and pre-reunion events. There has been no class fundraising since our Fortieth Reunion.

Respectfully submitted,
David S. Lee
Class Treasurer

The Harvard Alumni Association at 175

In honor of the Harvard Alumni Association's terquasquicentennial year, we pause to celebrate and reflect on our alumni community. What began in Cambridge in 1840 as a small group of loyal Harvard alumni has grown into a vibrant community of more than 375,000 alumni across the globe. As we look back on 175 years, we wonder if the HAA's alumni founders could have imagined the impact their work would have on the institution for centuries to come. We are inspired by the immeasurable ways in which alumni throughout history have made Harvard University what it is today through their efforts in governance, volunteerism, and philanthropy.

As are so many things at Harvard, the role of today's alumni has a long history. The idea of the Harvard Alumni Association began as a conversation in 1836 among volunteers in a committee of College alumni who were planning the University's bicentennial anniversary celebration. Their recognition of the deep social connection they had with each other and the College, and of the University's need for "strong and continuing support," led to the founding of the Harvard Alumni Association on Commencement Day, August 26, 1840. John Quincy Adams AB 1787 became the HAA's first president, ten years after concluding his term as sixth president of the United States. The goals of the HAA were clear: "to embrace all the Alumni without discrimination" (the words of Harvard president Josiah Quincy AB 1790); to support the University financially; and to assist in University governance. This young organization immediately got to work. Under Adams's leadership, it established a fund to build a meeting hall for alumni to use for class anniversaries and for meetings on Commencement Day, which was the start of the project to build Memorial Hall. The alumni also began a decisive movement to remove the governance of Harvard from the Massachusetts State Legislature, as established in the College's founding charter.

Governance

In 1844, during the second Public Day of the HAA, a group of alumni called for control of the Board of Overseers, one of Harvard's two governing boards, to be handed over to the alumni. From its founding, the Board of Overseers was composed of the governor and deputy governor of Massachusetts, four additional magistrates, and six ministers from towns nearby. In 1851, five alumni members of the HAA and Harvard president Jared Sparks AB 1815 successfully moved the Massachusetts Legislature to remove the clergymen from the Board

of Overseers and expand its membership to thirty, although still appointed by the legislature. Finally, in 1865, as the result of the efforts of several alumni who had recently been elected to the Massachusetts Legislature, the College's charter was dissolved, clearing the way for an alumni-elected Board of Overseers. At Commencement in 1866, alumni elected the members of the Board of Overseers in an annual election process that continues to this day.

The HAA formally defined its purpose thus: *The purpose of this Association shall be the promotion of the welfare of Harvard University and the establishment of a mutually beneficial relationship between Harvard University and its alumni.* This important mission remains unchanged.

Clubs

During this time, the mid-nineteenth century, Americans were moving west, and, not surprisingly, Harvard alumni were among them. Alumni founded the first formal Harvard clubs in the mid-1850s in Chicago and Indianapolis, followed by the Harvard Clubs of Philadelphia (1864), Cincinnati (1869), Minnesota (1880), Milwaukee (1890), and Kansas City (1891). Harvard alumni in the new territories saw it as their duty to ensure that promising students in their areas had access to a Harvard education. Clubs actively raised scholarship funds to help students in the western territories make the trek back east to Harvard; as a result, the Associated Harvard Clubs (AHC), an independent organization, was founded in 1897. No longer thought of as an institution serving only New England, Harvard came to be viewed increasingly as a national university, and by 1913 the AHC had grown to fifty-four clubs nationally. With the start of the twentieth century, the expansion of clubs went international: to Asia (Japan in 1898), the Caribbean (Cuba in 1899), Europe (France in 1911 and Britain in 1916), and then Central and South America (Mexico in 1921, Costa Rica in 1946, and Brazil in 1952). Today Harvard clubs span seventy countries in 185 cities all over the world.

Class Secretaries

As the alumni clubs expanded west, the College classes continued to gather in Cambridge for the revelry of Commencement and Reunions. Class secretaries led the festivities, charged with serving the Commencement punch and convivial cheer and thus fulfilling a special role in keeping classes socially connected throughout the occasion. However, when a temporary ban of Commencement punch went into effect, class secretaries were presented with a new and more secretarial function. Archivist and librarian John Langdon Sibley AB 1825 had been collecting biographical data on the College's early class members for some time, and in 1856 he handed off this responsibility to the class secretaries, along with an autobiographical set of questions to use to gather, compile, and publish updates from members of each College class. This

practice gave rise to the Harvard College Anniversary Reports, affectionately known as the Red Books, of which you are reading one right now. Today these Reports routinely elicit personal updates and essays from well over half the members of each reunion class, and, while the HAA now provides full-time staff support in the endeavor, the class secretaries still remain invaluable to the success of these beloved books.

The late William Bentinck-Smith '37, a celebrated class secretary and institutional historian, noted that "each secretary had to educate himself about the collection of material and its publication, and the almost total ignorance and innocence with which each entered upon his responsibilities led rather naturally to the suggestion that a formal fraternity of class secretaries could serve a useful purpose." In January 1901 a small committee of alumni founded the Association of Harvard College Class Secretaries, which later came to embrace both Harvard and Radcliffe class secretaries and treasurers. Today this association continues its tradition of hosting an annual business meeting and dinner in which secretaries and treasurers share best practices respecting Reunions, Class Reports, and between-reunion events. Harvard and Radcliffe class secretaries, treasurers, and other class leadership positions are vital to the cohesion of the College classes, and today we continue to see this leadership work tirelessly to keep class members connected to each other and to the University during and between reunion years by means of events, newsletters, and digital platforms.

"A responsibility divided among 44,000 alumni": The Harvard Fund

In 1923, the Harvard Alumni Association and the Associated Harvard Clubs authorized creation of the Harvard Fund. Alumni recognized Harvard's need for annual unrestricted funds to support the work of the University and ensure Harvard's leadership—and the important role to be played by alumni in raising these funds. Joseph R. Hamlen AB 1904 convened the inaugural Harvard Fund Council on October 18, 1925, bringing together fellow alumni from the Classes of 1855 to 1926 to join him in supporting the College through annual giving. In addition to making their own gifts, they reached out to their classmates, serving as the College's first volunteer fundraisers. The first appeal was sent to all alumni on March 17, 1926, and the Harvard Fund raised $123,544.53 from 3,261 alumni by the end of their first fiscal year.

In 1962, the fund's name was changed to the Harvard College Fund, but its mission remained the same and continues to the present day: to mobilize and inspire all alumni, parents, and friends to support Harvard through philanthropy, thus ensuring that the College has the critical funds it needs. The Harvard College Fund of today is a vibrant community led by a Harvard College Fund executive committee, engaging more than two thousand alumni worldwide in reunion and other types of fundraising in support of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences.

Shared Interest Groups

With the strong establishment of alumni communities across clubs and classes worldwide, College alumni determined a further need to organize and unify beyond class and region and to support current students professionally, financially, and even emotionally around shared interests and experiences. They began founding "shared interest groups," informally, in 1923, by starting the Pierian Sodality Alumni for former members of the Pierian Sodality (precursor of the Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra). This was followed by the Harvard Glee Club Foundation; the Harvard Gay and Lesbian Caucus (now the Harvard Gender and Sexuality Caucus); Harvard Startups (now Harvard Alumni Entrepreneurs); Harvardwood, for alumni employed in the Hollywood entertainment industry; and the Harvard Black Alumni Society. Observing the success of these groups over time, a committee of alumni came together to urge Harvard to formally recognize and institutionalize these alumni shared interest groups, or SIGs, and in 2004 the HAA officially approved the SIG program.

Shared interest groups have helped to create and instill a strong sense of belonging among alumni around a common experience, and, inspired by the SIGs, alumni are working closely with current students to foster this sense of belonging and support a more positive undergraduate experience at Harvard through mentoring and programming. Today SIGs are flourishing across our alumni community, with more than fifty active organizations, including First Generation Harvard Alumni, Alumnae and Friends of Radcliffe College, Harvard Alumni in Tech, and Phillips Brooks House Association Alumni.

★ ★ ★

As you can see, Harvard's alumni community has been building, organizing, strengthening, and evolving for 175 years. As alumni and alumnae, you continue to shape the HAA and the University through your strong governance, leadership, volunteerism, participation, and philanthropy. Whether interviewing prospective students, mentoring current students or fellow alumni, participating in your class, school, club, or shared interest group, or volunteering your time in countless other ways, you are integral to the fabric of this remarkable institution. We thank you for continuing to grow and develop our rich and diverse community of experience and talent, and for helping the University to stride forward in a position of continued excellence and strength. You make Harvard great.

Philip W. Lovejoy
Executive Director, Harvard Alumni Association

O'Neil A. S. Outar
Senior Associate Dean and Director of Development, Faculty of Arts and Sciences

Records of the Class

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Not much has changed in the last five years except that I am older, slower, and creakier. I still spend two days a week as a volunteer presenter at the California Science Center, the kid-oriented science museum in Los Angeles, and enjoy every moment. I am also active in the local section of the American Chemical Society and coordinate the local section's National Chemistry Week activities at the museum, and I do volunteer chemistry tutoring at Cal State Northridge once a week.

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I continue to teach and write, and the longer I do so, the more I realize how important to me and satisfying this is. I am working on a book about scientific speculation, the latest and most interesting example being string theory in physics, for which there is no experimental proof. The question here, as perhaps with many things in life, is whether and why ideas should be taken seriously when no proof is available or expected anytime soon. Having recently achieved the status of octogenarian, am I finally opening my eyes to the possibility of faith, even in science?

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The past few years have seen the industrialization of medicine, with large entities buying hospitals, community practices, and specialty groups, thereby controlling total medical care. Added to this has been the electronic medical record, which has scripted the office visit, creating a template rather than an open patient interview, white bread for all. The final event, the ultimate degradation, was the introduction of a new medical coding system, ICD-10, on October 1, 2015. That was my last day of practice. Fortunately the Washington, DC, area has a rich cultural life and activities geared to all ages. Barbara and I are docents at the Smithsonian American Art Museum. We participate in some of the ongoing adult education programs, travel, and enjoy the grandchildren.

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7638-3830). *Email:* dalpers@dom.wustl.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Melanie Ann Goldman Alpers. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant colonel, US Public Health Service, Bethesda, MD, 1962–64; active reserve, US Public Health Service, 1964–1974.

The last eighteen years have been spent working half-time at Washington University School of Medicine, and the other half as a consultant in drug development, working to bridge the gap between basic science and clinical studies. Another aspect of this second career has been the development of expertise in drug safety, both before and after approval. I have served for many years on hepatic safety panels for two companies (one as chairman), and served on the global safety board for one of those companies and on the GSB for another company. I have consulted on potential and licensed drugs in gastroenterology, nutrition, psychiatry, and rare diseases. Currently I consult for four different companies, enough to fill much of the half time not spent at Washington U.

At Washington U I am codirector of the Center for Human Nutrition, and administer two pilot and feasibility programs in which I introduced a mentoring program for grantees. I have had the satisfaction of working with many excellent young and early-established investigators, and have seen my program adopted by other training grants at the medical school. I continue to make rounds on the GI service on a regular basis throughout the year, and interact with GI fellows and house staff. I have been an editor almost continually for over thirty years, and currently am associate editor for the *American Journal of Clinical Nutrition*. My laboratory was closed in 2002, but I continue to be involved in clinical studies, largely centered on functional bowel disease.

My family life continues to be a joy. Melanie is my second wife (now of thirty-eight years), and my three children are all accomplished in their fields. Ann is the CEO of the Samuel Cowell Foundation in San Francisco. Ruth is the staff rabbi at Cincinnati Children's Hospital and runs their program for pastoral counseling, as well as chairing a national committee on this skill. Barbara is a legal analyst for ASPEN, a midsized international insurance company. We have two grandchildren in their second year of college (Oxford and Colby College), as three of them live in San Francisco and three in London (thus our split existence between St. Louis and London). The other grandchildren are in secondary school. The accomplishments of these children include playing soccer, basketball, rugby, swimming, net ball, flute, clarinet, piano and drums, guitar, horseback riding, etc. It is enough to make one dizzy. For my eightieth birthday in 2015, the children held a large Alpers clan party at which every living issue of my parents was present, a first for our family. It was a wonderful affair, for which I was the excuse, but it was a great family event, and a taste of others to come.

My personal interests continue to include string quartet playing (I play cello) in both St. Louis and London, where the quartets are forty-two and

eighteen years old, piano trios in St. Louis, tennis, and as much reading as I can squeeze in. Melanie and I are avid opera and theater fans, as well as devotees of chamber music. Both London and St. Louis satisfy these interests, although London more so. We are fortunate that our health continues to be good, but we know that we are running out of time.

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Four years ago I attended a psychoanalytic conference about one poem: Elizabeth Bishop's magnificent villanelle "One Art." The experience moved, or perhaps removed, something inside me. I have since published two books of poetry and am halfway to a third. I cannot adequately describe the thrill of turning words into things of fun and beauty. I continue to practice psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy. Each endeavor complements and enriches the other; each is joyful.

My excitement inspired Laura, who reanimated a long-dormant talent, and she has now published her own quite wonderful book of poems, *Searching for the Northern Lights* (2015). I urge you all to buy a copy.

I've returned to running after twenty-five years of competitive rowing. I used to run seven-minute miles. On a good day I now run fourteen-minute miles. It still feels the same, but I shudder to think how I must look. Senescence does have its comic moments.

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RICHARD CHASE ANDERSON. *Home Address:* 1802 Pleasant St., Urbana, IL 61801 (*Mobile:* 217-343-4139). *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor Emeritus. University of Illinois, 158 Children's Research Center, 51 Gerty Drive, Champaign, IL 61820 (217-333-5845). *Seasonal Address:* 5270 Sugar Maple Rd., Phelps, WI 54554. *Email:* csrrca@illinois.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Jana Mason. *Children:* Four. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Eleven. *Great-grandchildren:* Two.

Life has been good. My wife, Jana, and I are still healthy. We have a large family, most of whom we see a couple of times a year. I am semiretired as an education professor at the University of Illinois, where I joined the faculty in 1963. I come to the office every day that I am in town. I am still active in research and writing. My two long-running programs of research are on

classroom discussions that promote thinking and the effects of writing systems on learning to read.

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In 2005 I retired as chairman of First Merchants Corporation, a midwestern regional banking company where I had worked for thirty years, twenty-three as its CEO. Thus, my career "missed" the financial meltdown of 2007–08. However, my concerns continue over the adequacy of the ensuing regulatory response on the "too big to fail" issue.

Today I continue to serve on a number of foundation boards, chairing two of them. My role as a trustee of the Indiana's premier State Museum is a labor of love, as is my service on the Ball State University Foundation, which I chaired in 2011–12.

Our son, Ted, owns and manages two businesses in Chicago, and daughter Sharon is a professor of chemistry at California State University, Monterey Bay (a place we love to visit!). Three of our grandchildren are now attending Cornell, Tulane, and American University. Hopefully one of the younger three will decide to apply to Harvard. We enjoy summers at our condo in Baileys Harbor, Wisconsin, on Lake Michigan. We are bird watchers, and our expedition to the upper Amazon in Peru was the travel highlight of the year. This year, Joan and I celebrated our fifty-sixth wedding anniversary. The partnership with her has been the greatest asset of my life.

I came to Harvard from Wisconsin with a set of lofty ideals centered on the belief that each of us can make the world better. Some of these were naïve, but most were values that have continued to direct my life. Now I see how Harvard tested and reaffirmed these ideals in a way that could have occurred nowhere else.

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Entering my eighty-third year of life, I'm happy to report that I'm in good health and good spirits. Although I've been formally retired since 2006 as a working church musician, I'm actually still busy (nearly every week) with

Sunday substitute organist gigs, which I enjoy very much. Janet's and my 2008 move from Cape Cod to Oakland, California, was definitely the right thing to do at (almost) the right time. The Great Recession was just getting under way, and we took a considerable financial hit from the sale of our house and the expense of our move. However, living close to all of our children and most of our grandchildren more than makes up for the loss. Birthday parties, school events, holidays together—what's not to like?

Janet and I are active members of St. Clement's Episcopal Church in Berkeley, where Janet sings in the choir and serves on the altar guild. I sing there also, when I'm not working at another church. Both of us are currently delegates from St. Clement's to the California Diocesan Convention and the Alameda Deanery. We are also both taking the Education for Ministry course, a national Episcopal four-year program of locally organized seminars on Bible study, Christian history and theology, and their application to contemporary life. Multicultural Oakland is a marvelous place for such studies, and our seminar group is enriched by the presence of several University of California faculty members.

I also enjoy my involvement in the San Francisco chapter of the American Guild of Organists and am continuing my genealogical research, which my son Jim '80 has also taken up. At this writing our oldest grandchildren, identical twins Becky and Casey Armstrong, are looking toward entering college next fall. They have visited a number of schools (Harvard among them), and we're eager to find out where they will be going. All of our nine grandchildren, it goes without saying, are the cream of their generation.

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I find myself filled with equal parts gratitude and apprehension while looking forward to becoming eighty-two. Gratitude for good health, family nearby, and a rewarding career behind me. Apprehension concerning the increasingly dysfunctional society in which we live, with its progressive loss of the social capital built up during the past centuries.

I continue to see my years at Harvard as hugely important to all aspects of my subsequent life. The continuing strength and evolution of Harvard are a bright spot in an otherwise spotty picture of higher education in America. I am particularly encouraged by the emergence of the Harvard Paulson School of Engineering and Applied Sciences as a vital force at contemporary Harvard, a force it did not have when I was a grad student in the "division" fifty-five years ago.

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Floor, New York, NY 10019-6108 (212-508-8346; *Fax:* 212-319-9476). *Email:* arnold.aronson@kurtsalmon.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Sheila Aronson. *Children:* Two.

As each Harvard reunion milestone approaches, it is another good reason to reinvigorate my undying pride in our alma mater and to wish my classmates the best of all things.

My most current status report is one, thankfully, that reflects very good health for Sheila and me—a combination of rigorous attention to physical fitness regimens, healthy nutrition, and good luck. We recently celebrated our fifty-eighth wedding anniversary, and our sons, Steven (Santa Barbara, California) and David (New York City), are in the midst of their own lives and careers.

I continue to work as a partner and managing director of Kurt Salmon, a global management consultancy to the retail and consumer goods industries. I still find enormous stimulation and relevance in taking an active part in an industry that is undergoing some of the most transformational developments in its history.

Fortunately, my "time-in-grade" allows me to enjoy a very flexible schedule that includes significant time for lifestyle balance. Sheila and I travel extensively, both domestically and abroad, as well as enjoying all of the culture, entertainment, and diversity of our most exciting hometown, the Big Apple.

I continue my thirty-five-year close relationship with The New School in New York City, serving on its board of trustees and executive committee as well as on the board of governors of its Parsons School of Design.

While we can all be proud that we live in a country that is still the best governance model in the world, we should be doing even better. For a variety of reasons that would require more "air time" than would be appropriate in this volume, the least to say is that continuing and corrosive government gridlock resulting from extreme and narrow ideology will leave our successor generations short-changed on achieving the American dream. That would be a shame.

Hopefully, our next Reunions can point to changes in the right direction.

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Despite the inevitable knocks along the way, my ledger is definitely positive: so far a good physical state; a wonderful and stimulating second marriage; daughter, husband, and two growing grandchildren living nearby; gratitude for the discipline and excitement of law practice combined with my life-long need to put dots on paper, which still lures me toward fascinating journeys—"soul-fishing," in Witold Lutosławski's words. The passage of years mixes the daunting suffering and deaths of friends with a poignant and rewarding clarification of priorities.

I count myself among the very fortunate.

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In 2003 I retired from the Texas Tech philosophy department, but I still go in occasionally. (The department has let me keep my office.) For the past twenty-five years or so I have organized a reading group for interested faculty in our department, which is mostly devoted to reading contemporary essays in perception, the nature of the mind, some metaphysics, and some philosophy of language. I try to steer clear of ethics, aesthetics, and political philosophy; but, because the group is very democratically run, these areas sometimes sneak in. The younger faculty are way ahead of me when it comes to knowing what is going on right now in our field, but I am a bit ahead of them on what was going on thirty to fifty years ago. I still write essays and do some reviewing in my specialty, which is the nature of color and color perception. However, my ability to concentrate for long periods of time is not what it used to be.

Otherwise I very much enjoy time spent with my son and his wife, as well as Friday and Saturday evenings spent with my soul mate, Judith Fischer. She and I often travel together, although flying is not nearly as much fun as it used to be. At one time we were married, but that turned out to be too much togetherness, so now we live in our separate houses. Mine is not nearly as neat as hers.

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Little has changed since my last five-year report. I continue with a limited, nonsurgical orthopedic practice on a one-day-per-week basis (Tuesday). I still spend too much time in volunteer endeavors. These include membership on the boards of local and state entities. I remain the vice president for schools of the Harvard Club of Cape Cod, in charge of the college interviews for the Cape and Islands region. The Harvard Committee on Admissions has once again been sued by a Chinese group, so they have now issued a "loyalty pledge," reminiscent of the national McCarthy era. As a result, we have lost our Outer Cape interviewer whose son is a boarder at Milton Academy and thus is not in the Cape admissions pool. However, the new rule says his father may not interview this year. In addition, Admissions has installed a new, problematic computer system with which my interviewers and I have to suffer.

Health-wise, in 1988, when Falmouth Hospital first began a cardiac rehabilitation program, I joined its maintenance program and fortunately have avoided cardiologist care.

My family is well, and I spent Thanksgiving at my son's house in Wallingford, Pennsylvania. Jeff cooked for the whole family. It was the first time all six grandchildren were present in the same place at the same time.

My stepdaughter, Putney Cloos '98, had planned to move to the Boston area, but her husband, Brian Fox '99, made the final cut at McKinsey and is now a director, requiring nonstop flights to everywhere. Putney decided she wanted one parent home for dinner (Eliot is four and Robinson is one), so when a headhunter contacted her, she left the career path at McKinsey and is now vice president for strategy at American Express. They will stay in New York City. Not bad for two kids under forty.

My stepdaughter Hilary Cloos '96 married another Jeff, has a stepdaughter, Talia, sold the house in Hudson, and lives in New Paltz, New York, adjoining Mohonk Mountain House. She still shoes horses for a living.

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FRANK HOWARD BAKER. *Home Address:* 1711 Park Ave., Baltimore, MD 21217-4336 (410-383-2128). *Email:* frank.h.baker@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Janice Herman Baker. *Stepchildren:* One. *Step-grandchildren:* One.

I find myself still in the city I came to fifty years ago on a postdoctoral fellowship. Though I periodically have had longings for New England, where I grew up and received my formal education, Baltimore has been a good home that I have come to respect, a city fighting the good fight against the tides of economic change and shifts in population demographics. My wife, Janice, and I chose to live within the city boundaries, eventually winding up in a row home in an inner-city neighborhood, one featured in a PBS segment on the Freddie Gray riots, as an example of prosperity alongside struggling ghettos. We live a mile down a main street from the epicenter of that disturbance. Such is the proximity of neighborhoods in Baltimore. Though the characterization of Baltimore in the HBO series *The Wire* captures well the violent side of the city, Baltimore offers opportunities for comfortable and interesting living. I have been happy to spend my career as a vision scientist here, and Janice had a good career teaching English in a public high school, the Baltimore School for the Arts. Now in retirement for some years, we indulge ourselves with the *New York Times* over a long breakfast and beyond, leavened each week with the Saturday edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, take an hour's walk or work out with weight training (I began a year ago but should have been doing it for years now), pursuing interests (photography for me, piano for Janice) and, of course, lots of reading (hard and electronic copy). Baltimore also offers much in the way of cultural activity and events that we only begin to sample. We travel some and drive to see our daughter, Molly '91, and her family in New Jersey. Molly, whom I have referred to in previous reports, got her PhD from Columbia in art history and is on the CUNY faculty specializing in South Asian art.

In previous reports I have generally commented on current politics. Alas, politics is in a rather poor state now, making comments difficult, divided as it is into essentially disjointed spheres of thought and reality. As a liberal I cannot understand a denial of the bases of global warming, or those who question even if there *is* global warming, or express concern over increasing the national debt to invest in infrastructure and education when the debt is not excessive as a percentage of GDP. (Yes, I religiously read Paul Krugman Monday and Friday in the *Times*.) I think I can understand, or try to understand, family values concerns (e.g., abortion, contraception, gay marriage), but I wish conservatives were more able to bleed some over social issues like support of destitute individuals and families and displaced workers looking for new employment. We seem to be a 50/50 electorate of communitarians vs. individualists. It also seems that the 50/50 are not the two halves of a normal distribution, clustered around the mean, but the distribution is bimodal with movement of the two populations farther apart by the year—which, I figure, is the environment we will live in for the remainder of our lives.

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Family is in good health and we are taking pride in accomplishments of grandchildren. Eldest grandson graduated from Brown, class of '14, Phi Beta Kappa, and is in his second year of investment banking. We have two grandchildren who are sophomores at Northwestern and Cornell. A fourth is now filling out what have become tedious college applications, and our youngest two are handling the fifth and seventh grades with expected enthusiasm.

Biggest recent event is our downsizing from three acres to one-quarter acre and building a new home from the ground up. But we continue to keep Westport, Connecticut, as our home. If anyone is looking for a challenging project, building a new home, at the stage of life normally associated with someone responding to a request for Sixtieth Class Report update, should be carefully considered among available options.

Ruth and I are very happy.

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MICHAEL BALDWIN. *Home Address:* 3290 W. Lost Starr Pl., Tucson, AZ 85745-8506. *Email:* mcbpvb1@mindspring.com.

Still in reasonably good shape at eighty. Still an active pilot. (The percentage of the pilot population eighty or over is 0.7.) Priscilla and I are happy in Tucson, working closely with the world-class Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum (ASDM) as a trustee, and Priscilla is the founder of the highly successful ASDM Art Institute (one-thousand-plus enrollments). Two sons, three grandchildren, two-plus great-grandchildren. We just had our fifty-eighth anniversary in July.

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Thor Thors and I created a monthly class lunch at the Harvard Club, commencing May 24, 2011.

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Doing fine for my age. Sailing when I can.

JEREMIAH FRANCIS BARRETT. *Home Address:* 156 Linden Drive, Cohasset, MA 02025 (781-383-6207). *Spouse/Partner:* Carol Barrett. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six.

Carol and I are retired and enjoying retirement. Christine, our oldest daughter, is a teacher in the Hingham Public Schools; Julie is a CPA and works for the federal government in Waltham, Massachusetts; and Susan is a director of medical records at South Shore Mental Health in Quincy. Four of our grandchildren have graduated from college; one is in college and one is at Cohasset High School.

ROBERT E. BARRETT. *Home Address:* 36 Carroll Drive, Foxboro, MA 02035-1559 (508-543-4067; *Mobile:* 508-353-5021). *Email:* robert.e.barrett@verizon.net; fox.reb@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Mary Carolyn Buckley Barrett. *Children:* Six. *Grandchildren:* Ten. *Great-grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Naval Reserve, Marine Corps Air Station Iwakuni; Naval Air Station South Weymouth, 1957–1982.

I have enjoyed raising my family over the years, and am thankful everyone is in reasonably good health. Although there are places that my wife and I would have liked to visit, we are content with the many we did visit. Now, we look forward to enjoying our eighties.

GUY LOUIS BARRON. *Home Address:* 5970 Wing Lake Rd., Bloomfield Hills, MI 48301-1256 (248-855-4288). *Occupation and Office Address:* Real Estate Developer. 29100 Northwestern Hwy., Suite 430, Southfield, MI 48034-1091 (248-357-1995; *Fax:* 248-357-1920). *Email:* guybarron56@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Nora Lee Barron. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four.

Just returned from our "bucket list" trip to some hidden cities of the world.

Golf game is faltering, like so many other things.

Don't wish to retire fully, still find too many things to do, and continue not to worry about failure—only regrets for not trying.

Still in touch with many ubiquitous Harvard friends. Want more. Call or write—Nora and I would love to be in touch.

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JAMES H. BARTON. *Home Address:* 130 Appleton St., Cambridge, MA 02138-3364 (617-354-7435). *Email:* redwing1986@hotmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Vaughan. *Children:* Two.

I have become a caregiver. Mostly, that means finding things, picking things up off the floor, identifying things, telling time, and reading labels. I don't need to provide any physical assistance, thankfully. More must go without saying.

I can leave the house for several hours during the day without much risk, yet we have replaced our gas cooktop with induction cooking, highly recommended for safety.

A friend said, "Remember to take care of yourself." So far, so good. I have discovered more emotional resilience than I would have thought I had. Modern pharmacology should get some credit for that. Considerable credit, maybe.

We went to Mexico with our younger son for two weeks in August 2015, staying entirely in Mexico City, a place we know well, and visiting Puebla with our Mexican cousins, where we enjoyed *chiles en nogada*, available only in late summer and early fall. Knowing my great liking for chipotle, our cousins served us *tinga* at their house.

I didn't get to do several things: revisit the magnificent archaeological museum called the Antropología or the strikingly colorful artifacts in the Museo de Arte Popular on Revillagigedo street, named for a Mexican admiral. Several islands are also named after him. How's your Spanish? Try pronouncing his name.

Our hotel served excellent *comida mexicana*—including many dishes I hadn't encountered before. I recommend the rooftop restaurant at the hotel Zócalo Central, across the street from the cathedral and across the *zócalo* from the Palacio Nacional, where you will see some of Diego Rivera's most impressive murals. Eat, too, at the white-tablecloth Mercaderes restaurant next door to the hotel.

I continue my strong interest in the field of theoretical linguistics called generative grammar, in European mysticism, in the Spanish language, in jazz and classical music, and in the theory and practice of poetry. I have an old stamp collection I would like to get organized. I enjoy flowers. I greatly appreciate the unimaginable improvement in the variety and quality of food and beer in our country since the 1940s, when a trip to the Arafat Café in Boston was an adventure, and since the 1950s, when Dave's Delicatessen served magnificent blintzes early in the morning in Roxbury, still a Jewish neighborhood at that time. I will remember How Yen Han, downstairs at 23 Tyler Street in Chinatown, and the nearby Dimlight Village, which served superb sweet and sour pork at 3 AM, about the only place you could get a good full meal at that hour. I thank members of WHRB for taking me there for the first time.

Our older son, Matthew, married Karen Lund in 2013 in Fairfax, Virginia. He is curator for recorded sound at the Library of Congress, responsible for

acquiring collections and managing donations (e.g., the Les Paul and Gunther Schuller archives). Karen trained in silent film, but spends most of her time helping the library manage websites. Our younger son, Patrick, works for the Harvard Medical School in facilities management. He lives with us, upstairs.

SHELDON A. BASS. *Home Address:* 212 Round Hill Rd., Roslyn Heights, NY 11577-1537 (516-621-3196; *Mobile:* 516-589-1971). *Email:* bssshel@optonline.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Deborah Sue Katchen. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army Reserve, 1965.

The past few years have flown by with no unwelcome drama. Our youngest daughter and her family returned to the States last year after ten years in London. Although we enjoyed our trips to England, we are glad to have them back home. Now all of our children are within easy driving distance.

One of our granddaughters is in her third year of medical school at the University of Pennsylvania, and her twin sister is an RN at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, after graduating from Bowdoin and earning a nursing degree at NYU. Two of our other grandchildren are sophomores at Colgate, and the remaining four, ranging in age from ten to fifteen, are keeping us busy with their extracurricular activities.

Deb and I celebrated our fifty-sixth wedding anniversary in October 2015—an amazing number of good years, thanks to a great wife. We have been spending several months in Florida during the winter and part of the summer in the Hamptons, where, fortunately for us, two of our children have summer homes. And of course we do the things that retirees usually do—concerts, the theater, golf, the gym. We also continue to enjoy quality time with our thirteen-year-old collie, both at home and at the dog park.

I am hoping to make our Sixtieth Reunion in 2016 and visit with classmates once again.

PABLO MOHSEN BASSIM. *Address:* Unknown.

PAUL FRANCIS BEATTY. *Home Address:* 62 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108-3542 (617-367-4635). *Occupation and Office Address:* Lawyer. HP Hood LLC, 6 Kimball Lane, Lynnfield, MA 01940-2685. *Seasonal Address:* (summer) 242 Stage Harbor Rd., Chatham, MA 02633 (508-945-5309). *Email:* pfbeatty@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Catherine. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* US Navy, gunnery officer on destroyer, 1956–59.

ROBERT M. BECHER. *Home Address:* 72 Indian Cove Rd., Marion, MA 02738-2113 (508-748-2252; *Mobile:* 617-947-3035). *Occupation:* Physician. *Spouse/Partner:* Virginia deRonde Becher. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Air Force, 1962–63.

George Bush 43 changed me from a Republican to a Democrat.

JAMES C. BECK. *Home Address:* 1010 Memorial Drive, Apt. 10C, Cambridge, MA 02138-4855 (617-694-8156). *Occupation and Office Address:* Psychiatrist. Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital Cambridge, MA. *Email:* jamesbeck56@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Elisabeth White Hopkins. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Senior surgeon, US Public Health Service, 1966–68.

Many changes have occurred in my life since our Fiftieth Reunion. In 2004, after thirty-seven years living in Lexington, where Susan and I raised our two daughters, we moved back to Cambridge. I wanted to reestablish a connection with the College and I was fortunate to be able to do so. Our new home was just one block northwest of the old Radcliffe residential quadrangle, now the Harvard North Quad, with three Houses—Pforzheimer (a.k.a. Pfoho), Currier, and Cabot. It turned out that Pfoho would be glad to have me as a nonresident premedical tutor. When I took the job, the House master told me that my primary responsibility was to eat with the undergraduates, basically as often as I wished. The only other responsibility was to get to know one or two pre-med students well enough to write their Harvard letters of recommendation for med school. Now, eleven years later, I continue in this position. It is both a pleasure and a privilege to be associated with these incredibly talented, amazingly nice young people, and to be part of a Harvard House once again.

Shortly after we moved back, Susan appeared to be depressed, and we referred her to a psychiatrist. Unfortunately the depression was just the first visible sign of a developing case of Lewy body dementia. (Lewy body is one of the three or four most common types of dementia; it has a particularly rapid course.) We cared for Susan at home as she lost her mind over the next four years. We never hospitalized her, and she died in bed next to me, which is the way I wanted it.

Susan had gone to law school at Harvard, when our younger daughter was in first grade. Susan only worked in the public sector, as a prosecutor, counsel to the commonwealth's secretary of administration and finance, and finally, from 1996 until her brain wasn't up to it, as associate justice on the Massachusetts Court of Appeals.

Our older daughter, Deborah, is a tenured faculty member in classics at UT Austin, partnered and happy. Our younger daughter, Emily, is local, married, a mother of three, and teaches elementary school. Susan and I were secular Jews; both our children became observant, greatly surprising the two of us. One of the great pleasures of my life has been Shabbat dinner with the Beck-Levisohn family every Friday night when we are all in town.

Susan died in March 2004. During her illness the Pfoho connection was especially valuable—it was a separate social situation to which I could escape temporarily from the pain of my existence at home. I know we don't have a choice, but if we did, I would take cancer over dementia in a heartbeat.

Two years after Susan died, I met Elisabeth White Hopkins, a few years younger than I am, long divorced, mother of four, grandmother of seventeen

(one son, born-again, has nine; other three have reasonable numbers). Three inches taller than I am and originally Swedish, Elisabeth came here in the 1960s as one of the first Montessori teachers in this country, now long retired. We met at the Cambridge Boat Club, where we are both members. We have been a couple for four years, living together since April 2013.

I continue to work part-time. After Susan died I thought I could at least put that experience to some use by starting a palliative care psychiatry service at a local hospital. For the past three-plus years I have been doing this work at Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital in Cambridge, a long-term acute care hospital. Basically what I do is share the experience of being severely ill, often terminally, with patients and families, and I try to help them plan realistically for what is ahead. It has been a good fit for my capabilities and interests at this time in my life.

Fortunately my health continues to be good. I row, ride my bike to work, enjoy family and friends. I am trying to write a book about the history of psychiatry in my lifetime—I began as a PBH state hospital volunteer when we were juniors—as seen through the lens of my own experience.

It is a constant surprise to Elisabeth and me that we both continue to be as happy together as we are. Neither of us imagined that our eighth or ninth decades would be the happiest times in our lives. But they are.

JOHN THEODORE BEEN. *Address:* Unknown.

DAVID WELLS BEER. *Home Address:* 120 E. 90th St., Apt. 14E, New York, NY 10128 (212-860-8490; *Mobile:* 347-330-5536). *Occupation and Office Address:* Architect. HOK Architects, 1065 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018 (212-741-1200). *Partner:* Tyree Giroux. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five.

Soon after our last Reunion, my Southeast Asia and China adventure came to a halt. For over ten years I was constantly traveling to Malaysia, Indonesia, Singapore, Vietnam, and mostly China designing hotels, few of which were built, but which provided me with a fascinating life. I still return to Shanghai every two years, because I learned to love the city while I was designing the Peninsula Hotel on the Bund—still considered the place to stay for what in the distant past was called the carriage trade.

Unfortunately the firm I founded, BBG-BBGM Architects and Interiors, was sold by the current partners to HOK, although I remain a consultant to that firm and still reasonably active. Children and grandchildren fine. Partner fine.

My interests are travel, museum going, and opera (which I attend at least once every two weeks at the Met). My new interest is gardening, as this city boy has acquired a huge, tree-covered, flower-filled, south-facing terrace. Even in late November I can enjoy a glass of wine while being globally warmed, looking all the way down Lexington Avenue to a tower I helped design. Very nice.

ISAAC DAVID BENKIN. *Home Address:* 5809 Nicholson Lane, Apt. 714, Rockville, MD 20852-5710. *Email:* isaac.benkin@yahoo.com. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Colonel, US Air Force Reserve, US Air Force Judge Advocate General's Corps Headquarters, 1960–1990; Legion of Merit; Commendation Medal.

ROBERT FRANCIS BENNETT. *Address:* 7939 NE Tillamook St., Portland, OR 97213-6652.

ROBERT A. BENSON. *Home Address:* 158 Spurwink Ave., Cape Elizabeth, ME 04107-9611 (*Mobile:* 617-645-1237). *Occupation:* Technology Group Chairman. *Email:* bob@ent2k.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Margaret M. Benson. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Step-grandchildren:* Two. *Great-grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* US Navy and US Naval Reserve, thirty-two years.

The past five years has found us moving even farther north, not quite yet to the Arctic, but getting closer. Actually, some of my current work in safe subsea oil production fits perfectly into the Arctic environment. Unless economics in the oil and gas industry improves, perhaps Santa Claus will recognize its value and help us gift it to the world.

We continue to enjoy our home in Cape Elizabeth, close to the youngest grandchildren, glorious fresh air, and salt water. Harvard friends are close by and we have an opportunity to participate in Harvard-related events sponsored by the Harvard Club of Maine. Last summer, Harvard's director of admissions, Bill Fitzsimmons, addressed a group of over 150 alumni and their guests at dinner at the Portland Yacht Club.

We count ourselves very fortunate to be well and to have a thriving family. Son Rob continues his teaching career at Adams State University in Colorado, is often named Teacher of the Year by his students, and is currently serving his second term as faculty trustee on the board of the university. His two sons live in California.

Daughter Peggy continues to gain prominence as an artist in San Francisco. Her beautiful paintings are in over one hundred private and corporate collections around the world, and in August she was appointed, for the second time, artist-in-residence at the de Young Museum. Peggy's son is an architect in San Francisco.

Youngest daughter M. J. and her family live just five minutes from us, so we are privileged to enjoy all their adventures and spend lots of time with our two youngest grandchildren children, ages ten and twelve. M. J. continues to make good use of her EdM from Harvard in a variety of activities.

Marge is still the best. We both wish everyone all good things and hope to see you all in May at the Sixtieth! Excelsior!

IRWIN M. BERG. *Home Address:* 333 West End Ave., Apt. 8C, New York, NY 10023 (212-724-9887). *Spouse/Partner:* Elaine R. Berg. *Children:* Two.

Grandchildren: Four. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (senior grade), US Navy, 1956–59.

Evan R. Berlack. *Home Address:* 2700 Virginia Ave. NW, Apt. 1101, Washington, DC 20037-1909 (202-625-2005; *Mobile:* 202-352-5411). *Email:* eberlack@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Phyllis O. Bonanno; Kay Berlack (died, 1986). *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, US Army Reserve, Japan, United States, three years.

I am enjoying retirement—reading, traveling, and enjoying the progress of the grandchildren. My wife remains a corporate board director, and so is still busy. The biggest event for us was moving from our three-story house of twenty years to a one-floor co-op apartment in the famous/infamous Watergate—very best for growing older, but we do not intend to leave DC, as crazy as it is now becoming. We stand strongly for the president, but who knows what things will be like once he is gone from the White House! Meanwhile my wife, Phyllis, remains on two New York Stock Exchange corporate boards, and this has been fun to follow. Looking forward to the Sixtieth (but a bit amazed!).

Laurence David Berman. *Address:* 125 Lee St., Brookline, MA 02445-5900 (617-277-8629).

Richard Jay Bertman. *Address:* 159 Ward St., Newton Centre, MA 02459 (617-332-1091).

Joel B. Bettigole. *Home Address:* 7955 E. Chaparral Rd., No. 41, Scottsdale, AZ 85250-7224 (480-990-1557; *Mobile:* 602-908-0440). *Occupation:* Physician. *Email:* jbettigole@cox.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Noreen Bettigole. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Captain, medical corps, US Army, 1962–68.

I was informed by the Alumni Association that half of our Class is no longer with us—scary! I am eighty-one and still seeing patients and operating (gynecology). Still traveling (148 countries).

My dad was Class of '28, junior eight, Harvard Law. Brother and son also grads. Hoping for a grandchild to attend.

Concerned about dying at the hands of terrorists. With a world population of six to seven billion, the odds are certainly in our favor.

Charles Eliot Beveridge. *Address:* 1204 Russell Rd., Alexandria, VA 22301-2439 (703-548-8917).

Robert C. Bickford. *Home Address:* 119 Rockwald Rd., Cold Spring, NY 10516-3563 (845-265-2263; *Mobile:* 845-304-2647). *Email:* bickford@highlands.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Margaretta Murphy Bickford. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Four.

MICHAEL JOHN BIDDLE. *Address:* 142 Mount Airy Rd., Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520 (914-271-4666).

JOHN BIGELOW. *Address:* 855 Barretts Mill Rd., Concord, MA 01742-1521 (978-371-0870).

CHARLES IRVING BILTZ. *Home Address:* 1617 Princeton Drive, Corsicana, TX 75110-1525 (903-872-1792; *Mobile:* 903-654-3609). *Email:* cirvbiltz@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Jane. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Eleven. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Air Force, medical corps, 1964–66.

Retired from the active practice of medicine after forty-four years. Active in the community, especially the church, food pantry, Habitat for Humanity, YMCA mentoring, and the public schools.

Participate in wildlife management with my sons. I am the one in the orange vest. Devote as much time as possible to my grandchildren.

SHELDON CARL BINDER. *Home Address:* 41 Bow Rd., Belmont, MA 02478 (617-484-2923). *Spouse/Partner:* Marilyn R. Binder. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant commander, US Public Health Service, Indian Health Service, 1962–64.

I am a white heterosexual man. I am fiscally and socially conservative. I am ideologically libertarian; for expediency I vote Republican. I am a Decaturesque patriot. I make moral judgments. I judge people by their personal achievements rather than by ascription. I consider Western Judeo-Christian culture the epitome of intellectual achievement. I reminisce about the days when gentlemen attended Harvard and ladies Radcliffe; when the school was not compelled to publish rules of acceptable moral conduct; when the school emphasized scholarly excellence rather than social and political activism. I respect those who accept personal responsibility, and not those who excuse their personal failings by spurious claims of victimhood. I remember fondly when Harvard offered a liberal-arts education rather than a Liberal indoctrination.

I wonder if other of my classmates feel similarly alienated from our alma mater by rules of political correctness.

KARL NELSON BJORK. *Home Address:* 58 Holden St., Worcester, MA 01605-3142 (508-799-5954). *Email:* karl.bjork@charter.net. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

ROBERT IRVING BLAKE. *Address:* The Blake Press Inc., 11 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108-3022 (617-227-1464).

LURTON W. BLASSINGAME. *Address:* 1010 N. Westfield St., Apt. 513, Oshkosh, WI 54902-8771 (920-231-3350).

M. Donald "Don" Blaufox. *Home and Office Address:* 101 Drake Smith Lane, Rye, NY 10580-4316 (914-967-6348). *Occupation:* Chairman Emeritus. Albert Einstein College of Medicine, Dept. of Nuclear Medicine (718-405-8454; *Fax:* 718-824-0625). *Email:* mdonald.blaufox@einstein.yu.edu; vze2bv58@verizon.net. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.mohma.org. *Spouse/Partner:* Paulette Goldberg Blaufox. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five.

As of January 1, 2013, I retired as chairman of the Department of Nuclear Medicine at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine and Montefiore Medical Center. My career has been a long and productive one, and I am still active professionally, so I guess the term "semiretired" would be more accurate. I edit one of the leading journals in the field of nuclear medicine and I review numerous articles submitted to professional journals in my field. In addition, I have a parallel career in medical history, with an active website: http://www.mohma.org, where my very large collection of antique medical instruments is displayed. I have donated many items to museums throughout the United States and have a major exhibit at the Dittrich Museum of Medical History in Cleveland devoted to auscultation and blood pressure measurement. This exhibit has been named the M. Donald Blaufox Hall of Diagnostic Instruments. Several years before my retirement at the medical school, they opened a laboratory named the M. Donald Blaufox Laboratory of Metabolic Imaging, in my honor. I have received numerous other academic awards from countries all over the world for my work in nuclear medicine. One of the major research projects in which I served as a principal investigator, devoted to the therapy of hypertension, received a Lasker Award. As I noted earlier, I continue to be quite active professionally and will be giving the Bicknell Lecture at the American Urological Association in May 2016. Overall, I think that I have had a productive and satisfying career. Happily my family has been a joy as well with three children: a doctor, a lawyer and a social worker. There are five grandchildren with three in college at this time and two more coming up. My wife and I will celebrate our fifty-seventh wedding anniversary in December of 2015.

Hermann Karl Bleibtreu. *Address:* P.O. Box 85666, Tucson, AZ 85754-5666.

Henrik Blohm. *Home and Office Address:* Apartado 69, Caracas 1010-A, Venezuela. *Email:* clmblohm@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Carmen Luisa. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

After having completed eighty-three years of my life, permit me to count the blessings I have received:

Ernesto F. Blohm and Emily Schlüter de Blohm, my parents, during their marriage were an extraordinary example in their united efforts to serve others. It is difficult to adequately summarize the strong influence their wise guidance had on their five children: Henrik, Anneke, Christoph, Christiane,

and Emily Magdalena. My mother, for instance, taught me for the first two years of grammar school. I received private classes in German, English, piano, swimming, tennis, and carpentry. Many interesting people were guests in our home, among them artists, scientists, musicians, architects, and writers. My parents instilled a strong sense of unity among their offspring and relatives in general. As children we were often taken on their trips to the United States and Europe.

Carmen Luisa Mendoza de Blohm, my wife of more than fifty-one years, has been a valuable and loving companion throughout our very varied, active, and intense lives. She kept our three children, Christiane Alexandre, Carmen Luisa '92, and Ernesto Andrés, and me together during all these eventful years. The three children have been a source of joy and genuine pride at their accomplishments. Their efforts to stay together as a family are admirable, considering the distant geographical locations that have kept them physically separated for much of the time. Their adherence to common principles and traditions seems to be the glue that has made this possible. They have been able to transmit this desire for family union to their children, our eight grandchildren: Ernesto Federico, Isabela Alexandra, and Veronica Christiane von Wachter; Alex Ernesto and Lucas Eduardo Olmeta; and Max, Lucas, and Siena Blohm.

Professor Richard Evans Schultes '37, PhD '41, the well-known botanist, author, and explorer of the Amazonian jungle in Colombia and Venezuela, became my adviser during my junior year at Harvard. It was a great and rare privilege for me that this relationship developed into a genuine friendship of more than forty years, including friendship with his extraordinary and talented wife, Dorothy. Professor Schultes was my mentor in my research about poisonous plants, which led to the publication of my book *Poisonous Plants of Venezuela* by Harvard University Press in 1962. Professor Schultes and I shared our devotion to Harvard University: he as a true Harvardian, professor of economic botany, and director of the Botanical Museum at Harvard (the place of the famous glass flowers), as well as an inspiring rallier of Harvard alumni, who made him a recipient of the prestigious Harvard Medal; and I followed his example of service to Harvard alumni during nine years as a member of the board of the HAA, the last ones as treasurer, for which I was honored with the HAA Alumni Award.

With my three Harvard classmates, Conrad Fischer, James Hays, and Richard Montague, I have enjoyed getting together, even though not as often as I would like, due to the large geographical distances that separate our homes.

My fruitful relationships in business since 1961 in Venezuela, at first with my superiors and later with several of my partners—among them my brother Christoph Blohm '59 and Tito Fernandez-Morán (HBS '50)—were a source of continuing examples and inspiration. Several of them made important contributions as presidents of several chambers of commerce and trade associations, serving their communities and societies at large, marshaling their

specialized knowledge to help solve specific problems. But mainly they made efforts to secure an environment of law and order that would ensure that citizens could rely on freedom to choose among alternatives of education, religion, expression, work, consumption, association, and the investment of their hard-earned income, among other things. I spent eighteen years as a member of the board of the Caracas Chamber of Commerce, becoming its president during 1982 and 1983. My activities in those years led me to publish my book *Simón Bolívar: La Verdad Sea Dicha* in 1976, with 365 sayings by the "Great Liberator" about concepts like freedom, honesty, duty, work, rights, ethics, and public administration.

My activities as a low employee and my rise to manager lasted from 1961 until 2012. After that year I remained as a member of three boards. As of October 2015 I have been keeping active as the chairman of the board of the main holding company of the organization. Having contributed to keeping the organization productive for all the stakeholders through many difficulties, I feel it is a source of special satisfaction to have helped in the training of young talents who are now in important positions in the organization. I consider that to be one of the measurements of an effective and responsible manager's success: the quality of the managers he leaves when he goes.

Now that I look back at my own life of eighty-three years and the 181 years of the life of the holding company that I am honored to have chaired for twenty-nine years (the company originated in 1835 in Venezuela), I conclude that to reach a venerable old age, a company needs to be constantly subjected to huge dangers and big obstacles (according to one historian, Venezuela was the victim of thirty-nine uprisings and revolutions from 1830 to 1903) in order to maintain the highest level of collective and individual effort by highly experienced personnel, guided by solid principles, and to adapt to constant changes.

Looking to the future, I keep present the concept that appeared in the program of the "Thanksgiving and Memorial Service of the Class of 1956" in Harvard's Memorial Church on June 1, 1981:

> God give me work
> Till my life shall end
> And life
> Till my work is done.
> And there is still so much to do.

ARTHUR DAVID BLOOM. *Home Address:* 315 Greystone Heights Rd., Gatlinburg, TN 37738 (865-325-1044; *Mobile:* 617-834-1017). *Email:* arthurdbloom@yahoo.com. *Web/Social Media:* Facebook; LinkedIn. *Spouse/Partner:* Deborah J. Schwarz. *Children:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Senior surgeon (retired), US Public Health Service.

We left Paris after twenty years in 2011, have been back in the States since then, in Vermont, then Boston and Marblehead, now for a time in Great Smoky

Mountain National Park. I have come to love the forests here; the mountains are indescribably beautiful in summer, fall (especially fall), and now winter. Some years ago I switched careers from academic medicine and genetics, and now I write nonscience most of the time: stories—lots of stories—a novel, and now an autobiographical memoir of my life and careers on three continents. And so for the moment we stay on in Tennessee, where, for whatever reason, I have been very productive, creative, in my work. Hopefully, by the time we leave here my latest book will be done and of interest to some publisher. Along the way, friends and family have died, with the recent death of our classmate and dear pal from Dorchester, Paul Rosenthal, affecting me deeply. We are now in our early eighties, have been very fortunate, indeed, to get this far, but are obliged to live it out with dignity and whatever zest we can muster.

ROLAND PAUL BLUM. *Address:* Unknown.

NEIL MARTIN BLUME. *Address:* P.O. Box 1166, Lincoln, NH 03251-1166 (603-745-8894).

GORDON M. BOGDAN. *Home Address:* 1000 Celestial St., Apt. C, Cincinnati, OH 45202-1779 (513-241-8442; *Mobile:* 513-739-1800). *Occupation and Office Address:* Commercial Real Estate Broker. 8044 Montgomery Rd., Suite 700, Cincinnati, OH 45236-2926 (513-984-0900). *Email:* gmbco1000@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* June Taylor.

I am delighted, if not a little surprised, to have made it into my eighties in mostly one piece, and so fortunate to have June by my side to share these later years. It's been a fabulous eight decades, but frankly I'm glad I'm not young anymore.

NATHANIEL BOND. *Home Address:* 1171 Pushaw Rd., Glenburn, ME 04401-1445 (207-941-8572). *Email:* natbond@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Beth Bentz Bond. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* US Army, 1956–58.

I retired from Eastern Maine Medical Center in 2001, having spent most of my working life in hospital administration. The subsequent years have been spent in reading and yard work—the latter thankfully only six months per year. This morning I finished *The Lives of Margaret Fuller* by John Matteson, a brilliant rendering of a woman whose name most of us barely recognize. I wholeheartedly recommend it.

Beth and I will celebrate our sixtieth anniversary this year—primarily due to her infinite capacity for forgiveness. Our health issues are multiplying, but we can still abide winter in Maine. Our three children are all married and living on the East Coast, and their four kids are of course beautiful and intelligent.

My only employment for the past fifteen years was with the United States Census Bureau in 2010, a job I hope to reprise in 2020.

As a lifelong Republican I am devastated at the direction our party has taken in the past few years, and I dream of the reincarnation of Leverett Saltonstall.

CHARLES L. BOOTH JR. *Address:* 215 E. 68th St., Apt. 17F, New York, NY 10065-5726 (212-249-2163).

ROBERT DUNCAN BORGMAN. *Home Address:* 925 Brintonial Way, Winston-Salem, NC 27104-1283 (336-745-8342; *Mobile:* 336-745-8053). *Seasonal Address:* (June–Oct.) 2256 Land Harbor, Newland, NC 28657. *Email:* jbborgatws@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Jerri Monroe Borgman. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* One.

I retired from full-time employment with the public community mental health system in North Carolina in 2002, when the state abolished community mental health centers first initiated in the 1960s. Since then I have taught occasional high school courses in psychology and sociology at community colleges. I also assisted people applying for Social Security disability payments in obtaining their benefits, according to the complex administrative rules of the Social Security Administration.

I am a member of High Country Writers, a writers' group in Boone, North Carolina, the North Carolina Writers Network, and Bookmarks, which keep me attuned to trends in how to get fiction, nonfiction articles, and poetry published. In the last year I have had four poems published in the *High Country Writers* anthology, something I never dreamed would happen to me. A commercial publisher has agreed to publish a book of my professional memoirs, which I hope will be in print before I expire. This will be my third published book—one more than my father ever coauthored. He also never had any poetry published.

My daughter retired with full benefits from the Mississippi Community College system at age fifty. She now works as the chief financial officer for the United Way of South Mississippi. My granddaughter graduated from high school last June—the Mississippi School for Math and Science—and now is attending the University of Mississippi. My son is the chief dispatcher for ambulances and helicopters at Forest General Medical Center in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. He also umpires Little League baseball games.

GEORGE H. BOUCHARD. *Address:* 9 Teepee Lane, Limington, ME 04049.

DONALD W. BOURNE. *Address:* 37 Church St., P.O. Box 192, Yarmouth Port, MA 02675-1103 (508-375-0937).

ROBERT BOWMAN. *Address:* 12416 Arroyo de Arguello, Saratoga, CA 95070 (408-996-9596).

ROBERT ALLAN BOWYER. *Home Address:* 15 Country Club Drive, Auburn, ME 04210-8351 (207-786-7418). *Email:* bowyer9771@roadrunner.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Dorothy A. Bowyer. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

The pace of life in Maine continues to be agreeable. The aches and pains of our eighties cause both Dot and me to slow down. Our days of travel to Europe and stateside locations are over, but we have many pleasant memories, particularly of our trip to Russia. St. Petersburg was truly remarkable.

I concluded eight years as a director on the board of the Lewiston-Auburn Senior College with a gratifying sense that my forty years of experience with citizen boards helped reshape the board organizationally. I now teach courses each winter on events in colonial Boston that led to independence. In-depth analysis dispels common patriotic myths while making the people and events even more remarkable.

I have also served six years on the City of Auburn planning board. This very diverse city presents both some familiar issues, but others I never encountered in forty years as a city planner.

Daughter Susan has started a new career as a contract paralegal assisting several law firms, rather than working in one. Grandson Matt graduated from Boston College, magna cum laude, and appears headed to a legal career.

C. BRADFORD BOYCE. *Address:* Unknown.

WARREN BALL BRADBURY JR. *Address:* 52 Wharf St., Nahant, MA 01908-1628.

WAYNE T. BRANOM JR. *Address:* 26 Baldwin Farms S., Greenwich, CT 06831-3309 (203-869-2677).

CHRISTOPHER RUDOLPH BRAUCHLI. *Home Address:* 375 16th St., Boulder, CO 80302 (*Phone and Fax:* 303-443-3961). *Email:* brauchli.56@post.harvard.edu; brauchl1@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Margot Long Brauchli. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

For the second and definitely last time, I have retired from the practice of law, having returned to help out my firm after one of the partners in my area of law unexpectedly left the firm. I discovered that in an absence of less than three years, everything, from computers to telephones, had changed, and I was constantly asking assistants how to perform the simplest of tasks. I am glad I left before the paperless office was fully implemented. The only thing I miss in my retirement is the "out basket," which brought order to everything I did and enabled me to find whatever I wanted whenever I wanted.

Margot and I have both been blessed with continued good health, the ability to continue hiking long distances, to engage in our respective musical activities (I playing chamber music with great frequency and great companions and Margot singing in a variety of professional and semiprofessional choruses), and to travel to see children, grandchildren, and the world.

Our children and grandchildren continue to enjoy meaningful and productive lives. Our oldest grandchild is a senior software engineer at Uber in San Francisco, and our youngest grandchild is five-years old and midway through kindergarten. The six in between are all faring well at various levels of education.

I continue to write weekly political satire and commentary for the *Huffington Post* and assorted other websites, something I have been doing since 1985, and was just approached by a new website that wants to publish my writing and pay for it, something that's not happened since I left the newspaper world, where I appeared for many years. The thought of getting fifty dollars for each column is exhilarating.

We will likely miss our Reunion, to my great regret, because a grandson will be graduating from high school that same week. I'll be thinking of you all and wishing we could be with you.

ROBERT BREAU. *Home Address:* Home Farm Cottage, Lewes Rd., East Grinstead, West Sussex RH 19 3UN, England (+44-1342-314720). *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Marine Corps, 1957–1960.

No significant changes. I continue to enjoy living in the English countryside. Music and golf remain important. (Shot my age twice in competition last year at my home course, the Royal St. George's Golf Club, in Sandwich, Kent.)

Two children and three grandchildren are a joy and a blessing, although their living on the Continent (Berlin and Paris) lessens the frequency of contact. That's a negative, but overall there is much to be grateful for.

DONALD DWIGHT BREED. *Home Address:* 88 Congdon St., Providence, RI 02906-1413 (401-272-7655). *Email:* ddbreed@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Elizabeth Adams Breed. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* One. *Step-grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Naval Reserve, Sasebo, Japan, 1956–1960.

Since the last report, I at last became a grandfather. My unmarried daughter had always wanted a child, and so when she reached her forties she decided to get pregnant with a donor. Alex Anthony Breed was born August 2, 2013. If I live to ninety-six, I may get to see him enter Harvard.

Also since the last report, I've had back surgery and two vascular surgeries to try to alleviate pain that I've had when I walk longer than a block or two, and while I still have the pain, it might be worse without those efforts. I still swim almost every day, and can do things like shopping and cooking; I get up- and downstairs in a four-story house. In northern Michigan, I can split logs for the fireplace, just not many at a time.

And I can get to concerts. I don't think my past reports ever mentioned how important to me listening to classical music has been. I don't play an instrument, but I listen to Internet radio (including WHRB) and get to the

Boston Symphony from time to time by the MBTA. I am on the board of Rhode Island Chamber Music Concerts and was its president for a few years. When I was at Harvard my interest was in modern jazz, and I warmly remember seeing Duke Ellington in Storyville, Herb Pomeroy at the Stables, and Dave Brubeck and the Modern Jazz Quartet at Harvard for the New Jazz Society. That led to classical music. In Key West, where we go for three months, I help with the program notes for Impromptu Classical Concerts.

My wife is strong as a horse, is able to do all the gardening, look after both me and her rescue dog and do, literally, the heavy lifting. Thank God she will outlive me.

I remain a political liberal and a fan of President Obama. When this Report comes out, we'll know more about which presidential candidates are left. I am distressed that the Republican Party has retreated into obstructionism and has become a haven for racists, climate deniers, and xenophobes. I trace it all to Ronald Reagan, who said government was the enemy, so we all should strive to pay as little in taxes as possible while the infrastructure crumbles around us, the schools fall behind, and the poor and middle class lose ground. Instead of community, they celebrate selfishness.

PAUL BRENNAN. *Home Address:* 34 Marla Lane, East Falmouth, MA 02536 (508-495-6833). *Email:* pbrennan34pc@comcast.net. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Two.

Upon receiving our diplomas in May of '56, we were welcomed, as I recall, into the society of educated men or some such. That has proven to be the elementary first step in my education. But what an exciting learning experience it has been and continues to be, at an almost accelerating pace. Harvard equipped me well for the journey.

Time has been kind to my mind and body and I am thankful. Games have been a lifelong interest. In the past year I have had to give up hockey, skating, and curling, regretfully, due to less confident balance. Golf has become nearly an addiction and has prompted a likely move to Pinehurst, North Carolina. I have just returned from my fifth visit in the past fourteen months to Pinehurst, and I am smitten.

News of the passing of classmates deeply saddens me. I am aware that most of these fellows had richly satisfying lives, and that heartens me, but still there is pain.

Very thankful for bright, healthy daughters and granddaughters. They are experiencing life in a far different, in ways more challenging, world than we did at their ages and seem to be handling things very well.

Plan to attend our Sixtieth in May and look forward to spending that time with you all.

DAVID MICHAEL BRODY. *Home Address:* 8187 Quail Meadow Way, West Palm Beach, FL 33412-1506. *Spouse/Partner:* Nancy Lockman Brody. *Children:*

Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Military/National Service:* Captain, medical corps, US Army, 1966–68.

The common thread throughout my forty years of orthopedic practice was my interest in the beneficial effects of appropriate exercise for individuals of varying physical abilities. During a five-year "sabbatical" from private practice while teaching at George Washington University, I was able to establish a "runners' clinic" to study the epidemiology of running injuries, utilizing video analysis and gait patterns (somewhat primitive compared to the force plates and ten-camera 3D motion analysis available in some facilities today).

With the publication of the first of my two clinical symposia (CIBA) on running injuries and subsequently the instructional course lectures for the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons over many years, I believe I was able to reach a large number of medical professionals and, hence, their patients as well. Through a wonderful association with the marine corps as a civilian medical consultant to the Marine Corps Marathon, for twenty-eight years I presented a series of annual lectures on training, etc. Today the catch words of "cardio" and "core strength" have become common, everyday terminology. I hope that in some small way I have contributed to the understanding of running and running injuries, and of exercise in general, and its importance in a healthy lifestyle.

Finally returning to private practice, I met and married Nancy Lockman, who played a significant role in the lives of my then teenage children, and to whom I have been happily married for the past thirty-two years. My three adult children, David H. (Duke '86, Vanderbilt '89), Amanda (UVA '84), and Allison '89, are productive, caring people with children (seven) of their own, and are a source of love and great pride for Nancy and me.

Richard F. Brooks. *Home Address:* 109 Weld Rd., Phillips, ME 04966-4324. *Seasonal Address:* (Nov. 1–April 30) 213 Titcomb Hill Rd., Farmington, ME 04938. *Spouse/Partner:* Agnes. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Air Force, navigator of transport aircraft, 1953–58.

After a brief tenure at Harvard, I joined the US Air Force, where I trained at Aviation Cadet School for navigation. After four-plus years in the air force, mostly in MATS (Military Transport Service) flying four-engine transport aircraft on Atlantic Division routes, I joined Raytheon Company in Massachusetts for thirty-six years. These years were mainly in engineering program management. I retired to our four-hundred-acre farm in Phillips, Maine, in 1994. We purchased the farm, which is 90 percent forest land, in 1964.

I served in elected offices in Sudbury, Massachusetts, for thirty years—planning board and Lincoln-Sudbury Regional High School committee as well as various appointed jobs. All *non*-paid.

In retirement I have explored Plains Indian sites and the Lewis & Clark Trail Heritage Foundation.

We are, like most of you, proud grandparents, which station is very satisfying.

JOHN S. BROSS. *Home Address:* 22 Beldan Lane, Centerville, MA 02632 (508-957-2196). *Email:* brossjohn@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Mary Elizabeth Gilmour Bross. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* US Army.

Since our Fifty-fifth Reunion we have moved to Cape Cod, near Nantucket Sound, where the water is warm enough for long swims from May to September. We have given up a long, steep driveway in Plymouth for a short, fairly level driveway, which is better in the winter. I still do a little kayaking or canoeing, but not as often as before. We enjoy visits with our grandchildren back and forth between Watertown and Centerville. We also enjoy visiting with old friends from near and far. Moving provided us with a good incentive to reduce the clutter in our attic and garage. I urge everyone to get rid of their junk while they are still able.

We continue to be active in Plymouth, where we find that the improvement in the economy has slightly reduced the number of persons staying in homeless shelters and going to soup kitchens, but the need is still great here and across the country.

The current crisis here is one of opioid addictions brought on by the overprescription of Oxycontin, Percocet, and Vicodin. I suspect that the current campaign to keep cigarettes out of the hands of teenagers seeking peer approval is also contributing to the heroin epidemic.

Although unemployment is down in our country, it is dangerously high in Europe among all young people. It is one of the issues attracting Western young people to join ISIL.

As one looks at the financial and political situation in the United States and elsewhere, there are many reasons to despair, but I am encouraged when I see business and political leaders making a difference in their communities in spite of everything.

JACOB F. BROWN II. *Home Address:* 121 Farm St., Dover, MA 02030 (508-785-1922; *Mobile:* 508-498-5171). *Occupation and Office Address:* Chairman Emeritus. North American Management Corp., 10 Post Office Sq., Suite 1200S, Boston, MA 02109 (617-695-2111; *Fax:* 617-695-2121). *Email:* jakebrown91@gmail.com; jbrown@namcorp.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara Crane Brown. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five.

Life over the past five years has been (thankfully) relatively uneventful. Both Barbara (my amazingly supportive wife of fifty-three happy years) and I enjoy good health. We travel about six or seven weeks a year—including summer cruising in Maine on our own boat—and relish time at our lakefront property on Cape Cod, which includes a working cranberry bog. I continue to work (almost) full-time—after forty-seven years with the same company, I don't feel guilty about leaving early on pleasant Fridays. My clients ask me not to retire until they die, so it is in the lap of the gods as to who will be the first to go.

Our children are gainfully and productively employed, all their own fields, making a contribution to a better world for all—including our five

grandchildren, the oldest of whom will enter college this fall. If my calculations are correct, the cost of a college education has increased by a factor of thirty-five since my father wrote the first tuition check in 1952.

The delivery method of a college education is changing so dramatically that I wonder what form(s) it will take in ten years. Hopefully the benefits of the friendships made in college will not fall victim to the digital age. Certainly the world at large will be better-educated, which could make for a more vibrant global economy, enhanced geopolitical stability, less inequality, and a greater understanding of the manifold changes caused by a warming planet.

From an investment standpoint, I continue to push for the inclusion of ESG (environmental, social, and governance) screens in portfolio construction. I am convinced that those companies that have higher grades on these metrics will outperform while also making a positive contribution to the economy, society, and the planet.

I remain actively involved in the Sea Education Association, an organization that provides a transformative experience for college students with a semester-long curriculum including a rigorous six weeks at sea on a 134-foot, full-rigged sailing vessel. I also serve as a director and investment committee chair of the Cape Cod Foundation, a community foundation that has provided more than $50 million in grants to charitable organizations on the Cape.

While I am not about to change my political allegiance, the disarray in the Republican Party lies somewhere between distressing and alarming. I look forward to greater clarity by the time these words see the light of day.

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PETER IRWIN BROWN. *Home Address:* 122 Stinard Ave., Syracuse, NY 13207-1239 (315-471-2964). *Occupation and Office Address:* Adjunct Instructor in Philosophy. Onondaga Community College, 4585 W. Seneca Turnpike, Syracuse, NY 13215-4585.

TROY A. BROWN. *Home Address:* 1013 S. Skokie St., Tampa, FL 33629-5237 (813-258-6762; *Fax:* 813-258-6802). *Spouse/Partner:* Jean (deceased). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* US Air Force.

MARTIN HERBERT BROWNSTEIN. *Home Address:* 8 Embassy Court, Great Neck, NY 11021-1201 (*Mobile:* 516-313-5470). *Email:* martinbrownstein@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Shirley. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Step-grandchildren:* Eight.

PAUL F. BURGER. *Address:* 7413 Dunbarton Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90045-1023 (310-670-1392).

FRANCIS JOHN BURKE JR. *Address:* 8208 Mockingbird Drive, Annandale, VA 22003-3712 (703-323-1142).

PHILLIP ROSS BURNAMAN. *Home Address:* 11 LaVista Drive, Ponte Vedra Beach, FL 32082-2305 (904-285-4304). *Email:* p.burnaman@att.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Sandra S. Burnaman. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Nine. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, US Marine Corps, Quantico, VA; Camp Pendleton, CA, 1956–59.

THOMAS P. BURTON. *Home Address:* 26 Bruyer Way, Kalispell, MT 59901 (406-756-8909).

CARLETON DAVIS BURTT II. *Home Address:* 120 Paul St., Walterboro, SC 29488 (*Mobile:* 843-599-0684). *Email:* cdb4714@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Mary Ann Burtt. *Children:* Four. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Eleven. *Step-grandchildren:* Four. *Step-great-grandchildren:* One.

As House committee chairman of Eliot House our senior year, I was called upon to give a short talk at our House dinner the week of graduation. One thing I remember saying at that dinner: "We must recognize the privilege that was given us four years ago when thirteen highly qualified candidates were passed over in favor of each one of us as we entered the Class of 1956. In recognition of this privilege, I believe each one of us should pledge to make things better for our world somehow, in the largest sense of that word . . ."

I left Cambridge for New York City the week after graduation that June of 1956, and, quite unprepared, stepped into the world of finance. I looked forward to helping American business somehow, and doing what I could to make our world better. New York City remained the center of my business life for the next thirty-five years, after an early eight years in London. From a NYSE firm to a mutual fund management company to a major life insurance company, the journey was both unexpected and at times very challenging.

Leaving a corporate career in the early 1980s, I spent a number of years as a professional trustee and thereafter as an independent business consultant. More recently I served as a director of a physician-owned medical malpractice liability insurance company. In many ways, that directorship was the culmination of my business career.

My decision, in my late forties, to put my family and my intellectual pursuits ahead of a continuation of my corporate career, with its potential for the accumulation of wealth, has been the singular success of my life. I still pursue these two joys of my life with enthusiasm, and in the years since have observed, now somewhat from afar, the distressing decline of ethical standards in both our business and our political worlds.

Looking back over these somewhat tumultuous sixty years of my life, I wonder just how much I did, in fact, accomplish towards making our world a better place. I am planning to attend our Sixtieth Reunion, and I look forward to hearing what other classmates may have accomplished in this regard.

MERLE JEROME BUSHKIN. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 639, 92 Prince Rd., Brownsville, VT 05037-0639 (802-484-1235; *Fax:* 802-484-0247; *Mobile:* 802-230-6178). *Occupation and Office Address:* Founder; CEO. Health Record Corp., P.O. Box 638, Brownsville, VT 05037-0638 (802-484-0249). *Email:* mbushkin@medkaz.com; mbushkin@bushkin.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Leone Edricks Bushkin. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

Enjoyed my fifty-fifth reunion at HBS in May 2015 and am looking forward to our Sixtieth at the College in May 2016. How time flies!

Leone and I continue to enjoy life in rural Vermont, where each season has its own character and beauty. We have made many new friends and learned a whole new way of life—both of which have combined to keep us young in spirit if not in age! I must confess, though, that I am still getting over the shock of turning eighty. After all, octogenarians are old people, aren't they?

I continue running Health Record Corporation, our health care IT start-up and creator of MedKaz®, the personal health record you carry in your pocket and give to any provider when you need care. I'm passionate about it and spend full time working with our wonderful team of young developers. We're out to change health care as we know it. There is no other system like it. I must confess, however, that being an entrepreneur at our age has its challenging moments!

If you want all your medical records available in one place, anytime, anywhere, MedKaz is the only game in town. Any doctor can search for and read specific records, deliver better-coordinated lower-cost care, and save deductibles and copays for the patient. Happily, the government-created barriers that have been blocking MedKaz adoption are disappearing and the demand from doctors and patients that a patient's complete record be available in one place—which is what MedKaz uniquely provides—is rapidly growing. Accordingly, we are scrambling to seize the moment! We're launching a pilot study at a Vermont hospital that will give us the credibility with doctors that we need to gain real traction. You can learn all about MedKaz—and even buy one—at http://medkaz.com.

Since our last Report, Leone served as president of Shir Shalom, our synagogue in Woodstock, Vermont, and continues to work with the young people she attracted to succeed her. She also is a vice president of the West Windsor (Vermont) Historical Society in charge of programs. She has provided wonderful innovative leadership in both organizations.

Our daughters, Nancy and Elizabeth, son-in-law, Marc Schnitzer (married to Elizabeth), and granddaughters, Ali (twenty-four) and Kate (eighteen), continue to delight us. Ali graduated from Tufts in 2015 and is working in New York City. Kate is a freshman at Emory.

With each passing year, both the world and domestic pictures get grimmer. The drive for fundamentalism—both religious and political—have forever changed the world and our institutions as we have known them. It's as if the new credo everywhere, whether in Iraq or Congress, is "Do it my way or else!"

Whether talking religion, politics, or economics, compromise and tolerance of others' views and needs have been tossed overboard. It scares the hell out of me to contemplate what the future holds for our children and grandchildren. Having said that, I remain optimistic that just as these negative forces emerged from nowhere, more positive forces for good will resurface. Just talk with your grandchildren and their friends and you'll see why. They are upbeat, optimistic, and want to make a difference. I believe they will!

MICHAEL DEAN BUTLER. *Address:* 28775 El Mio, Mission Viejo, CA 92692-3910.

JOHN G. L. CABOT. *Home Address:* 1 Tucks Point Rd., Manchester, MA 01944-1434 (978-526-1102). *Email:* jg.lc@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Carroll L. Trimble Cabot. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* Four.

There have been few new developments since our Fiftieth, with one important exception: our new daughter-in-law, Juli Patterson, wife of son Andrew, has joined us and we are delighted. In other respects, we're each at the same residence, with the same spouse, having the same children and grandchildren. Actually, no news tends to be good news at our age, and I'm glad to have little to report in the medical and economic areas. In fact, life is good. People expect less of us at our age, and I'm happy to oblige. Still, it has been sad to give up piloting, skiing, cruising, and most of my business associations, but then I've found more sedentary things to keep me going, like historical research, and I don't miss the daily commute to Boston at all, except for seeing our friends less often.

I also temper my feelings of outrage and exasperation at bad actions that take place around the world, not because they are fewer, but because the world is now in younger hands. My being in a state of agitation will not help the world, and it will not help me.

Our sons have been managing their lives for more than thirty years, and I suppose it won't be too long before they're managing ours. All in all, my family responsibilities are to enjoy our life together, promote family events, and see the grandchildren whenever possible. These are very agreeable. So life is good. And Harvard Reunions are good, too, because it's my best chance to see some of you whom I can't seem to bump into because of my diminishing orbit. See you in May.

WILLIAM CADBURY. *Home Address:* 1500 Skyline Park Loop, Eugene, OR 97405-4466 (541-687-2758). *Email:* bcadburyuo@gmail.com; bcadbury@uoregon.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Maxine Scates.

For the last decade or so, two projects worth reporting on: from 2005 to 2009 I played keyboards in a five-piece rock/swing band (my contributions a lot more valuable on the swing than on the rock side) we called Flat Stanley. I hadn't played with anybody (in fact, had hardly touched a piano) since

the summer of graduation from Harvard, which I spent with the Dukes of Dixie in York Beach, Maine, an experience so tawdry that I just dropped music altogether. In this iteration I was amazed to find that the fingers had lost amazingly little of their cunning, and I thoroughly enjoyed the bars and weddings and parties and all that goes with that life.

But then that, too, ended, as the second project took over: I started to teach, sometimes as a volunteer, sometimes not, in two of the Oregon state prisons. For five years or so I taught classes, one or two a year, in film criticism, sometimes to inmates only in a College Inside program, but more often in the Inside-Out prison exchange program, in which a dozen or so "outside" students (from the University of Oregon, in this case) and a similar number of "inside" students take the course together inside the prison. Nationwide, many if not most courses in the program focus specifically on criminal justice issues, but I just did what I always have done, discuss and require writing about films in their ethical, emotional, and aesthetic dimensions, which intersected just fine, I think, with the program goals. These classes were, as a group, the most rewarding I ever taught. Instructors in the program like to say, but it's actually true, that the inside students put the outside students to shame with their energy and dedication and seriousness of purpose, not to mention, of course, their gratitude for the chance to participate in serious inquiry in their horrible context.

Eventually, though, I burned out, not least because (and this may not be a surprise to classmates) my brain isn't what it once was. So no more of that: it made a wonderful and surprising last act, long after retirement, for my teaching life.

Richard Wadsworth Cairns. *Address:* 116 Spring Meadow Lane, Hanover, MA 02339-2137 (781-871-1723).

Bruce Francis Cameron. *Address:* 234 River Rd., Edgecomb, ME 04556 (207-633-2978).

Daniel Frank Cameron. *Home and Office Address:* 401 E. 80th St., Apt. 14H, New York, NY 10075-0650 (212-772-1132). *Occupation:* Classical Music Publicist. *Email:* dcameron@hemsingpr.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Josephine C. Hemsing. *Children:* Six. *Grandchildren:* Four.

I continue to be gainfully employed as managing director of Hemsing Associates in Manhattan—founded by my wife, Josephine Hemsing, in 1988, shortly after I retired from government service in the Far East. We number among our superb classical musicians world-renowned pianist Marc-André Hamelin, from Canada. We also represented for many years the great pianist Alfred Brendel, and continue to look after his PR needs now that he has retired from the concert stage and is continuing to write about classical music. Despite technical advances in the processing of recorded music, I refuse to give up my huge CD collection. I'm a trog; I guess it comes with age.

My brilliant wife, Josephine, has been a loyal and wonderful wife—better than I think I deserve. My six children are all gainfully employed, the youngest, Gordon, as an executive with Yahoo and the oldest, Elizabeth, a very successful lawyer in Seattle. In addition, one boy (now very much a man) is a market research executive in Charleston, South Carolina, one has made his career as an IT specialist in Hawaii, and one in Oregon in the car business. My second daughter is a published writer in the Seattle area.

I continue to miss my old Harvard roommate Jack Hornung, who became a lifelong friend. I was with Jack, who was dying from cancer, one day before he died in Seattle. I'll never forget that last handshake.

Over the years, Asia has left its mark on me—a passion that developed during my studies at Harvard with Reischauer and Fairbank. I went on to government service in Surabaya and Jakarta in Indonesia, then on to Singapore, Japan, Burma, New Zealand (of all places), and a return to Jakarta before I retired, lost my first marvelous wife, Barbara, to cancer, and started a new life with my second marvelous wife, Josephine. I returned with Josephine from Indonesia a month or so ago (fall of 2015), having seen old friends in Singapore, Malaysia, and Bali. Every two years we return to Singapore and Bali, and every two years to France, where Josephine was born of American parents. France, Bali? Not a bad combination.

My health, with the exception of a few relatively minor glitches, has been okay. My memories of Harvard, one of the greatest periods of my life, are dappled with snow.

My very best wishes to Ken Rossano, for having held the '56 fort so long and so well.

DUNCAN HUME CAMERON. *Home and Office Address:* 3133 Connecticut Ave. NW, Apt. 302, Washington, DC 20008-5105 (202-966-6094). *Occupation:* Lawyer (202-966-6092). *Other Address:* P.O. Box 72, Lake Clear, NY 12945. *Email:* duncanhcameron@gmail.com; dhcameronesq@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Caroline I. Cameron. *Children:* Two.

Over the past five years, I increasingly have had the freedom to do what interests me and have had the good fortune to remain in good health. I continue my mediation practice and my limited law practice. I am still active as a trustee emeritus of Zamorano University, a US-chartered university in Honduras, and remain involved in other international activities in Washington.

Caroline and I spend about three months during the summer in the Adirondacks. I have recently written several articles on the history of this region and for the past year have served as the president of the property owners association of our summer community, as it celebrates its one hundredth anniversary.

Both our daughters are now happily married. They are, however, continuing their careers. Our oldest daughter, Sarah, is an assistant professor of history at the University of Maryland, and our younger daughter, Anne, is an oil and gas adviser with a New York-based hedge fund.

This past summer we downsized, selling our six-bedroom house. The sale was more complicated than we anticipated. A large tree unexpectedly fell on our house from a neighbor's property eight hours before the closing, requiring us to make the repairs in a hurry over a three-week period to complete the sale. We have moved about one and one-half miles to the Kennedy Warren, an art deco apartment house near the Washington Zoo. Apart from the noise of the zebras as they are being fed at six in the morning, we are happy with apartment living.

Since we live in Washington, I am particularly aware of and concerned about the paralysis in our national government and its inability to deal forcefully with the major problems facing this country, such as climate change and income inequality.

GEORGE PETER CANELLOS. *Home Address:* 116 Sherburn Circle, Weston, MA 02493-1058 (781-237-1835; *Mobile:* 617-851-0040). *Occupation and Office Address:* Physician; Professor of Medicine, Harvard Medical School. Dana-Farber Cancer Institute, 450 Brookline Ave., Boston, MA 02215-6084 (617-632-3471; *Fax:* 617-632-3477). *Email:* george_canellos@dfci.harvard.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Jean Speare Canellos. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant commander, US Public Health Service, 1963–65.

This Report is a testimony to survival. It is indeed depressing to know so many classmates who have died since our last Reunion.

I am fortunate in that I continue to practice and teach medical oncology at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute. I have an endowed chair at Harvard Medical School, which allows a slow winding-down to my career. I continue to serve as an editor of several medical periodicals concerned with diseases of the blood and their malignant variations. I am fortunate to have received two honorary degrees, one a doctor of science from Athens University and the other a doctor of humanities from Holy Cross School of Theology, and I served as commencement speaker at the latter. The Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons Alumni Association awarded me its annual Gold Medal in Clinical Medicine in 2015.

I am fortunate to have been married to my wife, Jean, for fifty-seven years. She is the love of my life. A warm and wonderful person, she raised our three sons, who inherited her intellect, and kept a solid family life. Our sons have done well: executive editor of *Politico* (Peter), former head of the Securities and Exchange Commission in New York (George), and successful Internet marketing consultant (Andrew). We continue to enjoy travel, books, and family.

The world is in a metastable phase, with a resurgent Russia, the Middle East in chaos, and, in the wake of the attacks in Paris, terrorism lurking in the West. Somehow and some way, we will see it through.

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JOHN ELISHA CANNING. *Home Address:* 17055 Bay St., Jupiter, FL 33477-1209 (561-746-1603). *Email:* jecanning34@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Sherry L. Canning. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Step-grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Ensign, US Navy.

Sherry and I love our life in Florida at Jonathan's Landing. We keep active by walking, working out, playing golf, and traveling. We rue the fact that we can't physically do what we used to, but are grateful for what we can do. My golf gets worse every year (where did the distance go?), but the fellowship is grand.

My big interest is photography, primarily birds, with an occasional wildflower thrown in. I exhibit locally and was fortunate to win the grand prize in the *Palm Beach Post*'s first annual photo contest. My photographs have been published and my donated pictures have helped raise money for local charities. I took many of the pictures on the Jonathan's Landing website. I find photography exciting, rewarding, and fun.

I am still a registered Republican, but have not voted so since George the father's first term. The party has left me on the social, religious, and fiscal issues. I keep waiting for the knight on a white horse to ride out of the sky whom I could fully support. Seeing Ike ride through Harvard Square in 1952 in the back of a convertible was the closest I will come. The Republicans running for the presidential nomination made me laugh at first, and now I cry. The negative reaction against the Syrian refugees dismays me. The inequality of income is a short- and long-term negative. I could go on and on regarding other issues, but I would bore you more. We will make it somehow . . . eventually.

Good health to all. Keep moving, because "something might be gaining on you." My days at Harvard were among the best.

DONALD CHARLES CANNON. *Home Address:* 2400 SW Winteroak Court, Lee's Summit, MO 64081-4089 (816-246-1968). *Partner:* Judith Anne Beatie. *Children:* Four. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Senior surgeon, US Public Health Service, National Institutes of Health, 1968–1970.

My second wife, Delores, died on October 22, 2012, after a fourteen-and-a-half-year affliction with progressive idiopathic dementia. Her last six years of life were spent in a nearby nursing home.

My longtime friend, Judy, has lived with me since 2013. Judy and I have known each other since the eighth grade. We dated for about six months in the ninth grade and graduated together from high school, along with Delores. Judy is an avid bridge player, excellent cook, and a wonderful companion.

I continue to pursue my passion for lawn care and flower gardening. My special intellectual interests include cosmology, geopolitical science, and American politics.

I am close to completing my memoir, an arbeit of about five hundred pages, with the valuable assistance of my son-in-law, Andrew Szanton of Newton, Massachusetts, who is a self-employed writer. I am also working on a comprehensive genealogy with the help of a capable genealogist who was a high school classmate.

My health is somewhat compromised by ulcerative colitis, which became symptomatic when I was sixty-nine. (This disease affects about 1 percent of the population and rarely begins after the age of fifty.)

Best wishes to all, and God bless.

NORMAN DALE CANNON. *Address:* 2688 Melbourne St., Salt Lake City, UT 84106-4006.

PAUL W. CAREY JR. *Home Address:* 302 Linden Ponds Way, Unit 221, Hingham, MA 02043-3766 (781-875-3258). *Email:* paulcarey28@hotmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Deceased. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* One. *Grandchildren:* Five.

I have moved from my longtime home in Belmont, Massachusetts, to Linden Ponds, an adult community in Hingham, Massachusetts. It is an active community with many people who have fascinating backgrounds that span everything from ocean research to launching the Hubble Space Telescope.

After I lost Patricia and son Keith, I remained alone in Belmont. In "retirement" I was the government and community producer at the local access cable TV station broadcasting the meetings of the selectmen, school committee, planning board, warrant committee, and town meetings. It was a very satisfying time, during which I made a number of improvements to our capability and coverage and did my best to inform the residents of what was happening in their town—and to their money.

I have just completed a year here and am settling in. I am playing my keyboards in the lounge and the pub and have a lot of fans. At the urging of friends, I ran for the resident advisory council. I lost, but it was fun. It turned out I just hadn't had the chance to meet enough people.

I am an occasional participant in our in-house TV station and a player in The Readers Theater. Nearly a hundred interest groups in this community of about 1,300 provide almost all the activity one can choose to handle—or not.

I continue to be involved in the Clover Club of Boston (1883) as music and technical director. Each dinner features good speakers, creative parodies, skits, my glee club, and about six hundred great guys from every walk of life without whom Boston, Massachusetts, and perhaps the nation would not be as well off.

Among the notable Harvard connections here at Linden Ponds, classmate Joe Cronin has become a very popular and involved resident. And Kate Webster lived for a while in Apthorp House with her grandparents, David and Helen Little. David was the House master of Adams House—my home for three years.

I continue to live in reflected glory. Two sons are respected lawyers and a third son is a well-regarded restaurateur. My sister, Helen, just completed 414

performances on Broadway in *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time*, a play that won five of its six Tony nominations, including Best Play.

And, of course, my grandchildren are above average.

Although I miss Patricia and Keith and my home and associations in Belmont, I consider myself blessed to be where I am (especially during last winter's snow) and supported by my wonderful family and friends.

KENNETH LORAN CARROLL. *Address:* 3410 State Hwy. 80, Bakersville, NC 28705-7104 (828-688-4096).

EDWARD P. CARTER. *Home Address:* 17 Old Stage Rd., Litchfield, NH 03052 (*Mobile:* 623-256-1823). *Other Address:* 14603 W. Arzon Way, Sun City West, AZ 85375 (623-556-6867). *Spouse/Partner:* Kimberley B. Carter. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight. *Military/National Service:* US Army, 1957–59.

In 2012 we lost Thomas, our oldest grandson, at age twenty-one. He was a special person who taught us much about love and caring.

Kim and I continue to migrate with the seasons between New Hampshire and Arizona, each with its own type of beauty. We also continue the tradition of a family reunion each July at Smuggler's Notch Resort, in Vermont.

We are grateful for friends, family, and good health.

O. PHILIP MARTIN CATALANO. *Home Address:* 5307 Tenth Avenue Drive W., Bradenton, FL 34209-4213 (941-792-2598; *Mobile:* 941-773-1676). *Occupation and Office Address:* Dermatologist. 1416 59th St. W., Bradenton, FL 34209-4696 (*Phone and Fax:* 941-792-2934). *Email:* catalano@gte.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Nora M. Catalano. *Children:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army, Walter Reed Army Institute of Research, Womack Army Hospital, Fort Bragg, NC, 1962–64.

The years have been kind to my family and me. The practice of dermatology is still interesting, in spite of the heavy hand of government. I have no desire to retire.

Living in one place for decades has many advantages, especially when that place is west coastal Florida.

NATHANIEL CHAFFIN. *Home Address:* 69 Karen Rd., Waban, MA 02468-1123 (617-969-3217; *Mobile:* 617-447-5458). *Occupation:* Mostly Retired (consulting). *Email:* nchaffin2@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Deceased. *Children:* Six. *Grandchildren:* Three.

Unfortunately I lost my wonderful wife and best friend, Peggy, four years ago, after a three-year battle with cancer. She was a remarkable person—a wonderful wife (forty-five years), mother (six kids), and outstanding nurse. In her memory I started a fellowship for oncology nurse practitioners at the Massachusetts General Hospital, where they took marvelous care of her.

In any case, I am trying to keep busy—squash, cross-country skiing, Kennedy School events, hospital volunteering, reading the *New York Times* daily, etc.

I wish everybody good health and happiness, and hope many people will come back for the Sixtieth. All the best.

BURTON CHANDLER. *Home Address:* 97 Aylesbury Rd., Worcester, MA 01609 (508-795-5803). *Occupation and Office Address:* Lawyer. 339 Main St., Worcester, MA 01608 (508-757-7721). *Spouse/Partner:* Harlee Chandler. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four.

The last five years have been full of changes. Both of my legs are afflicted with a disease known as peripheral neuropathy. In plain English, it means I have very little balance between the two legs, and I fall often and walk with difficulty and with a cane. As a result of this, we sold our summer home in Ogunquit, Maine, because I couldn't play on the tennis court that I had built on the property and I couldn't walk on the beach. Since that time we have been living in our home in Worcester and really have not looked back. We had forty wonderful years in Ogunquit, and I wouldn't have traded them for anything. But it has been very pleasant to find that our weekends are free and we do not wonder how soon we can leave for Maine to beat the traffic. It has been much more relaxed than we would have believed. We have spent time inviting friends to stay with us at our home in Worcester, and we have spent time visiting friends elsewhere.

My wife, Harlee, has been a state senator for many years and currently is majority leader of the Massachusetts State Senate. So she is still very busy. I resigned my partnership with the law firm of Seder & Chandler, LLP, and I am now of counsel. I go to the office most mornings and take care of clients who have essentially been with me for fifty years or more and if I disappeared would not know where to go for a lawyer if they wanted to change a will or sell a house. Somewhere around noon I go back to my home and happily decide whether to take a nap, read a book, or watch television.

WOODLEY LLEWELLYN CHAPMAN. *Address:* 30 Concord Greene, Unit 1, Concord, MA 01742-3175 (978-369-0417).

STEPHEN CHARNAS. *Address:* 212 High St. NE, Albuquerque, NM 87102 (505-242-8050).

DONALD LEVERITT CHATMAN. *Address:* 111 N. Wabash Ave., Suite 1116, Chicago, IL 60602-3126 (312-220-9255).

RUDOLPH CHELMINSKI. *Address:* 68, rue Murger, 77780 Bourron Marlotte, France (+33-1-64-45-70-65).

EUGENE SPENCER CHERRY. *Home Address:* 35 W. Brown Rd., No. 266, Mesa, AZ 85201-2821 (*Mobile:* 480-983-7632). *Email:* escherry@juno.com. *Military/National Service:* US Navy.

I've been retired for sixteen years, living in Mesa, Arizona. I've enjoyed myself and occupied my time with volunteer activities connected with National Alliance on Mental Illness support groups. I've spent many enjoyable times with the Unitarian Universalist church in Paradise Valley. The last three years my time has mostly involved caring for my sister Muriel Lewis, who had a stroke in January 2012. I'd like anybody in Mesa, Arizona, to visit me at Fellowship Square. I wish the best to all of you who are dealing with the vagaries of old age.

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CHARLES STEELE CHESTON JR. *Address:* 27 Asbury St., Topsfield, MA 01983-1501 (978-887-1280).

NEIL WINFIELD CHILDS. *Address:* 1791 Fairway Drive, Amelia Island, FL 32034-5606 (904-491-3218).

NICHOLAS HITCHCOCK CHILDS. *Address:* 2222 St. Raymonds Ave., Bronx, NY 10462-5004 (718-822-5214).

THOMAS CHIN. *Home Address:* 171 Cabot St., Newton, MA 02458-2537 (617-965-3014). *Email:* tchin171@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* May Yee Chin. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Colonel, US Army Reserve, 1953–1986.

It is difficult to believe that almost sixty years have gone by so quickly since our college graduation. It seems like yesterday, during our college years, that we observed the old fifty-plus-year reunion grads lining up to march at college graduation ceremonies. Now, we are those old grads, but hopefully we are healthier, more active, more tolerant, and better-equipped for today's issues and problems.

Shortly after graduation, I entered active duty at Fort Sill as a field artillery officer. In view of the uncertain world situation, I remained in the army reserve for thirty-three years and served my last seven years as a MOB DES (mobilization designee) in the Civil Affairs Directorate at the Pentagon.

After active duty, I attended Harvard Business School and then joined Raytheon Company's controller and finance department, with assignments at Raytheon divisions from Massachusetts to Pennsylvania and even Canada. I retired from Raytheon Company after thirty-nine years' service. It is unusual to find such service longevity in today's workforce.

Because of my interest in public education, I served on the Massachusetts Board of Education that passed the Education Reform Act of 1993. After Raytheon, I joined the Massachusetts Department of Education's Accountability and Targeted Assistance Section, to help implement education reform policies

that included funding for schools and having all students at the proficiency achievement level in English and math.

Last June my wife and I celebrated our fifty-fifth wedding anniversary. Our daughter, Janice '83 (PhD University of Illinois), is a research scientist at Pfizer. She has two children: Jillian, who is a freshman in the University of Connecticut Honors Program, and Justin, a freshman at Lincoln-Sudbury High School. Our son, Tom (BS Cornell, MD UMass), is chief liver transplant surgeon at Florida Hospital. He has three daughters: Katie, who is a junior at the University of Florida, Sarah, who is a seventh-grader, and Lauren, who is a fifth-grader.

The world situation remains chaotic, with continued conflicts. This past week, terrorist activities in Paris and Mali have been frightening and demonstrate the instability hovering over the world scene. We hope conflicts get resolved and there will be peace and prosperity in the world.

CLINTON K. L. CHING. *Home Address:* 854 Waioli St., Honolulu, HI 96825 (808-395-3466). *Email:* c2@hawaii.rr.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Alice Jean Ching. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four.

My Harvard College and Stanford Law School experiences led me down a natural path to a law practice in government and in the private sector, coupled with my lifelong civic desire to give back to the Chinese community. However, the most rewarding part of my journey has been my family life. My daughter, Pamela, has enjoyed a twenty-five-year career with the Department of Justice, Board of Immigration Appeals. She and her attorney husband, Shan, have two daughters. Allison is a junior at Smith College and embracing and balancing the rigors of academics while spearheading a campus food recovery program to benefit the local community. Her twelve-year-old sister, Julie, is focused on ballet, "selfies," and how to increase her profit margin at the "Aloha Lemonade Stand" at the Hollin Hills House Tour in Alexandria, Virginia. My son, Randall, owns a Kumon Learning Center and, with his wife, Myra, an epidemiologist with the Department of Health, has an eight-year-old son, Cameron, whose world is consumed by Drew Brees and the New Orleans Saints and driving the golf ball just short of the one-hundred-yard marker. Son Christopher is with Bank of America, and his wife, Lynn, works in sales for a technology company in San Jose, California. They happily parent a four-year-old daughter, Mika, who doesn't do much of anything but be darn cute and clever. My wife of fifty-five years, Alice, and I, together with our son, Randall, designed, built, and share a family compound in Hawaii, the best family decision ever. We are incredibly blessed. The knowledge that our children navigate their lives with skill and thoughtfulness, to be ever present in their children's lives and "paying it forward" to help others, is what gets me out of bed in the morning (along with a gentle push from my wife).

Retirement came in 2000. The ensuing years have been wonderful but not without the usual challenges of aging and the loss of parents, siblings, and dear

friends. I elected to retire after forty years of law practice and community involvement so that I could be in California to help my wife care for her beloved mother, ninety-nine years old. It turned out to be the most fulfilling and gratifying experience of our lives, one that we never regretted. Among the benefits is that it drove home to our children the Confucian concept of filial piety and of care and concern for the elderly, in which self-sacrifice has its own rewards.

Alice and I have enjoyed our share of leisure travel, taking us to our ancestral villages in China and other exotic Asian countries and to fantastic landscapes and historical cultural centers of Europe. Realizing that time is shorter and opportunities are fewer, our travels lately have been closer to home, concentrating on lengthy visits with our children and extended family.

At my age it is hard to remember days, but I do remember moments, many of which took place while at Dunster House: memories of roommate Peter McKinney lobbing huge grapefruits that his dear grandmother sent, out of our fifth-floor dorm room to unsuspecting passersby; of Bob Wheeler, organizer extraordinaire, who recruited me to play left guard on the football team (I failed to tell him that I had never played the game!); of Fritz Kussin, the fastest linebacker I ever saw, who helped the team win the coveted Straus Trophy. However, my fondest memory is of dear Mrs. Dee (Harriet DePinto), "mother away from home" to all the boys. She managed to save me extra portions of food, convinced that island boys eat *big*.

It's been ten years since I arranged an informal gathering at Dunster House to celebrate our Fiftieth. Three dozen "Dunster Funsters" filled the common room to be warmly greeted by headmaster Roger Porter, while my daughter, Pamela, hosted and served catered sandwiches to the attendees. That was a fine and proud moment for her father. Another special moment was to lunch with Barbara Anderson and her husband, Ron. We commiserated and remembered her dear brother, Don French, who lost his life tragically in a plane accident—gone much too soon. I was far from my island home, and it was Don who took me under his wing and showed me that *aloha* exists everywhere. It is to feel it. Thank you, friend.

I have many reunion photos in my scrapbook, but the ones I'm most proud of are the ones I took with my classmate and cousin from home, Malcolm Ing. We would strike the same pose as we did so many times before in front of the John Harvard statue. However, at the Fiftieth Reunion I held up a placard and posed with a life-size photo of my fellow Hawaii classmate, Herb Yee, who couldn't attend. The crowd applauded in amusement.

Despite the passage of six decades, my most vivid memory will always be of relaxing in the Dunster House courtyard with my roommate, Roger Fleischmann, and watching prior graduates parade by. In his usual California manner, Roger blurted out loud, "Wow, look at all the ol' geezers!" While I am unable to attend the Sixtieth Reunion, it has become abundantly clear that we have all earned that status and should wear it forever proudly. With that

thought, I extend to all my fellow geezers of the Harvard Class of '56 hearty congratulations and fond aloha.

ROBERT SHELDON "FLETCHER" CHRISTIAN. *Home Address:* 19 Agassiz St., Apt. 24, Cambridge, MA 02140-2850 (617-547-0682). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Specialist third class, US Army, Fifth Army Headquarters, Chicago, IL, 1953–55.

I visited my Fiftieth Reunion report before beginning the present one, just to make sure I wasn't repeating myself, something I do much more now. Always a source of embarrassment. Also, I walk around a lot with my mouth open. I wasn't aware of this until my seven-year-old granddaughter Avery, now eight, said with much surprise, "Grandpa, your mouth is open!" Fortunately, I don't drool, although my nose runs without my knowing it.

At the time of our Fiftieth, I was living in Katonah, New York, but friends were beginning to move away, my daughter was in Santa Cruz completing her doctorate, and my son, Adam, was in L.A. trying to break into Hollywood. I was feeling increasingly isolated and lonely, despite the many pleasures of the city and the quiet pleasures of Katonah, New York, including proximity to the Ward Pound Ridge Reservation, fifty-two hundred undeveloped acres in the middle of Westchester County. So in 2006, in the midst of the real estate bubble, I put my house on the market and set out for Cambridge, Massachusetts, where I had friends and acquaintances and where I now reside in a late-nineteenth-century stuccoed building with a red tile roof in an apartment graced with elegant moldings, high ceilings, large windows, and several closets for clothes.

I had been away for a long time, and I wasn't prepared for the pot-holed streets, the maddening traffic, the rudeness and recklessness of Massachusetts drivers, for whom the yellow light is a signal to speed up and the red light to proceed if it's only a little bit red, and a public transportation system that is near collapse. In recompense, I had the architectural and cultural pleasures of Boston to drink in, a walking city, with its MFA and its fens to visit, its Public Garden, its Newbury Street, and George Apley's stately and enduring Commonwealth Avenue. There was Cambridge, too, where Harvard Yard beckons along with the Cambridge Common, all pleasures to someone who, like Charles Lamb, likes to walk.

I do go back to New York from time to time, although my absences have become more frequent and longer. On my uptown rambles, I take in the MoMA and the Met, with occasional visits to the Frick and the Neue Galerie. I look forward most to my walks in Central Park. I enter at 57th Street and make my way through the zoo and then up the hill to the left and down Poet's Walk to the Bethesda Fountain and the Loeb Boathouse and cross over and up until I reach the Met, my final destination. Always lovely, as the English say, quite lovely.

These nine years have also seen a deterioration in my health. I still exercise but I tire easily. I also see a lot of doctors, some with *specialist* in their titles—at

last count a vascular specialist, a retinal specialist, and, recently, a stroke specialist, not because I have had a stroke but because I want to do everything possible to avoid one. I also see an oncologist—I was diagnosed in 2013 with stage IV prostate cancer—a cardiologist, a dermatologist, a top-flight urologist, and a geriatrician who is my PCP. I won't go into the procedures I have endured or the tests I have taken; suffice it to say I'm still here. If I appear preachy, I don't want to be, but my advice to anyone who thinks he may be susceptible to life-threatening afflictions is this: Be sure to spend your autumn years in or very near a city with university-affiliated hospitals—like MGH, which has been very good to me.

In 2014, at the time of our Fiftieth, I was seventy and concerned with aging. Today I am eighty and my concerns are existential. The one thing I can be certain of is that I exist (although what the "I," the self, is is a matter of some dispute). I try to be conscious of this, although it is easy to forget. I have also promised myself to persevere in this existence as long as I can, because I believe, in the words of Miguel de Unamuno, ". . . it is better to live in pain than peacefully to cease . . ."

Although my birth was contingent, a true matter of chance, I know that death is a necessity. Of that I am reasonably sure. But when the time comes, if I am still conscious, my fervent hope is not to "rage, rage against the dying of the light," but to praise God for this life and its gifts and to have the courage to accept its eternal loss.

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ROBERT PURCELL CHRISTIANSEN. *Address:* 4106 S. Oakhurst Drive, Homosassa, FL 34446 (352-628-0071).

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TOBY CITRIN. *Home Address:* 2220 Applewood Court, Ann Arbor, MI 48103-2304 (734-769-4080). *Occupation and Office Address:* Semiretired Adjunct Professor. Center for Public Health and Community Genomics, University of Michigan School of Public Health, 1415 Washington Heights, Ann Arbor, MI 48109-2029 (734-936-0936; *Fax:* 734-468-0155). *Email:* tcitrin@umich.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Phyllis C. Blumenfeld. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Two.

At the University of Michigan School of Public Health, where I still work, they call me "nominally retired." I took formal retirement a few years ago, but still teach and do some research and project work. My academic activities have focused on the ethical, legal, and social issues arising out of the exploding field of genetics. I am among those who recognize the potential of this area of science to improve or harm our future lives as individuals and communities.

Furthering an understanding of the science and its implications and developing policies to guide it in the right direction occupy most of my teaching and research.

My major nonacademic organizational activity is advocacy work furthering J Street, the pro-Israel, pro-peace organization that seeks to influence US policy in ways that further the possibility of a two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. Years ago, in my academic work, I had been collaborating with Palestinian organizations engaged in public health and in the development of civil society. A visit to Israel and Palestine under their auspices gave me a look at Israel and the occupied territories through Palestinian eyes, offering a very different view from what I had earlier experienced on trips organized by US Jewish organizations. My work at J Street reconciles these conflicting views, recognizing the vastly different narratives of both peoples, and why it is essential that they each achieve a safe, secure, and peaceful independent coexistence with the other.

Of course my most satisfying activities are those I share with my wife, Phyllis, my daughter, Ana, and my two grandchildren. Both were born since our last Report. My daughter had the audacity to name her first child, a boy, Toby, which makes me exceedingly proud. I asked that the two children call me "Zadie," the Yiddish word for grandfather, since that's what I called my two grandfathers and I hate to see the Yiddish word die out. Phyllis and I spend three months every winter in Santa Barbara, California, near where they live, enabling us to escape the worst of the Michigan winters and enjoy the weather and Ana's wonderful family. Ana is a public interest environmental lawyer, helping to maintain the beauty and naturalness of the California coast, defending it against the continuing onslaught of big bad developers.

Last year, for my eightieth birthday, Phyllis and I took a five-week trip to Jerusalem, Istanbul, Krakow, Warsaw, and Prague. It was a very moving trip, combining the inspirational beauty of great architecture, the rich and very different cultural and religious traditions, the absence of what had once been a vibrant Jewish community in Poland and Hungary, and the somber experience of visiting three Nazi death camps. In a phrase, we experienced the best and worst of what civilization and society have achieved over the past few centuries.

Continuing, fortunately, to be in good health, I'm enjoying the process of aging. I am experiencing what the Celtic theologian and poet John O'Donohue calls "harvest time," when I increasingly reflect on my entire life, search for new meaning, express gratitude for what I've been given, and feel concern for the world into which my grandchildren are growing up. I can only wish for them the kind of joys and satisfactions that I've been fortunate to receive, including, of course, seven incredible years at Harvard.

WILLIAM ERNEST CLAGGETT. *Home Address:* 1345 Ridley Way, San Jose, CA 95125-3734 (408-947-7810; *Mobile:* 408-373-1616). *Email:* gettmail@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Sunny Diane Robertson Claggett. *Children:* Three.

Grandchildren: Three. *Step-grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Corporal, US Army, various US bases, 1954–56; Parachutist Badge.

Sixty years! Just a snippet of time in the grand scheme of things.

Imagine the next sixty years. It's now 2076, a mere 120 years since we graduated, ready to take on the world and make it ours. Sunny and I have a number of great-great-grandchildren (with the next generation on the way) scattered throughout the world, and they all seem to be studying subjects and pursuing careers unheard of during our college years. So much has happened since then. Unpredicted life-altering events—new wars, civil discord, terrorism, amazing scientific discoveries, technological innovations, and new and deeper understandings of many social and economic issues.

Climate change over the past 120 years, along with the steady growth in world population, provided the impetus for dramatic discoveries in all of the social and physical sciences. Advances in brain science and technology have opened many new fields of study in neuroscience and nanotechnology to the point where many children born in 2076 will have the learning capability of people we used to casually refer to as geniuses. The common K–12 education system has been totally abandoned to processes of physical maturation and emotional readiness for advanced study.

International civil unrest continues to plague much of the world, but it seems to be subsiding with advances in new technologies of food production and distribution. A major factor has been the dramatic reduction in the international birth rate, forced on much of the world by changes in the earth's climate and by the debilitating effects of unprecedented poverty. The world governing organizations are more active and robust than they were at our Sixtieth Anniversary, and the trickle-down to poorer areas of the world is more substantial. Yet, much remains to be done. The new generations will have to tackle most of the issues and problems we faced, but with a new look, new tools, and new vocabulary to give them a modern dimension. So, to those future generations, I say prepare yourself with diligence and good humor.

And don't throw the past away
You might need it some other rainy day
Dreams can come true again
When everything old is new again
When everything old is new again
(With many, many thanks to Peter Allen)

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Not much new and exciting since our Fifty-fifth Reunion. However, I did have a knee replacement done a few years ago, and it has allowed me to move

around the tennis court with much more ease and walk the golf courses. Also, thanks to my daughter, Paula, who brought me into this century with the gift of an iPad and cell phone.

Two years ago, while visiting my grandson Liam in Germany, Jo and I took a side trip to Cortina, Italy, in the Italian Alps. It was my first visit since playing there in the 1956 Olympics. It is still a small, beautiful village. From Christmas to the middle of February of that year, it snowed eighteen feet, making last winter in Boston look mild.

It has been enjoyable and rewarding to be on the Dexter Southfield board and see the growth of the high school, which started only ten years ago. Two of my grandsons, Quinn and Cole, are at Dexter now. The older two, Aidan and Liam, are at Harvard in their junior and freshman years and enjoying it immensely.

Recently a group of former Harvard hockey players started the William J. Cleary Endowment Fund to support the Friends of Harvard Hockey, to ensure that young men and women in the future can enjoy the experience of putting on a Harvard hockey shirt. The fund has already raised three million dollars. I am not at a loss for words very often, but I must say I am humbled and honored by the support of all the young men who played for me. Sports should be fun, and I am proud that the boys did have fun, in addition to being very successful on the ice.

Thanks to Ken Rossano, the 1956 monthly lunches have been successful and allow us to keep in contact with our Harvard classmates.

Jo and I spend summers in West Hyannisport, on the Cape, with family and friends. As for our children: Paula '83 lives in Westport, Connecticut, with her husband, Paul Farrell (Yale '84). Billy '85 lives in Newton with his wife, Roberta '86, and their four sons Aidan, Liam, Quinn, and Cole. Billy has taken over my insurance business and has developed it into one of the top agencies in the Boston area. Daughter Kate (Boston College '92) is still in the interior decorating business in Boston and lives in the family home I grew up in, not too far from Harvard Square.

Look forward to seeing all at the Reunion this spring.

Lawrence H. Coburn. *Home Address:* 64 Ash St., Weston, MA 02493. *Email:* coburnlh@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Gabriella K. Coburn. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Step-grandchildren:* One.

I am blessed with a wonderful wife, children, and grandchildren. My health is all I could ask for, and I find retirement anything but boring. I hope that my classmates are as fortunate as I am.

Timothy Bernard Cogan. *Home Address:* 38 The Boulevard, Edgartown, MA 02539-6739 (508-627-5451; *Mobile:* 561-385-0785). *Seasonal Address:* (Oct. 11–May 15) 1200 S. Flagler Drive, Apt. 503, West Palm Beach, FL 33401 (561-328-7503). *Email:* timothycogan@icloud.com. *Web/Social Media:* Facebook. *Spouse/Partner:* Ruth Mitchell Cogan. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four.

In 2015 I became an octogenarian, as most of you undoubtedly did. Who'd have thought? The celebration centered on the weekend, when all ten Cogans were together for the first time ever: Ruth and I; son John and wife Claudia and their girls, Lucy (nine) and Phoebe (seven); and son Milo and wife Susie and their boys, Finn (twelve) and Will (ten). Sentimentalists know what it all meant—enough said.

Last year was also the beginning of my "re-retirement" from Bethesda-by-the-Sea in Palm Beach, where for ten years I had been an assisting priest for half of every year, so I got to spend Thanksgiving and Christmas with my scattered family. It's important to feel useful still, and at Bethesda I was able to be so by being the "old guy" on the staff after the former rector retired, an interim came and shook things up, and the new rector made it plain that "generational shift" is not just a rumor. Summertime we still spend on Martha's Vineyard, but after eight years I resigned as fleet chaplain of the Edgartown Yacht Club and no longer get to put on my salty uniform twice a year. I seem to be useful in performing weddings for the children of friends. I have also attended various Brooks School functions as school minister emeritus and have done memorial services for former students, as well as for my old Harvard friend Dan Pierce '56, at which I had to wear white sneakers because my seldom-used black shoes fell apart on the way to the service. (Polly kindly said, "Those are Dan Pierce shoes.")

Recently, my philosophizing has focused on how to remain useful by being wise "when those about you are losing theirs," etc. I think we learned a lot by growing up in a simpler time, starting with less during the war and living during a time when, to use Joe Alsop's title, "I've seen the best of it." There has almost always been room for us, born in a time when fewer Americans were born than in any other, and we were spared much of the destructive competitiveness that our children and grandchildren are faced with. The "troubled world" was always there, as it always probably will be, but getting through things gives a boost!

Here's a story about a wise man, Fred Lawrence, who was suffragan bishop of Massachusetts, talking to Fred Phinney, my first boss. Phinney was talking about the awful things going on in the world, threats and dangers, etc. Fred Lawrence said, "You know, Fred, a lot of this (bad stuff) isn't going to happen, and if it does, there's always a way out." He was in his nineties, so we have that to look forward to!

There's an old saying, "There's life in the old boy yet." May we be that old boy as long as we are given to be, and be grateful for how many marvelous things we have been given, and still give back whatever we can.

MARTIN COHN. *Home Address:* 167 Jason St., Arlington, MA 02476-8033. *Email:* martycs@brandeis.edu; martin.cohn@rcn.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Marjorie B. Cohn.

I have enjoyed retirement as I enjoyed work and school before it. I have been reading a lot of good but trivial fiction, making furniture and artifacts for friends, playing tennis, and biking. All but the reading get progressively worse.

I despair at the state of national politics, though our town seems to work.

DONALD JOHN COLANTINO. *Address:* 22 Dartmouth St., Winchester, MA 01890-2355 (781-729-0780).

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ROBERT W. COLMAN. *Home Address:* 9 Rose Valley Rd., Media, PA 19063-4217 (610-566-1318). *Email:* colmanr@temple.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Roberta F. Coleman. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* US Public Health Service, 1962–64.

I am Sol Sherry Professor of Medicine Emeritus at Temple University. My daughter, Sharon Greenberg, is a clinical psychologist; my son, David Colman, is in business. I have two grandchildren: Lexi, a freshman at the University of Washington, and Jason, a high school student.

GEORGE MALLETT CONGER. *Home Address:* 9 Angel Rd., New Paltz, NY 12561 (845-255-5033). *Occupation:* Semiretired Episcopal Priest. *Email:* gmconger@aol.com. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.facebook/george.conger. *Spouse/Partner:* Jane O'Hare Conger. *Children:* One. *Stepchildren:* Four.

Loving people and God the Father, the Holy Spirit, and the Lord Jesus has become more fun and exciting over the years of suffering and relatively peaceful times.

Harvard was a superb place to enjoy outstanding people and activities. Faculty favorites were Jack Bate, John Conway, and House master John Finley. Students I enjoyed as friends are Lurton Blassingame, the late John C. Perkins, and Rollin Norris—roommates at Eliot House. There are too many more to include.

Main thoughts today and then are the amazing new truth about the creation of this vast universe and the wondrous history of our planet, Earth. How little we know about the spiritual beings and creator we shall wake up to soon.

Love wins always.

I recently flunked hospice.

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THOMAS F. COONEY. *Address:* 489 Castle Shannon Blvd., Apt. 522, Pittsburgh, PA 15234-1417.

JAMES NICOLL COOPER. *Home Address:* 5 Ellery Pl., Cambridge, MA 02138 (617-354-3274; *Mobile:* 617-851-7270). *Other Address:* P.O. Box 334, South Egremont, MA 02158 (413-528-4828). *Email:* cooperinfo@earthlink.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Mary Campbell Cooper. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

Still retired, and finding myself busier than when I was employed.

RICHARD LOUIS CORBEIL. *Home Address:* 1423B Oak Pl., Apopka, FL 32712-2094 (407-889-0671). *Occupation and Office Address:* Columnist; Reporter. The Apopka Chief, 400 N. Park Ave., Apopka, FL 32712-4152 (407-886-2777; *Fax:* 407-889-4121). *Email:* news@theapopkachief.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Marilyn M. Corbeil. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Great-grandchildren:* Two.

I am writing this as I am completing my twenty-sixth year of a second career as columnist-reporter with the *Apopka Chief* newspaper, founded in 1923. Today is September 23, 2015, and I just completed my 1,352d column. The *Chief* has won too many awards to count, many of them for the best weekly in Florida. When I first joined the *Chief* in 1989, Apopka had a population of 7,500. Today, it is over 45,000.

I celebrated my sixty-first anniversary with my beautiful Marilyn on June 12, and we now have two adorable great-grandsons. We lost our youngest son, Jason Christopher, ten days before his fifty-second birthday, August 17, 2013. His and our devotion to Jesus Christ lightened our grief, especially when he spoke to his mother about the glory of Heaven and the Lord Jesus a day *after* his passing.

Marilyn and I are still playing the late Joe Lee's great golf course, design of Errol Estates, living sixty seconds by golf cart to the first tee. Among Lee's other Florida designs are Arnie's Bay Hill, Walt Disney World courses, and the PGA National at Palm Beach Gardens. He did most of the design work at Doral, also.

Leaving for a trip to Israel in late November (2015) with a group led by Messianic Christian Sid Roth. Maybe I'll get to see my hero of heroes, commando "Bibi" Netanyahu.

God bless you all.

FRANK JOSEPH CORLISS JR. *Home Address:* 3 Geoffrey Lane, Cataumet, MA 02534-0736 (508-564-7268; *Mobile:* 774-392-1239). *Seasonal Address:* (Jan.–April) 65 Calle Abedul, CP48380 Puerto Vallarta, Jalisco, Mexico. *Email:* jfcorliss@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Judith A. Fagan (died, 2009). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* US Army, security agency, 1956–59.

JOHN ELLIOT CORMACK. *Home Address:* 3074 Pineda Crossing Drive, Melbourne, FL 32940-1416 (321-622-8012; *Mobile:* 207-712-2341). *Email:* johnccp@gmail.com; camrock06@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Dale Anderton Cormack. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Staff sergeant, US Army, 1957–1963.

We moved to Melbourne, Florida, in December 2014 after thirty years on the Maine coast. At age eighty, I am delighted to have left the cold and snow behind. Our daughter and one granddaughter each live three miles from our new home. Our house is twenty years old and was very much in need of updating, and is finally rejuvenated and more comfortable for us. My current hobby is growing hibiscus and gardenias on a large screened-in porch. I look forward to learning what my classmates have been up to lately.

I'll vote for Bernie Sanders in the primary election and for whoever is the Democratic candidate next year. The Congress and Supreme Court are sadly dysfunctional. Our founding fathers would be appalled!

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RICHARD BARCLAY COTTON. *Home Address:* 200 W. 86th St., Apt. 14J, New York, NY 10024 (212-297-0275; *Fax:* 212-297-1888). *Occupation and Office Address:* Attorney (law firm). Law Office of Richard B. Cotton, 545 Fifth Ave., Suite 640, New York, NY 10017. *Email:* rbcotton@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Hahn Cotton. *Military/National Service:* Second lieutenant, US Army, Fort Sill, OK, 1957–58.

Since our last Reunion, I have continued my law practice on a part-time basis and still derive much satisfaction from helping numerous clients resolve their tax matters before the IRS, New York State, and New York City. Hahn and I have enjoyed good health so far—we try to eat healthy meals and engage in moderate exercise. We actively attend performing arts programs offered by Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center, with an occasional visit to Broadway theaters and Madison Square Garden. As we have done for many years, we go down to Florida every year for a month's respite from the New York winters and spend most of the summer months at our second home in the Catskills. Increasingly, I have been attending monthly luncheons offered at the Harvard Club for the Class of '56 and have really enjoyed reminiscing on the divergent paths we have all taken since graduation. Hahn and I look forward to meeting fellow classmates in May at the Sixtieth Reunion.

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ROBERT WILLIAM COWLEY. *Home Address:* 1 Martin St., Newport, RI 02840-3109 (*Mobile:* 917-952-0225). *Occupation:* Writer. *Email:* cowleyrw219@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Edith Lorillard Cowley. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Ten.

Eighty: it once seemed a birthday too remote to contemplate, and yet here I sit at my desk, writing that once-unimaginable word. Not only that; I recognize that in less than three weeks I shall be eighty-one.

In 1978, my father celebrated his eightieth birthday with appropriate festivities. One guest even crowned him with a laurel wreath. Later he wrote an article for *Life* called "The View from 80." Somewhat expanded, the article became a book of the same title. It is still in print. There is even a wickedly clever quote from it that greeting card companies have picked up to use as a birthday salutation for the aged: "They tell you that you'll lose your mind when you grow older. What they don't tell you is that you won't miss it very much." I was still too young to take the remark seriously. I was forty-four then.

A year ago my wife, Didi (who had attended that earlier celebration as my bride of two months), and my four daughters threw me my own "View from 80" party. Thirty-six years had passed since the original one. It took place in Newport at a club overlooking the Atlantic. Friends from all over the country came. One, my Harvard freshman roommate, Tom White, I hadn't seen for four decades. We picked up our friendship where we had, inexplicably, left off. I'm so glad we did. Tom died this September. Along with my daughters from two marriages were my seven grandchildren That number has risen to nine; a tenth should make his appearance in a matter of days. Didi has her bag packed and is ready to catch a plane to Los Angeles. Sixteen of us lined up for a photo on a bluff above the ocean. If I have an enduring passion, it is jazz. A group led by a favorite sax player, the undervalued Michael Hashim, anointed us with Monk, Ellington, Waller, and the joys of the American Songbag. It was one of the best nights of my life—even if the reason for it did not exactly enchant.

Five years have passed since I last attempted one of these reports. Didi and I still live in Newport in our yellow-painted early-nineteenth-century house. We've been married thirty-seven years. The longer we live together, the more we care for each other. During the day, she works downstairs on her website and writes a weekly column for Internet newspapers. An etiquette authority, she can be found on http://newportmanners.com. Me? My ten years as editor of *MHQ: The Quarterly Journal of Military History* turned me into a military historian. At this writing, I'm a chapter and change away from finishing a long book on the Great War, which Random House will publish. It will be called *The Killing Season: The Fall of 1914, Ypres, and the Afternoon that Cost Germany a War.* It's a project that I've been working on for four years, but in fact it sums up decades of thinking and on-site investigation. My father, also a Harvard graduate (as are two of my daughters), once told me that the older you get, the harder you work. He was right. But, then, I'm convinced that it is work that keeps me alive, along with bourbon, oysters, Trollope, and raspberries.

Though in no sense wealthy, I've had a rich life on a roller coaster full of precipitous downs and exhilarating ups. The ups have vastly outnumbered the downs. Who is to complain? When last I inquired, I still had my mind: I'm not so confident about the rest of me.

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JOHN ANDREW COYNE. *Address:* 21 Tennyson Rd., Wellesley Hills, MA 02481-5231 (781-237-1224).

JOHN CRISMAN CRAIG. *Home Address:* 1479 Green River Rd., Williamstown, MA 01267-3127 (413-458-4465). *Email:* jandbcraig@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara A. Craig. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Three.

JOHN EARL CRAIG II. *Home Address:* 947 26th St. S., Arlington, VA 22202-2442 (703-684-1315). *Email:* johncraigva@gmail.com. *Military/National Service:* Colonel (retired), US Air Force, 1956–1985.

Life continues. I reach for my reading glasses more often and move a bit more slowly, but I anticipate contributing to the Class Report after this one, and perhaps the one after that.

I occupy my time in part with sponsoring some of the international fellows at the National Defense University, and am home-hosting a young Afghan man who worked with a cousin training Afghan national police and army and serving as cultural adviser in the NATO headquarters in Kabul. He contributes immensely here, is going to college, and will soon earn his citizenship. In the long term, I expect more dissolution of the international relationships that ordered our world, and a diminished US ability and will to lead in bringing order from chaos.

In past years I have hosted Harvard undergraduates for the Summer in Washington program. It is clear that they are terribly bright, but not attuned to Harvard in the way that I remember. Overall, my own links to Harvard recede, although I manage an occasional donation to the fencing team. Fencing is a sport whose tempo has picked up since my time, perhaps as a result of electronic equipment; my hand speed is okay, but my footwork belongs to an earlier generation.

All in all, I admire but do not envy the significant achievements of classmates, and today I go for small victories with friends and associates. It works for me.

JOHN H. CRIDER. *Home Address:* 4 Autumn Leaf Drive, No. 23, Nashua, NH 03060-5552 (603-891-1358). *Email:* jcrider@myfairpoint.net. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Great-grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* US Army Reserve, artillery, 1958–1963.

Much traveling to be with family members settled in Florida, and many years of visits to northern Vermont. Involvement with music before and during college continues—and that's happiness.

JOSEPH MARR CRONIN. *Home Address:* 303 Linden Ponds Way, Unit 208, Hingham, MA 02043-3756 (*Mobile:* 617-721-8547). *Occupation:* Educator; Consultant. *Children:* Seven. *Grandchildren:* Nineteen. *Great-grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Staff sergeant, US Army Reserve, civil affairs, 1957–1963.

I lived at the Baker Chocolate Mills condo complex from 2007 to 2015 and then moved to Linden Ponds, a senior campus in Hingham. Several Harvard alums live here, including Paul Carey '56, whom I met freshman year when we went to Bermuda.

For the past five years I have been a senior lecturer at the BU School of Education, teaching educational policy and educational leadership to graduate students. Three of the faculty took courses with me decades ago.

I advise the Mystic Aquarium on planning issues and chair the president's council. Twice I visited Singapore to visit the largest aquarium in the world. Then I helped with two World Bank projects to help higher education in Iraq, a seminar in the Emirates, and then a study tour in Massachusetts. The Chinese Ministry of Higher Education brought me to Guangzhou (Canton) and Beijing to help them promote entrepreneurship through education. My book *Reforming Boston Schools* was republished in paperback, and copies provided to each public school in Boston.

My travels through Road Scholar have taken me to Spain, Morocco, the Netherlands, Belgium, Italy, Croatia, Turkey, and Greece. I am indebted to Elizabeth Cook, a great traveler and companion.

Five of my grandkids have completed college and qualified for a painting customized by me. Two of them and a daughter have worked in the Boston schools, which made me very proud. I have painted one hundred acrylic paintings, mostly landscapes and seascapes, twenty-five of them on my walls in Hingham. It's fun to live in an art gallery.

I have enjoyed working on the last eight Reunions and serving on HAA committees, two years as vice president of the alumni association. Best wishes to classmates!

WILLIAM E. CROSBY III. *Home Address:* 20 Branford Rd., Hastings-on-Hudson, NY 10706 (914-478-0112). *Occupation and Office Address:* Trustee. Box 562, Hastings-on-Hudson, NY 10706-0562. *Spouse/Partner:* Emmy G. Crosby. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Naval Reserve, supply and disbursing officer, USS *Rooks* (DD-804), 1957–59; assistant staff supply officer, Commander Fleet Air Forces, Jacksonville, FL, 1959–1960.

EDWARD MEIER CROSS. *Home and Office Address:* 7428 Gambol's Lane, Norfolk, VA 23505-3114. *Occupation:* Forensic Economist. *Seasonal Address:* (June–Sept.) 66 Lantern Hill Drive, North Rustico, Prince Edward Island C0A 1X0, Canada. *Email:* emcross1@cox.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Anna Marie Cross. *Stepchildren:* One. *Step-grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, US Air Force, 1959–1962.

Some time ago, a friend reminded me that, with the passing of our parents, we have become the "old generation." We are the next to go. As of June 2016, my mother will have been gone a full twenty-five years; my father, longer. But until my mother-in-law passed away in May of 2015, I did not give much thought to being the old generation. As I write this I realize that not only am I the old generation, but insofar as my immediate and extended family is concerned, at age eighty-one I am the senior member.

Looking back sixty years and a few beyond, we were five friends at Dunster, who spent a lot of time together (not very productively). Now only two remain. Will either of us be here and able to write a personal narrative for the Seventy-fifth, or even for the Sixty-fifth?

In the meantime, my wife, Anna Marie, has brought much into my life. We are fortunate to enjoy relatively good health. We are fortunate to live within walking distance of our daughter, son-in-law, and two young grandchildren. As we age, we have come to appreciate Norfolk's mild winters more and more each passing year, though we spend our summers on Prince Edward Island, in Canada's Maritime Provinces, avoiding Norfolk's less-than-mild summers.

I continue to enjoy working as a forensic economist (my retirement occupation), and plan to do so as long as health permits and there are attorneys still willing to engage me.

In short, life is good and we are thankful.

DONALD SIDNEY CROSSETT. *Home Address:* 684 Cook St., Walworth, WI 53184-9549 (*Phone and Fax:* 262-394-5152). *Email:* dcross1900@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Norma Jean Crossett. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, Key West, FL, 1956–59.

ALAN HENRY CULBERT. *Address:* Unknown.

CHARLES C. CUNNINGHAM JR. *Home Address:* 241 Perkins St., Apt. D601, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130-4065 (617-566-3366). *Seasonal Address:* (July–Oct.) P.O. Box 453, North Haven, ME 04853 (207-867-4671). *Email:* q21565@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Georgia. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight. *Great-grandchildren:* One.

There is nothing more important in my life than my family. It begins with Georgia, my wife of more than sixty years. She has been the mainstay of my existence. Her loving presence is the basis for all I may have accomplished.

One of the greatest joys of our lives is the proximity of all of our children and their families. Our daughters, Lisa, Caroline, and Eleanor, are an architect, a writer, and an educational consultant, respectively. They are extraordinarily talented in their professions. Being an integral part of their extended lives has been really wonderful.

The pleasure of participating in our grandchildren's growing years is indescribable. Many are now in varied careers in business, law, and medicine. Our oldest grandchild, Charlie Young, married Laura Gilmore in 2012. He is an executive vice president at Ipreo, a leading financial-technology company based in New York City. Our first great-grandchild, their daughter, Georgia, was born in 2014. Charlie's sister Natalie Young, is an attorney at Mintz Levin in Boston. Their sister Mollie Young is employed at Weber Standwick, an international public relations firm in New York City.

In September 2015, our granddaughter Sofia Warner married Eric Weiscott. She will enter her fourth year at the Harvard Medical School, after a year's participation in its joint program with the Harvard Business School. Eric is an assistant professor at Boston College. Sofia's brother, George Warner, is in his second year at Stanford Law School.

Our grandson Nicholas Cary is a senior at Tufts University and a cocaptain of its tennis team; his sister and brother, Madeleine Cary and William Cunningham, are sophomores at the University of Vermont and Harvard College, respectively.

We are in awe of the range and magnitude of our children and grandchildren's accomplishments!

My outside life continues as before as a trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and the chief fundraiser for the North Haven Foundation. Looking further back, I was on the boards and volunteer chair of capital campaigns for the Park School, Milton Academy, the Museum of Fine Arts, and the Sackler Museum, which is one of the Harvard Art Museums.

The rise of advanced technology in many fields has been astonishing in its virtually universal scope and depth. On the negative side, the rise of Islamic jihad represents the greatest threat to the free world. Witness 9/11 and Paris 2015 as horrific examples of the terrible destruction the forces of consummate evil can and will inflict. They must be eliminated, however long it takes.

In the twilight of our lives, we are ever aware and appreciative of our generally good health. We are infinitely grateful for a multitude of blessings: each other, our family, and our friends.

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GEORGE MIFFLIN DALLAS. *Home Address:* 100 Keyes Rd., Unit 320, Concord, MA 01742-1655 (978-369-2143; *Mobile:* 978-808-7955). *Email:* georgemdallas@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Sarah A. Dallas (deceased). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Navy, destroyers, Atlantic, fifty-seven months of active duty.

Sally, my wife of forty-seven years, died on New Year's Day 2010. I have never felt such pain. Our three daughters, Martha, Sarah, and Elisabeth, have been wonderful. I might not have survived without their support. I have also received wonderful support from my companion of the last few years, Helen Mutch Riley, whom I met in the fourth grade at Germantown Friends School in Philadelphia. We dated in high school and my first two years at Harvard. She attended Mount Holyoke. She lives in Baltimore and I remain in Concord, but we visit each other as often as possible. I have been blessed by these four fabulous women!

RONALD KNOX DALY. *Address:* Unknown.

CHRISTOPHER D'AMANDA. *Address:* 7921 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19118-3510.

BARRIE M. DAMSON. *Home Address:* 1095 Pequot Ave., Southport, CT 06890-1421 (203-256-5858; *Mobile:* 561-756-0108). *Occupation and Office Address:* Chairman. Damson Financial Resources Inc., 1720 Post Rd. E., Suite 215, Westport, CT 06880-5643 (203-259-7100; *Fax:* 203-259-5757). *Seasonal Address:* (Nov.–April) 6853 SE Isle Way, Stuart, FL 34996 (772-232-2312). *Email:* bdamson@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Joan Damson. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Step-grandchildren:* Five.

I am certain that most of us feel that sixty years have gone by in sixty minutes. I am also certain that most of us could fill a book with meaningful memories—some great, some good, and, finally, some forgettable. As a retired skier, I have to consider myself on the "downhill slope," which isn't too bad, considering all the mountains I've skied and survived.

I sometimes wonder how many of us can say we accomplished whatever we thought important when we began our journey. I am certain that many of us, including me, never thought we would have the adventures we had, and now we have a bit of time to reflect on them. In the last five years the pace of life has certainly slowed down, while the days, months, and years have flown by. I now look at my extended family of six children and eleven grandchildren (I consider the stepchildren as children), and it is hard to call fifty-year-olds "children." Each day is another episode in their hectic lives, and many times I am asked to participate. The truth of the matter is that the word *grandfather* really means sitting in the grandstand, giving out a grand cheer and a grand check; but, truthfully, wasn't that the way it was with our grandparents? Another part of my life is that my wife, Joan, and I have continued to have the warmest,

kindest, and caring relationship with my roommate Bob Bowman and his wife, Carol, although we live on opposite sides of the country.

So in a word, life continues, with the usual experiences, smiles, laughter, some tears, some illness, some deaths, and a growing desire to try to "give back" to my family, my loved ones, my friends, and the institutions, such as the Harvard School of Public Health, that have meaning for me.

One hates to close on a despondent note, but, to be candid, the members of our Class have probably lived in the most interesting, productive, and upbeat time in the history of the United States. As eighty-year-old classmates, we should realize that our time represents one-third of the 240-year history of the United States. This was certainly the best one-third of the country's history. Today, no matter where one turns, the picture for the future looks dismal, whether it is political, economic, or social. I have always been an optimist, but frankly this does not appear to be the time for optimism. Hopefully, America will prove me wrong.

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ROGER DANE. *Home Address:* 437 Easter Branch Rd., Ridge Spring, SC 29129-9265 (803-685-7878). *Email:* lydiadane@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Lydia "Lee" Stout Dane. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

I retired in 1988, after a long and checkered career. To begin at the beginning, Lee Stout and I were married in 1956 and moved to Seattle, assigned there by the army, shortly thereafter. Although we kept our Seattle house after my army years (those were the draft days), we moved to British Columbia, where we ran a big-game hunting and fishing lodge, a float-plane bush pilot service, and a cattle ranch. We were two hundred miles from the nearest town, and without TV—a great place to raise children, who learned to amuse themselves and be very independent. After twelve years of that wonderful wilderness life, we moved back to Boston, where I worked for The Boston Company for a decade, then brought the Massachusetts Horticultural Society back from the brink as executive director (all too briefly, as it did not survive, although I had left it with its endowment restored, a healthy bank balance, and no debt), then became a sculptor.

After eighteen years in Boston, we moved to South Carolina, not to take it easy, but to continue sculpting, inspired by the birds and views I saw out of my window every day. I farmed a couple of hundred acres as well, and we grow pine trees and maintain 2,500 acres of exceptionally beautiful land. Lee and I still enjoy every minute of this rural life in our small and close-knit community.

Our daughter, Barbara, lives on the farm with her companion and cares for four rescue horses, seven rescue dogs, and a rescue cat. Our son and daughter-in-law live in Seattle, where they have gathered around them both sons, one daughter-in-law, and the companion of the other. They are involved in all

of the things that we are also passionate about: the environment, alternative energy, travel. The only trouble is that Seattle is too far away, and we don't travel much ourselves any more.

Much of my Harvard experience I enjoyed, but I was not an academic type. But having been to Harvard was an entree to Boston jobs and contacts, and I still enjoy keeping up with my roommates and friends. On the other hand, neither child went to Harvard, and Lee finished her education at Brandeis and MIT. But we both agree on the value of an excellent education. That Harvard clearly does as well as any institution in the world.

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Living in Lowell House, I learned that Henry Adams once said, "I spent four years at Harvard and the rest of my life getting an education." To paraphrase this sage, let me say I have spent eighty years on the planet and I am still trying to find answers and meaning. Why, for example, have a number of my crewmates from Newell Boat House—whom I considered stronger and healthier than I—already checked out? Why did my mother die when I was a teenager and a full decade before her own mother, my grandmother? If scientists are right that the universe began with the Big Bang, what was there before the Big Bang? And God . . . ? What I have learned is that some questions do not have answers. But not asking is dereliction of life.

As to myself, I retired recently from twenty-five years of teaching at Northeastern University, following on a journalism career that began in 1956 and lasted until 1986. I am currently in search of the Third Act but have not found it yet. I am taking courses on Shakespeare, Pushkin, the Supreme Court, and the solar system at the Harvard Institute for Learning in Retirement; still competing in rowing races like the Head of the Charles; and admiring my wife, Ruth, for backing the underdogs of this world and creating two of the greatest children, Miranda and Caleb.

I send best wishes to all.

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(June–Sept.) 140 Riverside Drive, New York, NY 10024. *Email:* jerrylee212@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara Mintzer Davidow. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three.

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GRANT M. DAWSON.

I am grateful to Harvard for some brilliant teachers who were refugees from wartime Central and Eastern Europe. Germanic, Slavic, and Romance languages and their cultural history continue to give much pleasure.

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It's mid-September, a beautiful, golden, early-fall day. I'm sitting in an easy chair out on my screened porch, listening to my favorite music, watching the fall migration angling for position around the bird feeder and thinking about this report. My porch sits on the side of Bull Run Mountain in the exurbs of Washington, DC, about forty-five miles due west of the Potomac River. It's attached to our log home, surrounded by trees and out of view of my nearest neighbors. It is home for my daughter, Melissa, son-in-law, Joe, three grandchildren, two of whom are away at college right now, and three foster children. In addition to me, the household rounds out with a couple of big dogs, a cat, and a rabbit.

Monday, I'll climb into my Miata and head off down I-66 forty miles (a one-hour commute on a good day) to my office in Arlington, Virginia. I passed the twenty-year mark with the US Department of State last July. Maybe I'll go for thirty. Why not? As long as I am healthy and enjoy the work, why give it up? I don't travel as much as I used to, though. Down to about 25,000 air miles a year from a high in the low 200,000s a few years ago. My main task at work, is as it has been for twenty years, planning and designing new overseas diplomatic properties.

I still believe in liberal causes. As a landscape architect, I am concerned with the effects of global warming on human and nonhuman populations. Sitting in my mountain retreat, I wonder if someday this will be waterfront property.

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JOHN C. DINSMOOR. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 3705, Estes Park, CO 80517-3705 (970-577-1316; *Mobile:* 970-227-0940). *Other Address:* 1352 Riverside Lane, Estes Park, CO 80517. *Email:* carpentr@earthlink.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Ann Porter Dinsmoor. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Nine. *Great-grandchildren:* Eight. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Air Force, 1956–1960.

In 1997, after spending my entire life on the East Coast, my wife, Ann, and I moved to Estes Park, Colorado. I began volunteering in Rocky Mountain National Park and eventually became a part-time park ranger dividing my time between the information office and the field, where you meet and greet all the tourists and answer their questions concerning our wildlife, which includes deer, elk, big horn sheep, bears, and the occasional moose.

Estes Park is mainly a retirement community, and there was a big lack of housing for families providing the support services for the community. I joined with a few other people and we formed the Estes Park Housing Authority. Since 1999 we have acquired or built more than five hundred affordable housing units; this spring we will complete a new thirty-seven-unit apartment development. I have enjoyed being able to serve and give back to the community.

I briefly tried my hand at acting with one of the local repertory companies; played Scrooge in our own version of the *Christmas Carol*, called *Moulin Scrooge*, and played the part of Ike in *Oklahoma!* and the taxicab driver in *Harvey*. I love the acting, but memorizing lines at my age is a challenge.

In 2010 I joined my son on his fifty-two-foot Island Packet to sail across the Atlantic from Florida to Lisbon, an adventure that took us twenty-six days. I have sailed all my life, and this was a great way to end my years of sailing.

I continue to enjoy my life in the mountains playing bridge, singing in our church choir, participating in Rotary, and working with the housing authority. Ann and I hope we can stay here a few more years before we have to downsize to a retirement community. We welcome any visitors who can breathe at 8,500 feet and want to see the splendor of Rocky Mountain National Park.

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RICHARD LEE DODDS. *Home Address:* Box 108, Penney Farms, FL 32079-0108 (904-529-1221). *Spouse/Partner:* Margaret Lacy Dodds. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Two.

Sixty years: hard to believe it's been that long!

After seventeen seasons as a national park ranger (interpretation) at the Eisenhower National Historic Site here in Gettysburg (touching the edge of the field of Pickett's charge in the military park), I finally retired in April of this year. It was an enriching and exciting way to spend the first part of my retirement years after so many years as a pastor in the United Church of Christ, both in local churches and wider administrative roles. It does seem unusual now to spend a completely free summer, after working at various things since I was thirteen! (But, of course, most of you know that feeling.)

I have appreciated the variety of these years, a wonderful period blessed by Margaret and our three children and their families. It's never been boring, as pastor, denominational officer, federal government employee (with both the National Park Service and the VISTA program), private international development agency head (Oxfam America), then local town council member, and mayor in our current community.

Presently we both keep very busy after twelve years at Penney Retirement Community, in Penney Farms, Florida, the oldest continuing care retirement community in the country, founded in 1926 by J. C. Penney. With five hundred residents, it's a wonderful place to live and thrive all based on volunteerism. This not only keeps costs down but ensures that we become a close and caring family of friends and colleagues who provide service to each other and the institutions of town and church, but also to the wider world. Many of us, for example, volunteer in our small factory, making self-propelling, sturdy vehicles (PETs, or personal energy transport) for people in over one hundred countries around the world who have lost their mobility from land mines or disease. I also volunteer once a week with the National Park Service at our fort in St. Augustine, the Castillo de San Marcos, learning and sharing lots of Spanish history.

So far we both remain in good health at eighty, except for my residual fatigue from a bout of Lyme disease, caught from a deer tick in September 2013. It is mean stuff, so watch for ticks (they are in all fifty states now), but do continue to enjoy our beautiful country, and especially the treasure of our national parks, one hundred years old in 2016.

Greetings to all, and enjoy reflecting and reconnecting. I wish I could join you on campus.

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Son Matthew has left Vermont and is working towards a career in law. Marguerite is recovering from a total hip replacement. She works part-time at the Park School, in Brookline. My neuropathy is keeping us close to home, so nothing to report in the way of foreign travel.

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Anne and I have successfully downsized to one home, with a one-floor living space overlooking a lovely private cove of one of the Chesapeake Bay's many rivers. Even though we are both retired, we have not been successful in escaping the many volunteer jobs offered by our community. We find ourselves quite busy, and enjoyably so.

Six of our nine grandchildren live within two hours of us, and we get to enjoy their company especially in the summer, as we offer swimming, boating, tennis, and lots of good food as attractions. Three grandchildren live near Portland, Oregon, so we travel to see them.

Life has been very good to us.

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I changed my professional life radically ten years ago. Before then I was a reasonably active of counsel at Wallace King, a small Washington, DC, law firm specializing in energy law. I was doing mostly libel work. I was also teaching evidence at George Washington University Law School. I had been a restaurant reviewer and a wine and food editor at *Washingtonian Magazine*, the city magazine of Washington, DC, since 1977. Finally, I was a one-third active partner in a (believe it or not) highly profitable thoroughbred breeding and racing stable called Nonsequitur Stable, LLC. One horse even raced in the Preakness—and came in last. All that changed in 2005.

For the next six years I wrote a biography of Judge Henry J. Friendly of the Second Circuit, entitled *Henry Friendly, Greatest Judge of His Era*. Harvard University Press published the book with an introduction by Judge Richard Posner, who had introduced me to Harvard Press. After it was published in early 2012, it won an award and was otherwise well-received.

In January 2012 I agreed to represent a successful New York area hedge-fund manager whom the FBI and SEC had targeted for no apparent reason. The SEC sued him in Florida in 2003, got a judge to freeze all of his assets to the point that he was forced to defend himself pro se, seized all of his records,

and got him held in contempt when he couldn't answer interrogatories promptly and after he sold some assets to feed his minor children. The sanction was that he could not introduce evidence of his innocence unless supplied by the SEC's witnesses. Summary judgment was entered against him on the basis of oral testimony by felons. Four and a half years after the complaint was filed, the Department of Justice had him indicted. He was represented by a public defender when the judge in the SEC case refused to release money to let him hire experienced counsel. Although he was acquitted in the criminal case, the judge in the SEC case entered judgment against him for $62 million, including $19 million on assets that the court had frozen and to which he had no access.

I argued and lost the direct appeal two weeks after I was retained. For nearly four years I have been fighting to get the judgment reversed. I've filed multiple motions, appeals, petitions for writs of mandamus, and multiple petitions for writs of certiorari in the Supreme Court. The judges in Florida and the Eleventh Circuit are conspicuously biased. I've lost everything I filed, often outrageously. The case continues. I should add that my client is impecunious and has been unable to pay me anything. I take some solace in the fact that I am simultaneously writing a book on the case, which is tentatively entitled "The Worst-Case Scenario."

I've also been writing a book on the jurisprudence of Justice Scalia (with his full cooperation). Reading his opinions and other writings, I realized that he had written many liberal opinions based on his originalism and textualism, and those became the focus of my book, which is tentatively entitled "Surprise! The Liberal Opinions of Justice Scalia." The book is almost finished and I am looking for a publisher, with the goal of including the 2015 term of the court in the book, with publication in early 2017.

My other project is an opera for which I am the librettist. The composer is Washingtonian Brian Wilbur Grundstrom, who has written the music for one of the opera's six scenes (Act I, Scene 3). The opera is based on Hemingway's novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* We have recorded an opera-sized orchestra with professional opera singers, and the recording is being processed into a twenty-two-minute compact disc. We will approach opera companies with the compact disc to see if they'll commission Brian to complete the score and then stage the opera. This is all new and exciting.

Finally, life otherwise has been good: happily married, generally in good health, travel often, and the like. I look forward to seeing many of you at the Sixtieth and Sixty-fifth.

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Looking back over the last decade or so, I find that almost everything inside my "personal cocoon" has changed little. I am still working about quarter-time, more for the mental stimulation than for any financial gain. We still live in our home of forty-one years, still maintaining it without cleaning or lawn service, much to the credit of Marilyn and our son, Tom. We try to enjoy life with as little technological interference (social media, apps, etc.) as possible. What has changed is the progression of grandchildren into and through higher education. We now have graduates of the University of Chicago and Georgia, and students at Georgetown, Tufts, and Carnegie Mellon.

Outside of said cocoon, I view the world in ever bleaker terms. I take no comfort in the current array of presidential candidates. I am discouraged by the lack of attention to, or interest in, climate change, looming water shortage, gun violence, campaign financing, government by lobbyists, etc. The response to the all-too-present terrorist challenge calls to mind that "those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." I am ever in awe of the power of greed and the commercialization of seemingly every aspect of society. Capitalism seems well ahead of democracy. I do regret that I will not live to see how all the various predictions for 2050 prove out, although I would probably not much enjoy the reality.

As for Harvard, I am very pleased with the advances in and commitment to the newly-recognized School of Engineering and Applied Sciences. It is a far cry from our time in the Division of Applied Science. I am envious of the opportunities in this area that students now enjoy.

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Well, I've made it to eighty-one years old, and I'm healthy. Nothing wrong with me physically or mentally. But I do have trouble walking, for I walk like the letter *C*. I'm told that it's my back—stenosis, I believe the word is. I also have high blood pressure and atrial fibrillation. My blood pressure is controlled by medication, and my atrial fibrillation by a pacemaker embedded in my chest. I have trouble losing weight, as I continue to weigh around 220 pounds, but have ambitions of losing twenty pounds. But I am not diabetic.

My most memorable time was in the twenty-two years we lived at the end of Magnolia Lane in Christiansburg, Virginia, where we ran a horse farm on twenty-seven acres. There was always plenty of work to do there, although I enjoyed every minute of it. It was my gall bladder, though, that had to be removed—that and my back stenosis, which kicked in at the same time. The combination of these two events forced me to give it up—the horses went first

and then the land and the two houses we had on it—and we "retired" to our new home here in South Carolina.

We once had three sons, but our middle son, Stuart, died in 2008 at the age of forty-eight. Our youngest son, David, and his family live with us now in an HOA-controlled community into which everyone pays a fee to set the rules by which we all live. My life is pretty much the same every day, including exercise on my teeter inversion table, which I do upside down, and riding my tricycle every day I can, weather permitting, for I ride about an hour every day. Other than that, my routine includes quite a bit of time spent on my computer, composing websites to be viewed by my relatives, my York High School (Elmhurst, Illinois) friends, now scattered about the country, and a few Harvard '56 people who put up with me. I tried writing a novel about the Civil War, based on my great-great-grandfather, a preacher from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who was captured by the Confederates and spent most of the war between the states as a POW in Richmond—but I had to give that up, too, for my lack of any knowledge about guns. I also tried teaching myself how to play the piano, but eventually gave that up, too, for, try as I might, I simply could not learn the bass clef for my left hand.

Since coming to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, in May of 2013, my wife, Nancy (Radcliffe '56), and I are truly retired now. I have outlived my father, who died when he was sixty-nine, in 1973. My current goal is to surpass my mother, who lived to be eighty-four. Our best wishes go out to all of my Harvard classmates for the remaining days we each may have.

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I retired from my practice of medicine in May 2014. In a letter of retirement to my patients, I sincerely expressed that it had been an honor and a privilege to serve as their physician. That was followed by farewell parties, a surprise eightieth birthday party, and a trip in which I took my entire family to visit Israel and our relatives. This was topped off several weeks later by the wedding of my youngest daughter. These were a joyful and memorable three months.

It took a while after that to come down to earth, but the happy memory of those events still lingers. The younger members of the family are busy with their lives, and Gladys, who retired from the Harvard Graduate School of Education in 2008, and I have slid into relaxed retirement mode and are enjoying our busy leisure. We enjoy watching the grandchildren playing soccer

and hockey and celebrating family events and holidays. We will be celebrating our fifty-seventh wedding anniversary this December (2015), and we are still quite attached to each other. We have been very fortunate.

Since I left medicine, I have started to explore other interests on my own, specifically different religions. I have written personal papers that help clarify my thoughts on these subjects, and it has had an impact on my views of God and man.

I hope by the time of our Reunion that the perpetrators responsible for the recent tumultuous, tragic events will have been destroyed or well on the way to their demise.

I look forward to seeing all of you at our Sixtieth Reunion.

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I have been living at the Cape since retirement in 2007. I found that Bob Finch, in his book *Outlands* (1986), expresses my thoughts and feelings so well:

> I have cultivated its landscape as others have cultivated their gardens, sowing thoughts and expectations into its rich, sandy soil. It has been both my recreation and my study, my work and my play, so that when I look at a marsh, a wooded hillside, a kettle hole, a curve of beach, I receive back more than I would elsewhere, because I not only know what these things look like, but what they feel like, having established patterns of motion, rhythms of my own life in relationship to them.

We made this move with the attitude that if it did not work, we would try something else. The result is that we have enjoyed every minute, even the winter of 2014.

We made major renovations to the house to accommodate our frailties and to welcome our five children, their spouses, and our seven grandchildren when they come to visit. I marvel at the knowledge of these children. They are informed, articulate, talented in the arts, and technically adept, as well as people of character and generosity of spirit. I could not be more proud.

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That more than a decade has passed since I retired from the active practice of neurological surgery (2002) is difficult to believe. At that time, I was director of neurosurgery at a private hospital (The Christ Hospital) and director and professor of spinal neurosurgery at the University of Cincinnati. Since then

retirement has been an enjoyable new phase of life, and almost a new career of pursuing various interests. The biggest and most enjoyable change has been having dinner with my wife, Ellen, at a reasonable hour, often before the sun has set, and not having it interrupted by telephone calls. Although I loved every second I practiced medicine and surgery, I certainly do not miss the calls in the middle of the night.

I have no clinical responsibilities, but I do continue to participate in teaching conferences with the residents in training at the university and help them get ready for their specialty examinations. That continues to be both challenging and interesting.

Our son-in-law, Randy Yessenow, daughter, Shiela, and grandson, Grant, all of whom bring us great joy, live in Chicago. It would be better if they lived in Cincinnati, but Chicago is only three hundred miles away, and we get to see them every month or two.

Whether or not we will be able to make the trip for the Sixtieth Reunion is unknown at this time. In any event we send our best wishes to all for a happy and successful Reunion.

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Classmates, let me begin by saying that Gay and I are very much looking forward to attending the Reunion! It's hard to believe that sixty years have gone by since we were undergraduates at Harvard.

Looking back on the last five years of my life, I see some high points and some low points. First, the high points. When I retired from teaching in 2010, my plan was to use the released time for writing and for travel. And I have done that. For instance, in company with some of my Harvard roommates (Dick Anderson, Vince Larson, Jack Stiffler, and their wives), we made memorable trips to the Galápagos in 2010 and to Italy in 2014, where we shared a rented villa on the coast south of Sorrento. And in 2012 the American Mathematical Society published my book *Invitation to Classical Analysis*, which I wrote on a mission to put the fun back into advanced calculus courses. To my delight, the book has been received very favorably.

Now for the low points. In 2011, after years of increasing pain, I finally had surgery to replace my right knee. The operation was a success in that the pain disappeared, but I never got back to hiking in the mountains. A year and a half after the operation, I was diagnosed with a neurological disorder best described as an atypical form of Parkinson's disease. Thankfully, I have not experienced any dementia, and there is no tremor, but the disease has wreaked havoc on my walking and balance, to say nothing of its effect on my handwriting and speech.

However, looking back on my life, I see many more highs than lows, so there is no cause for complaint. The experience as a Harvard undergraduate was a definite high point. There I made lifelong friends, most importantly my wife of fifty-eight years, Gay Adkins Duren (Radcliffe '57). We have been fortunate to have two fine children. My career as a mathematician has been more stimulating and more successful than I ever expected. We have been able to visit many interesting places in the world: Britain, France, Switzerland, Norway, Israel, China, New Zealand, and Chile, to name a few. And we have climbed mountains, have sung and listened to music, watched birds, and read books, all passions that we share. It has been an exciting and fun-filled journey.

Parting thought: Has it occurred to you that the Harvard graduates of 2016 will view us as we viewed the Class of 1896 at our graduation?

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HENRY ECKHARDT. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 9455, Charleston, SC 29410. *Spouse/Partner:* Sandra Walcott. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Nine. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Naval Reserve, 1956–59.

The only change from ten years ago: six more grandchildren. Keep busy taking care of two houses in South Carolina and New York; trying hard to manage some equities and bonds for after-tax income; visiting our three children (Australia, Oregon, New Hampshire); playing some golf and tennis; spending too much time in doctor's offices for various checkups where an hour's wait seems to be the norm; and, finally, a lot of dog walking—a German shepherd and a Chesapeake Bay retriever. They are great companions and keep me moving!

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Not much new since last report.

Governor Hogan appointed me to my sixth term on the Maryland Historical Trust; have been appointed by four governors—two Democrats and two Republicans. My fellow trustees elected me chair four years ago, and I have really enjoyed the role. The trust, with over eighty staffers, administers a comprehensive program to preserve Maryland's extensive historical resources.

I continue to give tours at the Library of Congress, one of the best tourist sites in a city filled with them. I highly recommend a visit next time you are in the nation's capital. I also take stimulating courses at the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute.

Sue and I enjoy having our three children living in the area. Our four grandchildren range from second-year medical school to third-grade elementary school.

Since the last Reunion I have traveled to China, South Korea, Taiwan, West Africa, Portugal, England, Israel, and Jordan.

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My wife, Ellen, and I were Radcliffe/Harvard classmates, and over the fifty-eight years of our marriage we have had many blessings, but none more meaningful than our family.

Ellen has opened my mind and heart in ways that would never otherwise have happened. She has an ability to find something interesting in almost everyone she meets and a curiosity that is forever opening closed doors, literally and figuratively. We are fortunate to have grown up together and to have learned from each other in ways that have enriched our lives. We love to hike together, and to read the same books and journals so that we can discuss them, even as daily lives often vary. Although we followed different professional paths, we had the special pleasure of collaborating together on a wide range of programs and projects when I was president of Indiana University and Ellen was very active in both the Bloomington community—for example, as president of the Monroe County United Way—and on the campus—for example, as head of the Hillel building fundraising drive.

Our three children and their spouses and our nine grandchildren have been the joy of our lives, and they have each had their own lives filled with shared happiness as well as with challenges and sorrows. Each of the fifteen children, spouses, and grandchildren has a special place in our hearts, and all of them have opened up ways of seeing the world that were stunningly new to us. All of them are accomplished in realms that are far beyond our abilities. With those new angles of vision for us have come new feelings of empathy as well

as pride. Space limits me to the eldest in each of the three families, but—trust me—their siblings are just as remarkable.

David, our eldest, announced at fifteen that he would be a pilot, and more than four decades later he is a captain of an airbus for Delta, following his dream. His wife, Maureen, has opened our minds to Catholicism and helped us, as Jews, see its strengths. She was a wonderful swimmer in her youth and has enabled their four daughters to follow that path in a sport that neither Ellen nor I can handle. Brigid, their eldest, is studying chemical engineering at UC Santa Barbara along with a handful of women and a sea of men.

Elizabeth, our middle child, is a skilled therapist, for our family as well as for her clients, and has faced some daunting challenges along the way. Her husband, Peter, joined me for a two-week trek in Nepal and is skilled in the start-up world of Silicon Valley as well as a wonderful human being. Their eldest, Jay, was almost three months premature and born at just over two and a half pounds. But he is now a towering six-foot-two, an accomplished mountain climber, and studying to be a doctor.

Paul, our youngest, is general counsel and vice president of Adidas America, having overcome a learning disability along the way. His wife, Hillary is a superbly accomplished designer with her own line of raincoats. Their eldest, Henry, is now eleven. Each Thanksgiving we go around the table asking for what each of us feels most grateful. Without missing a beat, his younger brother, Benjamin, said, "I am grateful for my brother."

We have been blessed as well in the world of work, and I still am. But far more important are family and scores of cherished friends, scattered across the country and around the world. We have lived and traveled in many wonderful places, and Ellen has an extraordinary ability to stay connected to our friends, even those we have not seen in decades.

Ellen and I worry about the world that we are leaving these children and grandchildren. We are optimistic in spite of deeply troubling happenings in the world and in our own country. We have no other choice but to act as though that optimism is justified, and to do all in our power to make it so. As Yeats wrote (in his poem "Vacillation"):

> My fiftieth year has come and gone.
> I sat, a solitary man,
> In a crowded London shop.
> An open book and empty cup
> On the marble table-top.
> While on the shop and street I gazed
> My body of a sudden blazed;
> And twenty minutes more or less
> It seemed, so great my happiness,
> That I was blessed and could bless.

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JOHN ELIOT. *Home Address:* 3112 Gracefield Rd., Apt. 211, Silver Spring, MD 20904-1862 (240-839-7096). *Occupation:* Professor Emeritus. University of Maryland, College Park, Dept. of Human Development. *Email:* jeliot@umd.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Sylvia Hewitt Eliot. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three.

My wife, Sylvia, and I moved to an Erickson Retirement Community outside of Washington, DC in 2012. We chose Riderwood because it offers a host of on-campus classes, activities, and different social groups, and we have found many new friends within this community. In fact, we have been particularly engaged in an informal Protestant church on campus, especially as Sylvia has been serving as chairman of its council for the past three years. We both continue to swim regularly in the campus pool.

We also chose Riderwood partly because it was a half-hour drive to either of our two daughters and our grandsons. Our older daughter, an Episcopal priest, lives in Columbia, to the north of us, and is rector of a church west of Baltimore; our younger daughter, an occupational therapist, lives in Silver Spring, to the south of us, and works in the DC public schools. Our three, very lively grandsons, ages twelve, nine, and five, are fun to be with.

Since we became Riderwood residents, I have been working with a fellow resident on creating two anthologies: the first being different frameworks for pursuing theories and systems in cognitive psychology, and the second being an anthology of different religious topics based upon materials taken from different seminary courses I took after I retired in 1999 from the University of Maryland. I have no intention of publishing either anthology but hope to use them, instead, as a resource in various discussion groups on campus. In addition, I continue to review research articles for different psychological journals—an activity I enjoy, because it helps me to keep somewhat informed about what is going on in cognition generally and spatial intelligence more particularly. As for the latter, this November I coauthored a paper in the journal *Laterality*—very likely my last such publication.

Despite the fact that my academic research was focused on measuring human spatial intelligence, I am dismayed by the seemingly unlimited access to information provided by the Internet and the effect that the testing movement in this country has had upon what and how children learn in schools. As a continuing advocate of John Dewey and Jean Piaget, I appreciate the short-term value of testing, but I also believe that wide-scale testing has both

diminished the importance of the art of teaching significantly and reduced students' opportunities to take responsibility for their own learning. One consequence is the emergence of "spectator learning" where, as in watching television, you may witness a lively presentation of information but forget it rapidly unless you teach it or use it.

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While reviewing my contribution to the Fifty-fifth Class Report, I was not surprised that much of the information for the Sixtieth would be the same. We have had ups and downs, but no catastrophes.

I still play the trombone in a busy community band—and plan to participate in the one hundredth anniversary of the Harvard Band in 2019. While I have taken a few months off from playing golf, I expect to resume in the spring. Pat is involved in myriad activities, many of which include bridge. And we both continue to be hospice visitors.

But there is one big change. At the end of July we moved to Meadow Lakes, a continuing care retirement community (CCRC) near Hightstown, New Jersey, and are still in the challenging process of moving and settling in. Listing and selling our house had us on edge, but the closing happened the week after our scheduled move. Then we had the challenge of leaving a large house on five acres of woods and fitting into an apartment.

Our children participated in our search and made computer-generated plans for placing our reduced amount of furniture in the new home. The plans certainly worked for the furniture, but then there was the "stuff." About fifty boxes of books were given to local charities, schools, and libraries. Yet the movers told us we were taking too much stuff. Our transcontinental moves had been paid for by my employer and we had moved into increasingly large quarters. So we had never really considered the process of downsizing. We found ourselves landing in a sea of boxes.

Our neighbors have been quick to tell us that almost everyone brings too much stuff, and the process of getting rid of the boxes can run for years. (There is a thriving thrift shop on the premises. The secret to dealing with the thrift shop is to donate more stuff than you bring back from it.)

The other aspects of the move have been remarkably successful. In picking our destination we selected a facility that was celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. That implied that there would be no clique of "original settlers." We found ourselves in a welcoming community as soon as we arrived. We were easily identified—tall and young. Yes, young. If you would like to feel young, you should apply to an established retirement community.

We continue to delight in our children and grandchildren.

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STEPHEN P. ENDLAR. *Home Address:* 7 Stables Way, Belmont, MA 02478-1049 (*Phone and Fax:* 617-932-1837; *Mobile:* 617-480-7545). *Other Address:* 103 Rumble Rd., Warren, VT 05674. *Email:* raldne26@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Alberta. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* US Army Reserve, Fort Devens, MA, Fort Sam Houston, TX, 1957–59.

Nineteen fifty-six . . . sixty years ago, six decades. Ike was president, Grace Kelly married Prince Rainier of Monaco, *My Fair Lady* opened on Broadway, and Rocky Marciano retired. And, oh yes, we all graduated from Harvard or Radcliffe. Children, grandchildren, and even some great-grandchildren were in the future for most of us. Now eighty-one to eighty-three years old. Remarkable, isn't it!

Alberta and I are reasonably healthy and enjoying our family to the utmost. We have been married for fifty-eight years, and she has been a partner extraordinaire. I thank her for all she has meant to our family! Our two daughters are still very active in their careers. Leslie has been in education in the Framingham, Massachusetts, school system for over twenty years and Laurie is a managing director at Stifel Financial in Boston.

Grandchildren: Derek (twenty-seven), a 2010 graduate of the University of Wisconsin, is working in Chicago and engaged to be married in July 2016; Samantha (twenty-five), a 2013 graduate of the University of Michigan, is employed at Reebok and spends several weeks a year in Vietnam on product development; Jessica (twenty), class of 2017 at Yale (of all places), is majoring in mechanical engineering; and Jeffrey (eighteen), is a senior at Phillips Andover Academy, with a college choice yet to be determined.

Our travel has been limited, due to my foot and leg circulation problem. I still manage to play nine holes of golf a couple of times a week, but skiing and squash are off limits for me. I recently resumed playing bridge with Alberta after a forty-year hiatus. It gives me great enjoyment and a challenge for the mind.

I continue to see classmates on a regular basis—Bill Cleary, Ed Glick, Matt Grossman, Ken Rossano, Nate Chaffin, Dexter Lewis, and many others—at our local monthly luncheon gatherings. I manage to see most of the home football games as well as a few hockey and basketball contests. We also go to Florida each year for the month of March and visit with some of these classmates.

On a sad note, my roommate for three years in Winthrop House, Bob Kessler, passed away earlier this year. I was very close to him, as we traveled together over the years and spoke almost daily on the phone. I miss his friendship greatly.

In sum, Harvard was and continues to be very exciting for me. We all are quite fortunate to have had this experience. I'm looking forward to seeing all of you in May.

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Easing into retirement from 2012 to 2014 coincided with the arrival of five grandchildren. Those delightful events, and the obligation to check on aging relatives on both Pat's side and mine, have shaped what I call our "merry-go-round" lifestyle. The phone rings to inform us that a pendant alarm has gone off, or a day care schedule changes, or an illness occurs, or vacation whisks parents away, etc., and we book another ride on the merry-go-round.

It ain't all bad—our carousel offers the chance to grab a brass ring of joy with every revolution. Making paper airplanes, buying ice cream cones, admiring crayon drawings, encouraging good behavior, reading daytime and bedtime storybooks to kids, pushing swings, shopping for toys and clothing, watching them grow and develop, holding hands while crossing streets, etc. And taking a deep breath after each completed visit to the elderly and sick, especially if there has been no sudden deterioration, feels like earning two or three bonus brass rings.

The weekend *New York Times*, time with friends, magazines, books, museums, C-SPAN, golf, cooking, dining out, volunteering, walking about town, philosophy, TV shows, and all the pursuits of a peaceful time in the USA are gifts from heaven for which Pat and I are grateful. We hope we have lived decent lives and been decent role models. We are thankful for the forgiveness of friends, and we hold no grudges in our hearts. I know how to end gun violence in America, how to reduce teen highway deaths, and how to cancel the US debt, but I'll get to that when the grandchildren are grown.

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The ninth decade and three years of semiretirement have changed life little. A bit of stiffness in the morning and an occasional anti-inflammatory mark progress through the years.

We sail, ski, travel. I still fly, as a member of a flying club. We visit family and find new relatives through doing the family genealogy.

Sixty years from Dunster House, we find comfort, joy, and satisfaction. If parental success is seeing your children exceed what you have done, we think we have done pretty well.

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NILS CONARD FERNELIUS. *Home Address:* 200 Rachel Drive, Apt. 510, Pleasant Gap, PA 16823 (814-359-2047). *Email:* nilsfernelius@yahoo.com.

Finally I retired.

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CHESTER LEROY FIELD JR. *Address:* 15 Henning Drive, Whitman, MA 02382-2358 (781-447-8132).

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LOUIS H. FINGERMAN. *Home Address:* 2909 Cayuga Point, Des Moines, IA 50321-1315 (515-144-1492; *Mobile:* 515-371-9985). *Email:* lhfing@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Lois London. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Nine.

Following graduation, I attended Tufts University School of Medicine for an MD degree. Upon completing it in 1960, I spent a year of internship and a year of residency at the Beth Israel Hospital in Boston. In February of 1962, I was drafted into the US Army and spent two years at Fort Hood, Texas. I spent the next four years at Barnes Hospital, Washington University, St. Louis, doing a residency in ophthalmology. In 1967 my family, which by this time included four daughters, and I established our home in Des Moines, Iowa. I built a busy and fulfilling practice in ophthalmology. I retired in 2004 and remain busy traveling, serving on boards, and spending more time with family. Our family consists of my wife, four daughters, and nine grandchildren. Lois and I have celebrated our fifty-seventh wedding anniversary.

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Sometime earlier in my work and life experience, I became aware of the fact that most of the concerns that business organizations have about skills, experience, and competition are really of secondary importance and often of limited value. Our awareness of the reality that surrounds us and our insight into the human condition are vastly more important.

As clever as we are, humans have never resolved the conflicts inherent in the nature of money and power. Money, like technology, is essentially amoral. Power is usually corrupt. While proudly praising their virtues daily, we rarely clarify or acknowledge the contradictions and destruction they create. To quote the sociobiologist and Harvard professor E. O. Wilson, "... we are a young and very dysfunctional species. We have Paleolithic emotions; we haven't changed any of those ... that's what we call human nature. We have medieval institutions, and we have godlike power. That is a very dangerous mix."

I decided to adopt a better ethic for living in the Anthropocene: What matters to me is learning how to learn, the ability to suspend my most tightly held assumptions and judgments about other people and their ideas; being open to listen; to respect and really care about others, even empathize with people I don't like. Kindness is the greatest virtue. I always look for these habits in others, even though they are often wanting in me.

It's not easy to live this way, but it's always worthwhile. Everything becomes more workable, tolerable, and joyful. I was not a successful student while at Harvard, but certain seeds were planted. They continue to sprout in abundance. They were part of the oxygen of the place; its spirit of learning and caring. I am truly grateful for this. Thank you.

See http://eowilsonfoundation.org/sunday-times-eo-wilson-king-of-the-ants-has-the-gigantic-task-of-saving-us-all.

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FRANKLIN MARVIN FISHER. *Address:* 130 Mount Auburn St., No. 508, Cambridge, MA 02138-5773 (617-864-3752).

RICHARD FISHER. *Home Address:* 1210 Riverfront Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15238 (412-874-7037). *Email:* rfish5131@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Deceased. *Children:* Four. *Stepchildren:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Step-grandchildren:* Five.

I badly miss my late wife, Nancy, and I do miss the investment world I worked in—especially the people.

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JAMES MOREY FITZGIBBONS. *Home Address:* 64 Fairgreen Pl., Chestnut Hill, MA 02467-2710 (617-734-2864; *Mobile:* 617-678-0990). *Email:* jmfitz56@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Janet Bowler Fitzgibbons. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Eleven. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, Green Cove Springs, FL, 1956–58.

In reviewing my entry in Fifty-fifth Report, I realize that little has changed in five years. We do have two more grandchildren to enjoy and we have just moved to a smaller house in Brookline. The house we built in Nonquitt in South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, has been great. We continue to travel to visit our kids, Susan and Mike and Michael and Lindsey in California, Peter and Shimae in Washington, DC, and John and Christine in New York. Janet and I are each involved in some nonprofits and we are currently in the midst of arranging our new digs. I still miss good old New England Republicans, socially liberal and economically careful, but there sure aren't many around!

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HUBERT CLARE "HUGH" FORTMILLER JR. *Home and Office Address:* 459 Sargent Rd., Boxborough, MA 01719-1203 (*Mobile:* 978-929-2552). *Occupation:* Writer; Editor; Photographer (semiretired). *Email:* hfortmiller@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Frances Dean Nolde. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Step-grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Specialist 6, US Army, Fort Sill, OK, 1958–1962; Army Commendation Medal.

Given the world's turmoil, "living in the now" becomes a daily challenge I can't quite master. But Francie's energy and laughter sustain me, and every day our children and grandchildren bring us light. My two sons give me particular comfort by supporting one another; I admire their strength.

To keep my marbles rolling, town committees, tutoring, political activity, and nonprofit efforts spin nicely between occasional writing or editing jobs. Recent projects include a New England artist's autobiography and a book of Phillips Exeter essays about the Harkness classroom. What I discovered about art and learning make me wish I could begin another forty-two years of teaching.

Gratitude and forgiveness remain central to my survival—with others and with myself. As I decide how to spend the rest of my life, I pray that the next generation has the same freedom to choose.

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In December of 2011, after driving, yet again, down I-95 from Duxbury to Fairfax, Virginia, Kay and I decided that we had had enough of that road and it was time to think about moving to northern Virginia to be closer to our daughter and her family. When we returned home, we discussed the *possible* sale of our home with a broker, and before we knew it, it was sold, without ever having been on the market. We were pleased with the price we got.

After forty years in our house, you can imagine the amount of "junk" we had collected. With a three-week deadline to be out of the house, we had a herculean task ahead of us. (The "us" really means Kay.) I thought we should get a dumpster and start pitching, but was overruled, as always, by Kay, who insisted that she had to find a suitable home for everything. The pressure was really on. To make a long story short, Kay *did* find a home for everything.

(Sidebar: don't think your treasures are worth what you think they are, because they're not.)

It was very hard for us to leave, as we loved Duxbury and were very much a part of the fabric of the community. But leave we did.

I forgot to tell you one important fact: we had no place to go!

What we were taking with us was put into storage. We thought we'd look around several areas and then decide. Fortunately, our daughter has a large home in Fairfax, and she and her family kindly said that we were most welcome to stay there, but I'm certain that they didn't think it would be for six months! They graciously put up with us; so much so, and the price being *free*, I thought that we should just stay there, as we were that comfortable . . .

After a great deal of looking, we decided to buy a home in a Toll Brothers "over-fifty-five community" about thirty-five minutes from our daughter. Well, this has turned out to be a great move. We love our new home. It is great to have everything brand-new. The community is filled with many people like us, who have moved to be closer to family. It is extremely active, with more things to do than you can possibly imagine. We have now been here for over three years and absolutely love it. We have yet to meet anyone who doesn't feel as we do.

Both of us are fortunate to be in excellent health and are happier with our lives at this point than we have ever been.

JOHN MARTIN FRANCIS JR. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 381, Gladstone, OR 97027 (503-650-2850). *Email:* johnmartinfrancis@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* My longtime lady friend died in 2004. I miss her.

JOSEPH ELIHU FRANK. *Home Address:* 138 Upswept Lane, South Burlington, VT 05403-4453 (802-862-1816). *Email:* jefrank2@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Catherine L. Frank. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three.

I write to supplement what I reported in the Fiftieth and Fifty-fifth Class Reports.

Although I have nostalgia regarding my career as a practicing lawyer, I am now enjoying total retirement from working for clients. However, I do maintain an interest in developments in the law, some of which are amazing, and I remain involved in the presentation of continuing legal education programs at the law firm from which I am retired.

Our younger daughter remains settled with husband and two young sons in San Francisco. Our older daughter is now settled with husband and young daughter in Seattle, where she works for the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. Being brought up in Vermont and being educated at Harvard College did not keep either daughter in the East!

Cathy, my wife, and her coauthor have just published a guide to kayaking all of the rivers accessible from Lake Champlain. They previously published a guide to kayaking the entire shoreline of Lake Champlain.

I am saddened to note how many of our classmates have passed on. In particular, I note the demise of George Fredrickson, a fine scholar, who had been my roommate in the summer of 1951 when both of us happened to be enrolled in a summer school program at Northwestern University, in Evanston, Illinois.

Cathy and I continue to be bewildered by the dismal political and economic circumstances afflicting so much of the world. Barack Obama has had the misfortune of being president when these circumstances were largely out of his control. We fear that the golden age of civilization, if there ever was one, may have passed.

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My much-beloved daughter, Elinor, died in 2011 of breast cancer, first diagnosed while I was in Boston for our Fiftieth Reunion. She was thirty-six at the time of diagnosis. Her death was beautiful, thanks to Oregon's Death with Dignity law. Her strength and courage were an inspiration to many.

I have two children left, Cindy and Jonathan, and one grandchild, Cindy's son. My sister Barbara is very ill, and I am her primary caregiver. Managing her affairs falls heavily on me.

The shadows close in—friends get sick, obituary notices commemorate people younger than I. I try to continue scientific research, but my mind is slow. I am in good health, but my relatives have generally died in their eighties; few made it to ninety. I do what I can do to keep my spirits up, but all the elevator buttons are marked DOWN. I keep on the lookout for an occasional one marked UP, even for a floor or two.

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I finally retired on May 31, 2013, from my fifty-four years of involvement in US foreign policy and defense matters—three years in the US Navy (following my Harvard NROTC scholarship), twenty-eight years in the Office of the Secretary of Defense, and twenty-three years at the Center for Naval Analyses (now known simply as CNA). I did write, as a swansong, a book, *The Future of US Defense* (2013). I have one grand conclusion from my observations across those fifty-four years. It is a paraphrase of the old saying "It is better to keep your mouth shut and let everyone think you a fool than to open it and remove all doubt." For US defense, the equivalent is: "It is better to keep your forces at home and let everyone think they are formidable than to commit them into the graveyards of empires and cast doubt as to how formidable they really are." Thus I salute President Obama for having brought most forces home, leaving only 15 percent of active military personnel abroad (including one-third of those being "afloat") and resisting the Republican effort to invade everywhere in the world.

As my decades passed, the world made the transition from the Cold War to globalization, with its hopes of all boats economically rising with the tide, and this reflected initially the appearance of a peaceful world (conflicts way down in number). Given these changes, my own organization, CNA, diversified into other government work, like health, education, homeland security, and the energy/climate-change evolution. But some of us who worked on foreign policy and defense saw something else rising: the oligarchs—and especially the bankster/gangsters (who make nothing and employ hardly anybody)—who stole $7 trillion of US wealth and left us with the Great Recession followed by economic stagnation, from which the United States is only barely creeping out, but which still depresses the European and Japanese economies. And we are promised more bad news from the Republicans, who want to go to war everywhere in the world and to pay for it by dismantling the US social safety net (i.e., privatizing it, i.e., giving it to the oligarchs to gamble away on the London derivatives market) and defederalizing the US government, i.e., going back to a confederation, or confederacy, as it were.

I fear for this erstwhile nation. I have gone from being some kind of observer of foreign and military policy to being a disciple of Paul Krugman, but I still keep track of matters of foreign policy and defense. The Iran deal is one of the best-negotiated settlements in the world that I have ever seen in my long career.

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The years since our last Report take a familiar pattern: a busy, fruitful life in retirement. While aging slows a step or so, we enjoy so much: a fiftieth wedding anniversary; our home, town, and neighbors; memorable time shared with family and friends. Gretchen and I stay active in the life of the Episcopal Church at both the local and diocesan levels. The work and witness of a local peace and justice advocacy group keeps us working (if sometimes frustrated) in responding to national and world events. Time devoted to reading and discussion groups, travel, and catching up with old friends have been rejuvenating and educational. Above all, time shared with our grown children and our granddaughters is a joy.

Despite some health issues, we have, clearly, more blessings than we can count. Even though deep concerns about our national political dysfunction, international (and national) violence, and the grim portraits of climate change cause deep and constant concern for us and all who come after us, we keep hope, like a small candle in the night. We are convinced that we, and many like those who read this Class Report, can continue to work and witness as the custodians of hope.

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Philip and I continue working full-time as the honorary consuls of Chile for New England, less Connecticut, now in our forty-second year of pro bono service. Because they don't like "going into the city" (Manhattan), lots of Nutmeggers come to us, mostly because it's cheaper and we actually answer our phone and email. Lots of Americans doing a semester abroad come from all over the country, for failure to get any joy from other consulates, who don't care or know that these people are "full-pay students," bringing foreign exchange into the country. One girl recently flew from Aspen, Colorado, got her visa, and flew back the same day. Fax, like Telex, has had its cometlike career. Now, it's scanning. But Chilean lawyers still send us documents on legal-size, not letter-size, paper, which gives us no end of trouble and cursing. We also get new excuses for not complying with rules, which keep us amused. We have a printed notice, in Spanish, that we do not accept information provided by so-and-so.

Our health has been relatively constant and our annual wellness exam satisfactory. We all know how old we are. As the Spanish toast goes, *Viva yo!*

Our more or less adopted grandson, Ian A. Leatherman, lieutenant, United States Navy, is engaged to be married in May, and Philip and I will be his best men. Magistrate judge Marianne B. Bowler, of the federal court in Boston, an "aunt," will officiate, in Connecticut. Our former executive assistant, Brian P. Delaney, is now principal of St. Peter's School (K–8) on Garden Street in Cambridge, and he is doing very well. Once he accepted the idea of a master's degree as his own, he did it excellently at Boston College.

We continue to be active at the USS Constitution Museum in Charlestown, Massachusetts. I'm a life trustee now—no vote—and Philip is a real trustee. "Give, Get, or Get Off" is still the rule. The ship is in dry dock here until mid-2017—which reminds me of spending most of my active duty, 1956–58, in dry dock in Charleston, South Carolina, New Bern, North Carolina, Jacksonville, Florida, and Green Cove Springs, Texas, with the last six months ashore in Washington. Not much fun, but a good education, nevertheless.

Our most recent experience with the caterer Sal Monella was at the Instituto Cervantes start-up at Harvard in October 2014, at the Harvard Faculty Club. Nothing's changed.

Last winter should have been canceled for lack of interest. Substantial repairs have been accomplished. Who knows what 2015–16 will bring? We'll find out by the time this gets printed. In the meantime, I keep the bushes trimmed or replaced, as the case may be. Gardeners learn to be ruthless.

Best wishes to all our classmates, their families, and friends. Remember that there's no such thing as a bad pun, only a groaner; and if you can't find something to laugh about, it's not worth getting up in the morning.

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Paul has written about most of our current activities and interests, so I will concern myself with other matters.

As we age, it becomes more difficult to give our accumulated assets, other than cash, to selected donees, whether relatives or institutions. We try to select "stuff" specifically for those we think will enjoy or make best use of it. It's slow, but we've been working on it. Deaccessioning is important, if only to clean out eighty years' worth of things with little or no meaning to anyone else but us. That's life.

A second thing about getting older is trying to distinguish between wisdom and crankiness, because I'm not willing to put up with lame excuses or with those who think we need coddling. When Mr. Al Z. Heimer shows up, I won't be in a position to care; but in the meantime, it's my way or the highway.

The two requirements for a good life are a sense of humor (which includes bad puns) and encouraging younger folk who sustain our faith in their abilities to get on and do interesting and fun-filled things.

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I thank God for my Harvard experience, for my career with IBM, and for my wonderful wife.

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TIMOTHY G. GATES. *Home Address:* Manchester-by-the-Sea, MA (978-526-4979. *Email:* seatag@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Katerina Gates. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Ensign to lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, officer in charge YMP-2, Little Creek, VA, 1956–59; lieutenant (junior grade) to lieutenant, US Naval Reserve, 1959–1972.

Well, another five years on the clock. I will skip the usual moans and groans about the governmental mess at all levels. "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*"

Family remains the main concern and delight. Since our last Reunion our younger son, Christopher, was married on Singing Beach in Manchester-by-the-Sea, a repeat of marriage vows from an earlier church wedding in Seoul, Korea. In March 2015 we celebrated the birth of our first grandson, whose names recognize the triple heritage from his parents.

Son Michael remains a bachelor, with forays out of town for architectural and cultural expeditions and quite busy with an Internet-based global business at this point. Both sons live on the North Shore, so we enjoy seeing them quite frequently.

For ourselves: Katerina is always busy with her many activities—our family and homes, exhibiting her artwork in several media, teaching art, gardening, volunteering, etc. I have spent many of my evenings, since well before the

Fifty-fifth, volunteer videotaping many meetings (eighty or more a year) of town boards, committees, commissions, etc. With a large amount of time away or out-of-country the past two years, I have reduced taping time considerably. It has been a very interesting experience.

We both have been involved with the Greek Ministry of Culture and the National Archaeological Museum in Athens since 2007, and we are planning to continue.

We have spent considerable amounts of time over the last two years in and near Athens, Greece, clearing up Katerina's inheritances—miles of red tape with that Byzantine bureaucracy, and, physically, the properties as well. She has been there about twice as much as I chasing after the bewildering mountains of forms, fees, and frustrations, all with the "help" of a notary public, public accountant, civil engineer, surveyor, local construction people (she has become her own general contractor, which she has embraced and handles very well), and the Department of Public Works, etc. We rent a car each trip—too difficult for many reasons to own, store one over the winter, and only one hundred meters down to the beach tide line (salt air). Sometimes we wondered if it all was worth inheriting! But the view from our place, our way of life there, and the Mediterranean climate continue to make it our family home away from home.

Even though our generation did not grow up with the electronic world communications, we are glad it is part of our life now. Emails and Skype, etc., make us feel closer no matter where we are. Since I have worked internationally for most of my professional life, it has given us the joy of many lasting friendships around the globe. We enjoy keeping in touch and sometimes seeing them. It continues to amaze us that the years seem to go faster as we add on years. But, at the same time, it is wonderful to grow older with a loving family and good friends who make life worthwhile. For example, classmate Bill Pear, my Dunster House roommate, traveled with me on our one-and-a-half-year trip around the world, was best man at our wedding, and is godfather to our son Christopher—a special person to all of us.

Let us hope that in the years to come and by our next Reunion in 2021, the world will manage to keep the troubled countries in peace and make everyone's life better for the future. It has always been a pleasure to participate in our MCMLVI Reunions and we look forward to May 2016.

A footnote: Reducing violence in the United States. I have suggested to some authorities (more to follow) that the Second Amendment starts with the need for a "well-regulated militia," and anyone who wants to bear appropriate modern firearms should be required to join such after strict background, physical, medical, and psychiatric examinations—in order to obtain or renew a license, purchase same, and keep it. For example, in Massachusetts we have a State Guard that would suit the purpose. Obviously, if one doesn't "pass muster," one should not possess weapons such as modern (fire) arms. "Arms" from that Constitutional time are another ambit for our consideration. Such law should be a federal issue mandatory for all states and territories.

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Contrary to what I thought as a young man, life has been a journey, not a destination. My journey has been full and rich and spiritually blessed with wonderful people and gifts along the way. I still participate in my career as a part-time medical ethicist for the developmentally disabled and as a pediatric cardiologist (clinical professor at UC Davis Medical Center). I have a loving and talented partner and four accomplished children.

I have deep gratitude for my four years at Harvard and for five years of medical training at Harvard hospitals.

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ROBERT SEAVER GEBELEIN. *Home and Office Address:* 18 Hawthorne Drive, Durham, NC 27712-3226 (919-382-9439; *Mobile:* 508-246-8864). *Email:* bobgeb@frontier.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Alice Ruckert. *Military/National Service:* Private first class, US Army, Washington, DC, area, 1956–58.

I am still working as a volunteer at the Rhine Research Center, as business manager of the *Journal of Parapsychology*, and still pursuing my opposition to what I formerly called "scientism" and now call "physicalism"—the assertion that there is no reality beyond the physical or what can be explained by known physical laws.

Parapsychology has been recognized as a legitimate science by the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) since 1969, and yet it has been branded a "pseudoscience" by Wikipedia. In 2011 I was asked if I could do something to change this. I saw that the definition of *pseudoscience* was backed up by a reference to a 1988 study by the National Academy of Sciences, which declared, "The committee finds no scientific justification from research conducted over a period of 130 years for the existence of parapsychological phenomena." Actually, the committee *did not look at* the evidence of 130 years. I was able to communicate this to Ralph Cicerone, president of the National Academy of Sciences. Now Wikipedia actually starts right off with the assertion "Parapsychology is a pseudoscience," but this is no longer backed up by a reference to the prestigious name of the National Academy of Sciences. Some small progress has been made.

Unscientific methods are being used by members of the scientific establishment to put down and block the study of subjects beyond their ken, like precognition, telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis, energy medicine, the existence of a spiritual reality, the power of prayer, reincarnation, levitation, and intelligent design. I used to think that people interested in such subjects were only ridiculed, but since I have become involved with parapsychology, I have

learned that such people are automatically dismissed as mentally incompetent, and denied publication, funding, and employment. And yet, despite these obstacles, qualified and responsible people are studying these dismissed subjects and building up a body of knowledge. The result is that our major educational institutions, having become paralyzed by their adherence to physicalism, are falling farther and farther behind the actual cultural knowledge.

In 2013, I sent a letter to the presidents or chancellors of the top 137 US colleges and universities asking them if they could use their influence to end this domination of physicalism in American colleges and universities. I received responses from forty of them, but received no response from President Drew Faust of Harvard.

My letter was published as a guest editorial in the *Journal of Parapsychology*, and this led to an invitation to speak at the annual convention of the Parapsychological Association in 2014.

Based on that momentum and the realization that there is a whole list of prejudices in the academic community blocking the advancement of our culture, I have been working for the past year on a small book, which I hope will become a very big book: *Dirty Science: How Unscientific Methods Are Blocking Our Cultural Advancement.* I define "dirty science" as using unscientific methods like ridicule and power politics in the name of "science" and backed by the credentials of science.

I am hoping that sincere scientists and scholars and the intelligent reading public, including some of my classmates, will support me in this effort to get the scientific establishment to clean up its act.

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Since the last report, Nancy and I retired and moved from New York City to Palm Beach, Florida, where we became permanent residents; but we still spend the summers on the New Jersey shore, in Sea Girt. Both our sons and their families live in London, but they have been able to spend Christmas and Easter with us in Palm Beach and summers in New Jersey. At the time of the book we will have seven grandchildren.

My stroke continues to limit my activities. I am confined to a wheelchair, and speech has not returned. But I feel blessed, having had a fine Harvard

education, a satisfactory business career, two sons with happy marriages, seven grandchildren, and a wonderful wife.

Come visit us if you are in the area.

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I am retired and living in the San Juan Islands of Washington State. I was a litigator at the same firm for fifty years. Great theater!

I am involved in land preservation. I am president of the San Juan Preservation Trust and on the members committee of Terrafirma RRG LLC, the captive insurance company of the Land Trust Alliance.

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Not a lot to report since the Fifty-fifth. Still working every day (four to five hours) and sincerely enjoying it. No thoughts of retiring south, as Sue and I really prefer the four seasons; if it's a really bad day weather-wise, all the new Internet capability allows me to work from home—and the condo staff does all the shoveling.

Children and grandkids are all doing well, so no complaints. Looking forward to being around for our Sixty-fifth.

GERALD ERNEST PAUL GILLESPIE. *Home Address:* 957 Matadero Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94306 (650-656-8105). *Occupation and Office Address:* Emeritus Professor. Division of Literatures, Cultures, and Languages, Stanford University, Bldg. 260, Stanford, CA 94305-2005. *Spouse/Partner:* Adrienne Galante Gillespie.

An emeritus of Stanford University since late 1999, I am still active in international studies and in travel, generally domestic and foreign, with my wife as well as solo. Having recently been on too many tiring trips and still having too many (mainly interesting) deadlines to meet, I balk at acquiring yet another nuisance password at the last minute just to participate in the Sixtieth Class Report. I understand the economics of becoming a slave to the world of electronic communications, but I incline increasingly to enjoying the pleasures of being a dinosaur left over from the twentieth century.

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Over the past sixty years, we've seen major progress in health care, civil rights, environmental stewardship, technological innovations, and many other areas. But I remember looking through the dirty windows of Wigglesworth, in the fall of 1952, and seeing the motorcade of General Eisenhower brought to an almost full stop by crowds of people surrounding his car. Whether we preferred General Eisenhower or Governor Stevenson, we knew that we had a good choice between two accomplished and level-headed leaders. Now, as we face the 2016 election, as the kids write, OMG!

On the professional front, after graduate school at the University of Michigan, I joined Ford Motor Company, where I spent nearly thirty-five good years, ending up as vice chairman. I retired in 1995, after being passed over for the CEO position. I spent the next seven years as a member of about ten nonprofit and corporate boards—a set of rewarding experiences. I returned to Ford as vice chairman in 2002 to help put it back on track after some unfortunate actions. I retired again in 2005 and returned to the board world, albeit with fewer memberships, because of age limits. And then, in 2010, I was asked to take on the president's position at Wayne State University in Detroit. It was a great job, with the university's broad spectrum of endeavors from medical school to athletics (minor league) to philosophy. The best part, of course, was the people—especially the students, most of whom were working their way through college. I retired from Wayne in 2013, and retirement is my present, and last, job.

On the personal front, I realized, in my late thirties, that I was gay. I remained closeted until after my first Ford retirement, when I carelessly outed myself through a local interview. It was then that I introduced my new partner, Eric Jirgens. Eric runs a successful interior design practice, and the past twenty years with him (and three rescue dogs now) have made my life all I could have hoped for. We were married in 2013, so that, coupled with the Supreme Court decision on same-sex marriage, makes us legal. (Note: I'd urge the preparers of the class survey to use a term other than "wife" to explain family situations. The world has changed.)

And now, as we reflect on what we've done, and not done, I believe our Class can take pride in how the world has progressed. There is much more to do, obviously, but that's for the following generations to handle. Good luck to them.

WILLIAM GINALSKI. *Email:* ginalski@gmail.com. *Web/Social Media:* http://ginalski.com. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Hospitalman first class, US Navy, New England Naval Hospital.

Following fifty years of active and meaningful employment, from the dawn of the computer era to the birth of national and international franchising, my

focus has been on creating economic opportunities for people in order to better their respective lives.

My life since graduation continues to be punctuated with highlights from Harvard. Key among those highlights was my son Mark's graduation from the Kennedy School; my participation on the dais with President Faust; and my classmates.

Sixty-plus years ago, Harvard took a chance on an applicant from a small town in southeastern Massachusetts, and it has made all the difference. Along the road, there have been the hills and valleys of a well-lived life, and Harvard prepared me for my journey. "It is difficult times that show what men are" (Epictetus). See everyone at our Sixtieth. Cheers!

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DEAN L. GITTER. *Email:* dlgitter@aol.com.

Fulfilling a lifelong dream of living in one of the Four Corners states, I moved to New Mexico last year. I have the Sangre de Cristo Mountains to my back and the broad San Luis desert and mountains in front. It is a visual delight all day, and the starry skies at night are remarkable.

Despite the move, I continue the effort to realize an economic development initiative I started long ago in a poor corner of New York State: a large hotel and residential ski and golf project called the Belleayre Resort. I was a green and vigorous youngster of sixty-three when I began this in the 1990s and never dreamed it would take until 2015 and my eightieth birthday to obtain the necessary permits! We've got them now, and I am excited at finally building this wonder.

Music has become a constant companion, and, after a hiatus of half a century, I am performing and recording again, sometimes solo, sometimes in an octet I've formed out of the multiplicity of local players, called the Questa Folk Ensemble.

As I recall from my days in the theater, the last act is always the most exciting. The best part is being able to share it with my darling Lynn.

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I retired in 2007 after having been in the automobile business for over fifty years. I had three franchises: Chrysler-Jeep, Buick-GMC Truck, and Nissan. My Sixtieth Reunion marks sixty years of marriage to a wonderful wife, mother, and grandmother, Carol Seder Glick. We were married on June 10, 1956, one day before graduation. I spend eight months in Florida staying busy with the

many friends that I have met there. I also take advantage of a great curriculum at Florida Atlantic University for senior citizens. Terrific instructors!

I am fortunate that my three children live in or near Worcester. My oldest son, Larry, and his brother, Jon, are in the credit card processing business (not cars), and my daughter, Suzanne Gilfix, is an in-house attorney for EMC, a large publicly traded company.

I am very excited that I have a third-generation student at Harvard, Adam Gilfix, who is a junior, Class of 2017, and lives in Lowell House. His mother, Suzanne, was Class of 1988. Her other son, Zachary, is a freshman at the University of Wisconsin; their daughter, Talia, is a junior at Algonquin High School in Northborough, Massachusetts. Larry has three children, two living and working in New York, Amanda and Rachel, and his daughter Sara is a freshman at Tulane.

My son Jon has two children. Aly Glick is living in Washington, DC, and works for the consulting division of PricewaterhouseCoopers. Jon's son, Jared Glick, lives in New York City and manages two popular music groups, Time Flies and Mister Wives. Your grandchildren would know of these two groups. Jared married Shannon in June of 2014.

I enjoy seeing former classmates as often as possible. Buddy Chandler lives nearby, and I see Steve Endlar, George Doyle, Harold Sadowsky, and Alan Starensier frequently. I speak to Matt Grossman, who is an attorney living in Los Angeles. After graduation, I attended Columbia Business School, 1956–58. Carol and I were living in Riverdale, New York, and one of Carol's first dinners at the apartment was for Matt Grossman and Bob Kessler.

I am still involved in charitable fundraising in Florida. I have lived in a community in Boynton Beach, Hunter's Run, from October to May for over thirty years. Carol and I enjoy travel, especially to Europe. This past winter we traveled to the Far East, sightseeing from Singapore to Hong Kong with a stop in Hanoi. For many years we have spent some time in Italy, particularly Florence and Capri.

On a sad note, two close friends passed away this summer: Bob Kessler and my roommate for four years, Russell Manoog. As freshmen we lived in Matthews North and then for three years at Winthrop House.

Looking forward to seeing everyone in late May.

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LEWIS WORTHINGTON GOETZ. *Home Address:* 2710 W. 69th St., Mission Hills, KS 66208. *Email:* lgoetz@kc.rr.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Merrily Leininger Goetz. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* Five.

After forty-five years in management I retired in 2000 as the CEO and president of SOR, a privately held company with a worldwide market in the process industry. I am married to Merrily Leininger, Vassar '63, who has

European children and grandchildren by a prior marriage. We live in Mission Hills, Kansas, a very pleasant suburb of Kansas City.

Since my retirement I have consulted with the nonprofit community, helping organizations with board development and strategic planning. For the last eight years I have been a volunteer teacher and mentor for inmates in the Kansas Correctional Institutions.

Tennis is a diminishing passion, but I am playing doubles at least once a week.

Merrily and I enjoy visiting our families both in Europe and the United States, watching them mature in this increasingly complex world. Wyoming, the Berkshires, and New York City are favorite places.

I have been reading Niall Ferguson's biography of Henry Kissinger (volume one) which gives some context to our undergraduate experience. The Harvard of the fifties seems a long time ago.

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As we move into the ninth decade of our lives, and the seventh decade since graduation, I hope we have a lot to celebrate. Too many of us, by now, are measured by actuarial tables and the medical statistics that come with age. I prefer to focus on the positive.

My contribution to geriatric health data came in August 2011, after a hemorrhagic stroke. My short-term memory is impaired, but long-term memory is intact. Naturally, recollections and stories of Harvard classmates and friends remain vivid. I visit Cambridge often and my family often remarks on my uncanny ability to navigate toward Eliot House from wherever we may be.

One highlight of the past five years was spending my eightieth birthday in Paris, my favorite city (after Cambridge), with my wife, two daughters, and older grandson, Eli. At nine years old, he used our visit to the Palace of Versailles as an opportunity to teach me things about Greek mythology that Harvard never included.

Life has been altered, but I continue to pursue my interests in art, music, photography, and, most of all, my family. One daughter is nearby in Newton and the other lives in St. Louis with my two grandsons.

I continue to follow US health care policy, my life's work, and to express views on that topic in this space every five years. This year is no different. In short, while we have made some progress with the Affordable Care Act, we still lack what could reasonably be called a health care policy that reaches and supports all Americans.

Jeanne continues to work as a professor at Tufts University's Friedman School of Nutrition Science and Policy. She focuses her research on children's eating behavior and on childhood obesity. She continues to direct the graduate

program in nutrition communication and behavior change that she created twenty years ago.

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Dorothy and I have been relatively healthy over the past five years. Our daughter and son remain happily married. Sara volunteers for two Boston theatrical organizations as an usher and for a local mental health organization. David was promoted to full professor of inorganic chemistry at Johns Hopkins, while our daughter-in-law, Sarah, is an associate professor of biochemistry at the University of Maryland in Baltimore. We especially enjoy watching our granddaughter, Lucie, grow up. She is nine years old, plays piano and baseball (not softball), excels in mathematics and chess, and has a pleasant, jaunty personality. Dorothy keeps busy in many community activities, including reading from the Torah every Sunday morning.

I have not changed much. I work full-time at Spaulding Rehabilitation Hospital in Charlestown (Boston). Two weeks after the Boston Marathon bombing, I attended to the psychological needs of the survivors with amputation, and I admired their courage in adversity. As a whole group, they are doing well.

Lately I have become interested in the multiple aspects of end-of-life care. While it is a physician's responsibility shared with a patient, end-of-life care involves society, ethics, religion, the law, pain management, and psychiatry. How we provide end-of-life care determines in part how we transmit our values of respect for life to the next generation.

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My years serving as my town's moderator taught me that brevity is appreciated, so I note the following. My children, Elissa Gordet Franco and Richard E. Gordet, continue their careers as lawyers, are married to their first spouses (Thomas and Sonja), and seem to be successful in overseeing the parenting and education of their children (Alison and Zack Franco and Rigel, Acadia, and Rijs GordetJohanson, ages twenty-two to thirteen). I can count myself a fortunate parent and grandparent. My wife, Marilyn, died in 2005, the year she planned to retire. Our plans were to travel, and I decided to follow that plan, only as a solo traveler, as long as I am able. I continue to practice law with my daughter, Elissa, but in the last few years have become less active and now serve as "of counsel" to her firm.

Living solo has its drawbacks, and while I am still able to live independently and without needing family care, I will be moving to an "over-fifty-five" continuing care retirement community in Exeter, New Hampshire. I will still be close to family, who all live in Massachusetts. I will also be close to Cambridge and hope to greet returning classmates at our Sixtieth Reunion.

NORMAN GORDON. *Home Address:* 11907 Arias Ave., Boynton Beach, FL 33437-6629 (561-739-8513; *Mobile:* 781-363-2194). *Email:* bls52@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Lois Gordon. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four.

Since our last Reunion Report, my wife and I sold our Cape Cod home and moved, full-time, to Florida. We were snowbirds for eight years, but the moving back and forth became tiring. We love Florida. No snow, and lots of outdoor activities such as swimming, tennis, and nature walks. Indoors there are plenty of activities, such as lectures, courses, plays, and concerts. All of the above are husband and wife occupations. Then there are my own solo activities. I have always enjoyed sculpture, using copper, silver, and acrylic as my materials and an acetylene torch as my main tool. Plenty of time for sculpture now. I've even got some of my pieces in an art gallery here in Florida. Then there is poetry. I've been writing poems since I was six years old. Over the years I've had many poems published in various magazines. Now I have as much time as I want to devote to poetry. I also like to solve and create math puzzles. I have over one hundred puzzle books. While I am exercising I like to work on the math section of SAT tests for fun. Sounds crazy, but I enjoy it, and it keeps the brain working at high speed.

We visit our children and grandchildren in Milwaukee and St. Louis twice a year, spending about four weeks in all. The kids visit us in sunny Florida during the winter for about one week each, so we get a total of about six weeks with our family, which I enjoy greatly. My wife is very active in Hadassah. It's her second time around. She was president of the Sharon, Massachusetts, chapter forty years ago and now is vice president of the Rabin chapter here in Florida. She is kept very busy. She is also an avid tennis player.

I have often read that when people retire they are bored. After an initial burst of travel and "freedom" from responsibility, they don't know what to

do each day. Time passes ever so slowly. My time problem is quite different: I don't have enough time to all the things on my list. I have too many choices. Retirement is great.

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The last five years have seen me continuing to enjoy doing research at the University of California, Santa Barbara, where we have a wonderful materials department and where, with colleagues and students, I work on the growth and applications of new artificially structured quantum materials for energy, computing, and optoelectronics. Marsha and I manage to get to Boston and Harvard fairly frequently. My sisters, Eleanor Shore and Virginia Mannick, are both in the Boston area and are active in Harvard affairs. Our daughter, Sue, and our grandchildren live in Marin County near San Francisco and our son, Chris, is in Ventura. At home in Santa Barbara, I am having fun riding a Stromer electric bike to the university and for group rides.

In recent good news, I learned that I will receive the US National Medal of Technology and Innovation in a ceremony at the White House later this month (January).

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My three children and their children (our grandchildren) live nearby—to our great joy. Four grandchildren are in college and one granddaughter is about to be married in Australia, to an Aussie. My wife and I summer on a piece of paradise (to us) located in Montana just west of Glacier National Park. We live in the refurbished original homestead log cabin on our homestead parcel (160 acres) of woods, surrounded by the Flathead National Forest. We live the rest of the year in Evanston, Illinois, near the main campus of Northwestern University. Life has been good to us.

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Reviewing my life from the age of eighty, what has been the contribution of Harvard College? My premedical science education allowed Harvard Medical School and a career in academic orthopedic surgery; the skills in bacteriological research allowed seminal work in tissue engineering at the NIH. But the philosophy of Humanities 5 as a freshman, of a course in Plato's dialogues as a senior, an MBA in my fifties, and an MPH in my sixties, gave me the insight to write two editorials in the Eastern Orthopaedic Association's (EOA) newsletter: "Oligopsony," an analysis of the market structure of medical care, and "Ethics: The Nexus of Health Care." Both were a followup to my EOA presidential address, "Orthopaedic Surgery: A Profession or a Business?" All were the plea of the third generation in a four-generation family of physicians for the primacy of an ethical tradition of the doctor-patient relationship in the shifting power structure of health care. I referred to Aesculapius (the god of health—see Plato's *Phaedo*, below) and Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*. More recently I have used the Aristotelian concept of "highest good" to construct the following: for medicine, the health and welfare of the patient; for public health, the health and welfare of the community; for research, truth; and for business, the health and welfare of the firm. With mutual understanding and respect, perhaps our current health care conversation can be improved. I have yet to tackle the ethics of government, but perhaps it is the health and welfare of its citizens (not its politicians).

Socrates's last words, as translated by Jowett: "Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius [Aesculapius]: will you remember to pay the debt?" To your health!

HERBERT GREENBERG. *Home Address:* 113 Church St., Dexter, ME 04930-1332 (207-924-3450; *Mobile:* 207-270-0042). *Email:* greenbergherbert@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara L. Greenberg. *Children:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Specialist fourth class, US Army Reserve, 1958–1967.

We are enjoying retirement in rural Maine and are in good health. Our marriage has survived forty-seven years of togetherness, despite the six-month odds we had been given. We have lived in Brussels, Belgium, from 1969 through 1977, and traveled to Australia, Latin America, and Canada in addition

to working throughout Europe. Our children live in New York City, Atlanta, and Chicago. They visit one or two times a year to see us and decompress. They and their families are all well, are doing well, and are pleasant, decent people; we actually like and enjoy them, as well as love them.

It has been a rich and full life thus far; I feel as though we have crammed two or three lifetimes into one.

We play golf and bridge, and I have joined Kiwanis. We have made many new friends during the past thirteen years in Maine, as well as maintaining relationships with those from the past.

Personally, I hope I live long enough to see our country once again enjoying the respect it has earned and deserves. I also hope to be one of the last survivors of the Class of 1956.

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I had never thought I would retire from clinical work while I was still capable and gratified by doing the job. An old colleague of mine who was also my prior chief advised, "Reggie, never retire, never!" Over the years I have found no reason to disagree, that is, until this past June, when I reached my fiftieth year as a radiologist at Massachusetts General Hospital. Reflecting, as one does at these times, I realized that the direct patient care arm of my job was consuming so much of my time and energy that I had little left to give to my other interests, both medical and nonmedical. Thus, I did retire from clinical work, but retained an emeritus position that would allow me to continue on research projects as well as to engage in more teaching. My aim in teaching is to interest young, inquisitive students in the field of medical imaging and in its various implications on society.

By retiring I also have more time to devote to my extended family and my wife, Fay, the light of my life for nearly sixty years. I can now pal around with her regularly and become a more equal partner in everyday household affairs.

Let me recount two curious events in family life that preceded a highly anticipated birth of our first great-grandchild. The soon-to-be father, our oldest grandchild, a busy fourth-year medical student, and his wife preferred not to identify the sex of their baby prior to its birth. About one month before the baby was born, Fay and I were surprised to see what appeared to be a large, blue, condor-sized, motionless object on the ground about eighty yards away at the edge of a field at our somewhat isolated summer home on Martha's Vineyard. Fay, ever fearless, promptly stalked toward the "great bird," but at an

appropriately cautious oblique angle, while I watched from our deck. When she got parallel to the object about thirty feet to the side of it, she seemed reassured, made a right-angle turn walking directly toward it, leaned over, grabbed it, and held it up high for me to see. To our joint relief, it was nothing more than a large, almost completely deflated party balloon that landed from who knows where. We saw the words IT'S A GIRL printed on the balloon. This happenstance we took to be some mystical indication of the expected baby's sex. We remained silent about this "omen" until it proved to be correct (still by chance, of course), with the birth of a baby girl a month later.

A second curious experience occurred when we learned that the newborn would have the name Greta, an unfamiliar one among our extended families. I was reminded, however, that I had had a recent exposure to that name as the heroine of a play that was discussed during a class I attended on a "Return to Harvard Day" nine months previously. I looked up the iPhone notes I had taken during that class, one that turned into an exciting discussion of "tolerance" with about fifteen students led by a unusually gifted teacher, James Engell, Gurney Professor of English Literature and of Comparative Literature Education. The course title was "Enlightenment, Creations of the Self, Society, and Institutions." Engell used as a vehicle for the discussion Gotthold Lessing's play of 1783, *Nathan the Wise*. It was set in an interlude of truce between religious armies during the cruel and violent period of the Third Crusade in Jerusalem. In the story, the leading opposing combatants and other protagonists of differing religions had, unknown to themselves, multiple intimate family interconnections. A series of genuinely charitable acts of one unknown relative toward another who might normally have been considered a deadly enemy at worst, or nonbelieving infidel at best, brought them each full circle into a single ring of an extended family composed of Christians, Moslems, and Jews. The characters included: Saladin, the Moslem army leader, Assad, his brother, who fathered a Christian Knight Templar, and Recha, a baptized Christian whose adoptive father was Nathan, a Jew. The lessons of tolerance Engell extracted from Lessing's play were highly inspirational. His last words were a solemn golden nugget on tolerance, "Be good, do good, be kind." The students in that class seemed to recognize how fortunate they were to have such a magnificent teacher.

Now, what you may ask, does the play have to do with the birth of our new great-granddaughter? Well, on rereading my notes from the class that day, I saw that I had repeatedly written the name "Greta" when Engell actually said, "Recha." Since I was not aware of any special reason for that particular substitution, I took this as a second curious coincidence and a special happy welcoming of the new child. It is our hope that she and our other progeny will, as Engell suggests, "Be good, do good, be kind."

For full disclosure, I have to admit that Fay, while checking my construction and punctuation, as she usually does, let out a muffled titter when reading my bit on becoming a more equal partner in everyday household affairs; but, she still approves this message.

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In recent years I have continued in my role as "emeritus-but-not-retired" professor at HBS in both research and teaching. My research focus remains on corporate-level branding (including identity and reputation), building on collaborative studies of heritage brands (where heritage is the brand's principal value proposition)—a concept co-created with my British and Swedish colleagues. The origin of that work was in our field-based study of monarchies as corporate brands (the first ever published). This year my Swedish coauthor and I published the first (ever) academic article on our field-based study of the branding and identity of the Nobel Prize, an entity (as we say) that practically everyone has heard of but practically no one knows how it actually works. A second article, linking identity and reputation, should appear in 2016. Other recent related publications are on ethical corporate marketing and BP (post-Gulf explosion) and a book chapter on corporate communication and the corporate persona.

Separately I have also returned to an earlier field, namely arts and cultural management. A 2015 HBS working paper (coauthored) examined global cultural sponsorship in a collaboration between UBS and Guggenheim. I also coauthored an HBS case on corporate and personal branding of entertainment/sports executive Peter Guber.

Likely owing simply to survival, I was also fortunate to receive additional career achievement recognition beyond earlier awards in advertising, corporate communications, and the business of sports. These included recognition for "a body of [communications] work that stands as a model and inspiration for the next generation" (Lipscomb Media Masters Award) and at IE (Madrid) for pioneering work in corporate communications.

In the business of sports, I still teach the course I created at HBS several decades ago, every winter/spring. (In 2015, winter led to three(!) cancellations for University-wide snow closure, but we used spring Saturdays for makeups.)

I'm glad still to be the "Cal Ripken of HBS"—never missing a class in over forty-five years of teaching at Harvard. A journal article and an HBS case on sports sponsorship, a book chapter on an overview of the field, and HBS working papers on NBC and the 2012 Olympics, college conference realignment, and commercializing Japanese major league ballplayers kept me busy writing in the ever-growing BoS area. Ten years ago, who would have thought mixed martial arts (MMA) would reach its state of popularity, that the English football (soccer) Premier League would be televising every game in the United States, and that fantasy sports would be a major business activity (and now a controversial one)?

Conference presentations have helped facilitate both dissemination of and feedback on my ideas. Particularly interesting recent ones included moderating a private session of global sports leaders (including Lord Coe) in Doha on improving the Olympics. In December (2015), I co-led an NFL Super Bowl 50 (not L) session on SB branding and sponsorship at Levi's Stadium, site of SB 50.

In 2012 I hosted and spoke at a special HBS gathering celebrating the centennial of Fenway Park; Wally (Sox mascot) was a surprise guest in my classroom. I've also published HBS faculty commentaries on the Sochi Olympics and on Super Bowl commercials. And while speaking at a recent Toronto sports marketing conference, I was proud to attend the Hockey Hall of Fame induction of my HBS (MBA '14) student and star player Angela Ruggiero.

On the "giving back" side, I remain active in overseer roles at the Museum of Fine Arts and WGBH. At Boston Latin School, I was invited to serve as magister eventuum at King's Chapel for BLS 375 in 2010, as I had been for BLS 350. I don't think I'll be returning for the four hundredth, unless resurrection is included!

Beyond my support of H'56, at Harvard I was appointed by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences to membership on the Faculty Standing Committee on Athletics, which is a very interesting way to be connected to undergraduate athletes, coaches, and management. It also reminds me of long-ago broadcast days at WHRB, which I also serve as a trustee. My sports fandom is still high—season tix to Sox and Celts, and rooting for all Boston teams. The 2013 World Series was a highlight (alas, fading), where my schedule allowed me to see every postseason home game. (Many friends saw me on TV in my behind-home-plate Fenway locus.)

In England, I remain active as an honorary professor at Brunel University (London), working on its business school advisory board and in a research role with my longtime marketing department mate John Balmer. Brunel also made me an honorary fellow of the university (2012).

Family dominates my heart even while my professional work still captures significant time. My wife, Linda, is still engaged in her work for the Massachusetts Department of Education assessing school systems, with a team of evaluators.

She finds this both interesting and an important part of contributing to the education of the next generations. She also goes to the United Arab Emirates to participate in analogous efforts there for the ministry of education. And she manages our Back Bay and Falmouth homes, and me. We travel when we can—Helsinki, Paris, London, San Francisco, etc., in 2014 and 2015. Plus theater and museums in New York, London, and Boston.

Our daughter, Naomi, and her family still live in Iowa City. She and her husband, David, are professors in the humanities at the University of Iowa. He chairs the philosophy department and she teaches American literature and rhetoric. We were proud of her university award as best teacher in the humanities last spring, and she has a book accepted for near-term publication. Their daughter, Mira (seven), is the apple of our eye, though we see her only a few times a year in person. Linda goes to Iowa City more often than I do, but we almost always are there for Mira's August birthday. Mira is a "junior family writer" now, via a short essay on nature linked to her finding an antler with her after-school nature group.

With our H'56 Sixtieth upcoming, I look forward to seeing classmates—not as young as we once were, but many still active. (We are now to Harvard 2016 what Harvard 1896 was to us at graduation!) The obituaries, alas, remind us of those who are with us only in spirit and memory.

See you in Cambridge!

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The five years since our last Report finds us still deeply immersed in nonprofit areas. Some highlights:

In the art world, Marilyn is into her thirty-sixth year as a volunteer at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art (LACMA). We both have been on their collectors committee for over twenty years. I'm still a trustee at the Autry Museum of the American West, having been on the executive committee for many years. We're still art collectors, with the emphasis now on the American West. We have contributed art to such diverse institutions as LACMA, the Autry, the National Museum of American History, the Kennedy Library, and the California African American Museum.

Our summer fellowship program cosponsored with Michael Dukakis, established at the Kennedy School at the time of our Fiftieth Class Reunion, is

flourishing. We annually send ten students in the second year of their master's program in public policy to serve in the executive offices of governors around the country to solve problems.

Marilyn and I continue to be in good health, enjoying our fifty-sixth year of marriage, and pray it continues. I play tennis and walk. We both enjoy concerts and theater. I'm still retired from the day-to-day operation of the company I cofounded back in 1973, but am still involved in some troubleshooting and decision making.

My philosophy now on life is to try to be in a state of "becoming," and look for new challenges.

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Finally retired after twenty-eight years of military service and thirty-three years with Northrop Grumman. Still doing some writing for defense and military professional publications.

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I continue to enjoy the practice of law with the Parker Milliken firm in Los Angeles, of which I am the chairman, a position I have held for more than twenty years.

In addition to my law practice, now I play golf twice a week and enjoy reading nonfiction.

The most significant development for me in the last five years has been the birth of my first two grandchildren, two girls, Dylan (almost three) and Ryan (three months). Dylan and I have lunch together with my wife every Friday. The grandchildren are a new dimension of my life, one I had not realized would provide so much fun and enjoyment.

I continue to be active at the California Science Center Foundation in Los Angeles, as a trustee and member of its executive committee. The Science Center has enjoyed an annual attendance of 2.5 million visitors since its acquisition of the Space Shuttle *Endeavour*.

I would be remiss if I did not mention the passing this past year of our classmate and my good friend, Bob Kessler. Bob passed away in February 2015 after a valiant battle with cancer.

I am looking forward to returning to Cambridge for our Reunion in May.

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Besides family activities and political activism, I am an editor of *Latin American Perspectives* (a journal) and play music of Veracruz, Mexico.

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I have been retired as a solitary religious and coping with COPD for years. Now I am "on the edge of glory."

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EDMUND HUXLEY "TAD" HARVEY JR. *Home and Office Address:* 455 Meshanticut Valley Pkwy., Belvedere Apartments, No. 114, Cranston, RI 02920-5633

(401-632-0663; *Mobile:* 401-440-6167). *Occupation:* Writer. *Email:* tadharvey@cox.net. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.ehharveyjr.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Gail Stephenson Dravneek Harvey. *Children:* Six. *Grandchildren:* Nine.

Maybe the best thing about doing a bio for a class Reunion Report is that one doesn't have to dance around how old one is.

Born in Wilmington, Delaware, with a tarnished silver spoon, I lost the spoon when my parents split, then (flanked by mother, older brother, and naval air corps stepfather) I began a requisite education/socialization tour of my country that opened in a New York City Quaker kindergarten, then led to Garrison, New York, Maryland, Maine, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Delaware again (and again), Garrison (again), a Connecticut hilltop, and that high-minded annex of America's Athens, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The next fifty years saw me writer-editor of nonfiction for all ages, ever vigilant for "positions of greater responsibility [more money]." See http://www.ehharveyjr.com. During that servitude, I kept sane-ish by befriending untamed people and wild places (e.g., the Adirondacks), never abandoning hope that I could someday spend more hours on and around fiction, which I now do. The thrill remains in reading masterpieces, near-masterpieces, and just honest, fearless writing. Joined in holy wedlock at twenty to significant trust funds, I divorced them in my thirties, married Gail Stephenson Dravneek in 1970, and live with her today trying to keep track of six children and nine grandchildren, all one-offs. Stubborn speech blocks, off-putting to some, continue to affect my attitudes and choices. I have two unsold novels. A major theme of the first (just reduced to under two thousand manuscript pages!) is America's rape and murder by capitalist and democratic imperatives; the second, a sixth the size of the first, involves a love affair between a severely developmentally disabled man (modeled on my first child) and his fiftyish stepmother, who's the narrator.

All my five college roommates are dead —Alden "Denny" French Jr., Loyall Farragut Sewall Jr., John Schereschewsky, Robert Zenowich, and Robert W. Hill Jr. (PhD '66), a fellow Delawarean, my lifelong closest friend, who died January 28, 2014, after a distinguished career teaching American and English literature at Middlebury College. Bless 'em all.

Paul Heger Haskell. *Home Address:* 25, rue de Chazelles, 75017 Paris, France (+33-1-47-66-20-99; *Mobile:* +33-6-84-95-25-19). *Seasonal Address:* (Aug.) c/o Giannetti, Via Tazza, 82036 Solopaca, Italy (+39-0824-977-976). *Email:* paul.haskell@free.fr; haskell@club-internet.fr. *Spouse/Partner:* Mariella Giannetti Haskell. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, Mediterranean Sea, 1956–58.

I have been living in Paris since 1964 (fifty-one years). After twenty years in general management consulting (McKinsey, A. T. Kearney, Booz Allen Hamilton), I went into executive search for twenty-five years, the last ten years in my own firm.

I am now retired and married for twenty-one years to Mariella Giannetti, an Italian journalist. She has a large family house that has been in her family for three hundred years. It is one hour's drive inland from Naples in a small hillside town surrounded by vineyards and olive groves, where we spend our vacations.

We spend seven months of the year in Paris, four in Italy, and come to New York City every fall to visit with family and friends. We travel around Europe frequently.

I have two sons from my first marriage, both living in Paris: Stephen (forty-nine) is a bachelor; Frederick (forty-six) is married with three children.

We enjoy life between France, Italy, and New York.

JAMES G. HATCHER. *Address:* 1421 W. Parkside Drive, Peoria, IL 61606-1114 (309-688-2383).

MARTIN HENRY HAUGE. *Address:* Unknown.

DAVID FREDERICK HAWKINS. *Home Address:* 285 Dudley St., Brookline, MA 02445-5935 (617-566-2436). *Occupation:* Professor Emeritus, Harvard Business School. *Email:* aerionres@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara A. Hawkins. *Children:* Nine. *Grandchildren:* Twenty-four. *Great-grandchildren:* Two.

After teaching at the Harvard Business School for fifty-three years, I retired in June 2015. Barbara, after coauthoring three books with me and working on numerous consulting projects together, is a long way from retirement. She continues to be active as a board member of a number of Boston nonprofit and social organizations, including The Country Club in Brookline, which will be host to the US Open Golf Tournament in 2022. For my part, I have not yet settled on a master plan for my retirement, other than to keep up-to-date on global accounting developments and to master French, a subject I repeatedly failed for five years in preparatory school.

JAMES DOUGLAS HAYS. *Home Address:* 4 Cliff Rd., P.O. Box 76, Tuxedo Park, NY 10987-0076 (845-351-2451; *Mobile:* 646-413-1163). *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor Emeritus. Lamont-Doherty Earth Observatory, Palisades, NY 12063 (845-365-8403). *Other Address:* P.O. Box 191, Caroga Lake, NY 12032. *Email:* jimhays@ldeo.columbia.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Nancy Hays. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, USS *Falgout* (DER-324), 1956–58.

In 2010 I was awarded the Milutin Milanković Medal for my work with others on the causes of periodic ice ages.

I am enjoying life with my wife, Nancy. We travel frequently, often seeing Harvard friends en route. We are enjoying our children and grandchildren.

When I turned eighty I was somewhat depressed by the outlook, so I decided to start doing new things. I had been a freshman swimmer at Harvard but had not competed since then. Competitive swimming seemed like a new

start, so I hired a trainer, learned how to do flip turns, and now enter meets every four to six weeks from fall through spring. The training at times is not easy, but I feel great and think it is well worth the effect.

I look forward with pleasure to our Sixtieth.

PETER S. HEARST. *Home Address:* 131 Treasure Hill Rd., South Kent, CT 06785-1412 (860-927-3214; *Fax:* 860-927-1062; *Mobile:* 860-463-6622). *Email:* hearstps@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara Hearst. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Navy, various destroyers, three years.

THOMAS REID HEATON. *Address:* P.O. Box 71, South Orleans, MA 02662-0071.

MARTIN A. HECKSCHER. *Home Address:* 1014 W. Hortter St., Philadelphia, PA 19119-3705 (215-848-4439; *Mobile:* 215-983-7292). *Occupation and Office Address:* Attorney. 100 Four Falls, Suite 300, Conshohocken, PA 19428 (610-940-4170). *Email:* mheckscher@htts.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Cynthia P. Heckscher. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Step-grandchildren:* Five.

So, another five years have passed, a period when all of us have succumbed more and more to the challenges of the aging process. For me this has meant the second replacement of my left knee (called a "revision," I think) and the replacement of my right shoulder, which had been the source of constant pain. No more racket sports for me, which has been the case for a long time. However, I play golf regularly, still tee off from the white tees on my home course, and even had a slight reduction in my handicap this year. But, sadly, it gets more difficult to find pals to play, especially since my closest golf friend lost his battle with pancreatic cancer in August. In other respects I am pretty active—trout fishing with friends in Idaho last August and walking trips with Cindy in Provence and Andalucía in 2013 and 2015. Our best trip over the last five years was to Australia and New Zealand in 2014, a great part of the world. Another notable event, the product of a medical miracle, was the birth of my seventh and last(?) grandchild, a little girl born to my Harvard daughter the day after her fiftieth birthday!

On the work front, I am now in semiretirement in my small boutique law firm, which continues to thrive—this means that I receive a salary but have a significantly reduced commitment in terms of time expended and responsibilities for clients. On the nonprofit side, I am now the senior director of the Philadelphia Orchestra, an organization that has faced and continues to face major financial challenges in recent years, and I serve on the boards of several other music organizations plus two historic cemeteries. I have recently volunteered to represent the interests of several indigent children caught up in the Philadelphia Family Court system, and I have also become involved with the Pennsylvania chapter of the Innocence Project, which seeks the exoneration of prisoners convicted of serious crimes that they did not commit.

I am apprehensive about the time in a few years when Cindy and I (with the only child we have together, our golden retriever, Missy) will move to a continuing care retirement center after living in the same house and gardens where we have made our home for the entire twenty-five years of our marriage. However, that time will come sooner than expected, as we realized last June, when Cindy was found to have melanoma. Everything is okay for now, but that made for a scary, complicated summer and a reminder of the need for vigilance against a possible recurrence in the future.

I will close merely by rephrasing what I said five years ago about our political situation, which seems to be even more accurate today:"

> Finally, I mention briefly my dismay at United States and global politics . . . [T]he bitter polarization that . . . pervades Washington and the entire country has been with us for some time and seems to be here to stay. This suggests that we may be ungovernable and that our problems are too complicated to be appropriately resolved. So now we 'duke it out' within our country and around the world as well. What a [frightening] legacy for our children and grandchildren!

In 2015, it's even more of the same—so distressing on all fronts, with the recently recognized problems of climate change and wealth inequality in our troubled world added to the mix of uncertainties and challenges. Any "golden age" that we were so fortunate to have lived through has certainly passed us by.

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JOHN HOFMAN HESSEL. *Home Address:* 123 Santa Maria Ave., Portola Valley, CA 94028-7217 (650-851-2447). *Email:* john@hesselpv.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Aileen Forderhase Hessel. *Children:* Four. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Step-grandchildren:* Two.

JOHN MICHAEL HEY. *Address:* 17713 Cliffbourne Lane, Derwood, MD 20855-1103 (301-926-0211).

ROBERT E. HINERFELD. *Address:* 371 24th St., Santa Monica, CA 90402-2517 (310-394-4261).

DAN H. HINZ. *Home Address:* 1778 Partridge Drive, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405-6320 (805-544-4307). *Email:* dhinz805@charter.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Alona C. Mealey Hinz. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Navy, 1958–1985; Submarine Qualified.

After my naval career I worked for McDonnell-Douglas for ten years at the NASA Goddard Space Flight Center in Greenbelt, Maryland. In 1997 we moved to the central coast of California to be nearer the grandchildren, in San Jose and St. Helena.

JAMES V. HOAGLAND. *Address:* 285 Larch Crest Court, Thousand Oaks, CA 91320-4748 (805-498-8754).

STEPHEN HOCHHAUSER. *Address:* 120 Chastain Rd. NW, Unit 1102, Kennesaw, GA 30144-6220 (678-324-8701).

FLETCHER HODGES III. *Address:* Hodges Capital Management, 755 West End Ave., New York, NY 10025 (212-866-5334).

PIERRE HOHENBERG. *Home Address:* 5 Washington Mews, New York, NY 10003 (212-475-5417). *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor Emeritus. New York University, Dept. of Physics, 4 Washington Pl., New York, NY 10003 (212-998-7643). *Email:* pierre.hohenberg@nyu.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara Blanchard Hohenberg. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Three.

Since the last Report I continue to go to the office in the physics department at NYU and to do research (in collaboration with classmate Richard Friedberg). I have taught a bit at NYU and I continue to try to remain busy and intellectually active. My research mission remains to understand quantum mechanics and to be able to demystify and explain it to others in a convincing way. Progress is slow but not absent.

My family life revolves around my spouse, my daughter, and her family of five.

JOHN S. HOLCENBERG. *Home Address:* 5101 NE Laurelcrest Lane, Seattle, WA 98105 (206-523-8607). *Occupation:* Semiretired Consultant (clinical research). *Email:* jholcen@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Esther Rousso Holcenberg. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant commander, US Public Health Service, National Institutes of Health, 1963–67.

RICHARD W. HOOK. *Home Address:* 30915 Via Rivera, Rancho Palos Verdes, CA 90275-5344 (310-377-5458). *Email:* hook771@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Shirley Ann Hook. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Step-grandchildren:* Two.

Enjoying retirement in California with frequent trips to other countries.

STEPHEN HOPKINS. *Address:* 3803 Finley Ave., Santa Rosa, CA 95407-6602.

FREDERIC GALLATIN HOPPIN. *Home Address:* 1010 Waltham St., Apt. 4, Lexington, MA 02421-8061 (781-538-6185; *Mobile:* 617-734-8175). *Email:*

fchoppin@me.com; fhoppin@hsph.harvard.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Caroline Parker Hoppin. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Naval Reserve, 1964–66.

Professional: Professor emeritus of medicine and physiology at Brown University, where I cared for patients, taught med students, house staff, and pulmonary subspecialty trainees, conducted NIH-funded research, and administered. Great fun all the way, partly due to forgiving colleagues. Activity has tapered over time since retirement 2001, to my regret.

After more than four decades living in a wonderful community and home in Brookline, Caroline and I moved in 2012 into Brookhaven, a continuing care retirement community in Lexington, Massachusetts. Fellow residents (many retired academics from Harvard, MIT, Tufts, Brandeis, etc.) constitute an extraordinarily active and vibrant community. Was the decision to move challenging? Turned out to be easy, once we started thinking about the future. I know a number of otherwise bright people who brushed the issues off ("I'll know when it's time,"), with unfortunate, predictable outcomes. I know of no one who feels they moved too soon. I have written an informal memo on what we learned along the way—it includes critical questions that we at first did not know to ask. I'd be happy to forward it (fchoppin@me.com).

Home life has become demanding, due to Caroline's developing Lewy body dementia. We had not anticipated this when we moved and are now very thankful that we did move! Confusion, sleeping much of the time, difficulty expressing herself or making even trivial decisions; but providentially, her memory is good, allowing her to enjoy going through family photos, for example. Most important, her very generous personality is unchanged. Our three children and four grandchildren are wonderfully present and helpful. The majority of our generation or our spouses have filled or will fill the role of spousal caregiver at some point. Enormous patience is required. I do not do as good a job as I would like, and the dynamics of that can be subtle; it is critical to lower expectations, which is difficult due to natural reluctance to accept what is happening, which leads to being annoyed, which message transmits! Ouch!

Five of us at Brookhaven, all spousal caregivers in one way or another, have started to meet regularly. I get more out of that than I do from reading or attending a talk on the topic. It was initiated after a fellow resident pointed out to me that sleeping most of the time was okay for her and for me. Should have been obvious, but I had missed that by focusing on its significance. Such friends make a huge difference. The good news is that many we know seem both to have done a good job and to have come through okay themselves.

Family: Our three children are productive citizens. One is in health policy (asthma, cancer); another is responsible for pediatric GI and endocrinology for the premier up-to-date (online) medical textbook; and the third provides civic websites to government bodies. They have humor, balance, and generosity. Grandkids seem to be heading the same way—I really like their generation.

Opinions: The pope has it right (mostly). Obama, too, though it's a tough world, e.g., global warming, health care. (Note that it has long been well-documented that all of the other developed countries do it better and cheaper! Yet . . .)

DAVID A. HORGAN. *Address:* 44 Prospect St., Apt. 2, Rutland, VT 05701-5065 (802-773-9012).

FREDERICK H. HORNE. *Home Address:* 3910 SW Fairhaven Drive, Corvallis, OR 97333-1432 (541-752-0145). *Email:* frederickhhorne@mac.com; frederickhhorne@me.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Clara Ann Johnson Horne. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six.

All three children received AB degrees from Harvard—two in 1985, one in 1989. All three went on to earn higher degrees elsewhere—JD Michigan, PhD Princeton (physics), MBA Columbia. The three grandchildren now in high school want to go to Harvard College. My fifteen years since retirement have featured travel around the world, reading, and grandchildren.

DONALD KIMM HOWARD JR. *Home Address:* 979 Hogwarts Circle, Petaluma, CA 94954-7497 (707-637-0868). *Email:* binkybunji2@comcast.net. *Children:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Fourteen. *Great-grandchildren:* Four.

QUINCY HOWE. *Address:* 100 York St., No. 7N, New Haven, CT 06511-5643 (203-777-0311).

THOMAS PRINCE HOWES. *Address:* 8 Silvermine Woods, Wilton, CT 06897-4234 (646-660-1494).

KENNETH DEAN HUBBARD. *Home Address:* 1 Beacon Hill Lane, Greenwood Village, CO 80111-5239 (303-584-9432; *Mobile:* 303-886-8518). *Occupation and Office Address:* Attorney. Haynes & Boone LLP, 1801 Broadway, Suite 800, Denver, CO 80202-3836 (303-382-6232; *Fax:* 303-382-6210). *Spouse/Partner:* Eleanor G. Hubbard. *Children:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Eleven.

Since I am already several days late in returning this report, I will be very brief. I am still practicing resources law, but as a contract attorney with Haynes & Boone LLP, a 550- to 600-person international law firm with its main office in Dallas, Texas. Fogani & Faught, where I had been for several years until this year, has become the Denver office of Haynes & Boone LLP.

Eleanor and I still spend time traveling, primarily to visit: (1) son Dean and his wife, Mary Jo Lombardo, currently in Washington, DC, with son Jesse at Columbia Law School and daughter Maya (a graduate of Emory University) in Atlanta, Georgia; (2) daughter Amy and her family (husband Dr. Carter Jones, son Dylan, and daughters Sydney and Charlotte) in Del Mar, California; (3) son Randy, a lawyer, with wife Tina, son Alex, now in Dallas with the Special

Olympics, and daughter Michelle, currently in Paris with an NYU teaching program; (4) son Ted (Edward R.) with Support Inc. (helping people with developmental disabilities), his daughter Arielle at Azusa Pacific University (near Los Angeles) in an opera program, and son Simon at Boulder High School (playing piano and drums); and (5) son Curtis, no longer the editor of the *Denver Post* but now with Onsight Public Affairs Group, with wife Katie in charge of the financial aspect of Balfour Retirement Home in Louisville, Colorado, daughter Brooke at Denison University, near Columbus, Ohio, and daughter Thayer, a junior high school student and athlete in Louisville, Colorado. Whew!

More details if and when we see all of you at our Sixtieth, which we do hope to attend.

EMANUEL BERTRAM "PAT" HUDOCK JR. *Home Address:* 312 Stonybrook Drive, Norristown, PA 19403-2726 (610-539-5474; *Fax:* 484-679-1120; *Mobile:* 610-247-9132). *Email:* hudockdoc@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Anne (deceased). *Children:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Twelve. *Great-grandchildren:* Seven. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Air Force, chief of medicine, 862d Medical Group, Minot, ND, 1964–66; Air Force Commendation Medal, Strategic Air Command Certificate of Appreciation.

Another five years. Apart from having more offspring and undergoing two operations that did not turn out as desired, little has changed. Great-grandchildren are now seven in number. A three-year-old great-granddaughter loves trucks. I give her toy trucks. She responds: "I love you, Great-Grandpop." Life is worth living.

Plantar fasciitis of the right foot did not respond to a year of PT and exercise Rx. Operation "cured" it for six months and then it returned. Total left knee replacement was complicated by post-op infection that resulted in that leg being twenty-four degrees short of full extension. Opinions have uniformly have been against reoperation. Ambulation has become somewhat of a challenge. On the other hand, on Halloween 2015 I shall be a twenty-five-year cancer survivor.

I can understand how my immediate offspring have developed different beliefs during their maturation. I am perplexed by their developing different tastes in mustard. Both my late wife and I were raised on the same brand of mustard. In turn we raised our kids on this brand. As adults, two children consume a different national brand. One who lives in western Pennsylvania consumes what might be termed a local brand. I thought they were noted for their ketchup and fifty-seven varieties. One does not consume mustard, and one refuses to answer the question. Such is life.

DAVID W. HUNT. *Home Address:* 80 Saint Paul St., Loft 6K, Rochester, NY 14604-1335 (585-413-0917). *Email:* jmhunt@rochester.rr.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Joan. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Two.

As a liberal arts major, I'm now glad they made me take Nat Sci my freshman year, otherwise I would never understand what my two geologist sons do for a living. My daughter is a strategic planner for one of Rochester's businesses. Our grandchildren are young adults now, with a granddaughter, Claire, graduating from the Fashion Institute in New York City last June and now working for corporate America in Macy's planning division. Our grandson graduated from the Culinary Institute in Hyde Park, New York, and is working locally here in Rochester as a pastry chef. Joan and I have sold our house and now live in a loft apartment located in a former patent medicine plant (1850) in the center of the city.

MARTIN H. HUNT. *Home Address:* 100 Deerfield Rd., Sharon, MA 02067-2358 (781-784-5093; *Mobile:* 781-854-8069). *Email:* mhword@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Ruth Markus Hunt. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* US Army National Guard, Boston, 1957–1960; US Army Reserve, 1960–63.

Sixty years out from Harvard is indeed a long time. How our lives have evolved likely could not have been predicted fully. Most of us have reason, I hope, to be grateful for what life has brought us. At our age we realize that good health is a precious commodity that enables us to enjoy the richness that life has given us.

Family and doctors consume much of our time. The former has enriched our lives fully, and the latter have helped us to remain in a position to enjoy our family.

In 2013 I retired after completing about fifty-five years of full- and part-time service in various positions in the Boston Public Schools. I have replaced my writing tools with a chauffeur's cap, as I have become a full-time driver for Ruth and me. I don't mind, however, as her frequent visits to supermarkets and department stores enable me to do my reading of escapist mysteries while I wait outside in the car.

Ruth and I will have enjoyed around reunion time fifty-seven years of a delightful and wonderfully happy marriage that has brought us not only a lasting and loving companionship but also three accomplished and thoughtful children and five adorable grandchildren. We take pride in observing our children and grandchildren deal successfully with issues beyond those we faced when our kids were younger.

In the past five years we have had the pleasure to see our two older grandchildren, Josh and Rachel, graduate from the University of California at Davis. Josh is completing at this time his final year of law school, and his record has earned him a legal position with a major firm in San Francisco that he will be starting upon his graduation this academic year. Rachel graduated Phi Beta Kappa (exceeding by far my record) and is currently finishing a one-year stint teaching English to students ages sixteen to twenty-two in Guangzhou, China. I think that South America may be in her near future travel plans as she

seeks to develop her proficiency in Spanish. The three younger grandchildren, who live with their parents nearby in Sharon, are in high school and middle school. Scott, the oldest of our local grandchildren, celebrated his bar mitzvah in Israel in 2013. He is finishing the ninth grade at Sharon High School and has taken on the challenge of taking accelerated courses. He is on the debate team and also aspires to make the school's baseball team. Craig and Dana, twins (but each unique), will travel to Israel (with a side trip to Italy) for their bar and bat mitzvah in 2017. They will be entering grade seven at Sharon Middle School, where they have also demonstrated academic strengths and other interests (basketball and baseball for Craig and art and tennis for Dana). All our grandchildren are talented and exceptional individuals (what grandparent doesn't think this?) and exhibit diverse talents and interests. We are very proud of our children and grandchildren. The grandchildren face academic and social challenges in a world that is very different from that which even their parents faced not that many years ago. Ruth and I are thankful that we did not have challenges as difficult to address when our kids were growing up. (Or could it be that our aging memories are faulty?)

Ruth and I continue to enjoy our life's partnership. We find time to engage in weekly lunch and learn sessions at our temple, read regularly, take in a weekly movie, attend an occasional play, and spend time with our local grandchildren. Ruth has been the president of the Sharon/Stoughton League of Women Voters for many years. I spend time, probably too much, on the computer, but it has managed to keep me out of trouble, except for the computer viruses that mysteriously seem to find their way into my computer.

Ruth and I continue to take pleasure in family accomplishments, and we look forward to enjoying even more of them.

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SHOSUKE IDEMITSU.

MALCOLM ROSS ING. *Home Address:* 3338 Kamaaina Pl., Honolulu, HI 96817 (808-595-7775). *Occupation and Office Address:* Ophthalmologist. 1330 Ala Moana Blvd., Suite 10, Honolulu, HI 96814 (808-955-5951; *Fax:* 808-941-8646). *Email:* ingm002@hawaii.rr.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Audrey. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Great-grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army, medical corps, 1966–68.

Wow! Have five more years slipped by? Seems that only yesterday I received a hug from Vice President Joe Biden at our Fifty-fifth, in June 2010, after I turned around and took a photo of him and his Secret Service entourage on the Harvard campus. Audrey and I were on the pathway from our 1956 photo in front of Widener Library on our way to a lecture on health insurance at the time. Naturally, I was shocked that Biden put his arm around me, but then,

after I introduced Audrey to him as the light of my life, whom I had met at Lamont Library fifty-six years ago, he said, taking her hands in his and looking deep into her eyes, "Well, you can't be in the same age group as your husband. You have to be at least twenty years younger, like all the wives in Washington!" Was it a political gesture? You can answer that question when you hear that Audrey said to me, beaming, after this event, "I guess I will change my vote to Democratic after all!" (Eat your heart out, Clinton Ching, you staunch Democrat. See what you missed by not turning up at the Fifty-fifth!) For those of you who are still reading this report (although I suspect only my wife and a few of my buddies will be willing to suffer through this to the end), I will break this commentary into sections.

Professional: I am still in private practice of ophthalmology and serve as chair of ophthalmology and clinical professor in this specialty at the John A. Burns School of Medicine, University of Hawaii. I enjoy the teaching and have had two research papers published in peer-reviewed scientific journals, one of which was in the prestigious *American Journal of Ophthalmology* this past year. Another research paper was recently accepted for publication in the *Journal of Pediatric Ophthalmology and Strabismus*, entitled, "The stability of the functional cure in congenital esotropia." This latter paper was a twenty-year followup study of thirty-six children whom I had aligned surgically for congenital crossed eyes before the age of two years and is unique in the length of followup (which is rare for studies of this type). I am to be honored as the keynote speaker at the Seventh Annual International Pediatric Ophthalmology and Strabismus Meeting (IPOS) in Las Vegas in November 2015. I am still listed in *Best Doctors in America*, an honor I have had since 1992, and I plan to continue to practice my specialty until the well-meaning but misguided government makes it too onerous to continue.

Family: Audrey and I happily celebrate our sixtieth wedding anniversary this year. I have a clear recollection of how we first met that life-changing day just after Easter in 1954 while she was putting away books in the Polynesian book section of Lamont Library. You could see the disbelief on her face when I told her my home was in Hawaii during our introduction to one another. Is that fate or what? And to top it off, she was also shocked when I replied to her, after she told me that her name was Audrey, "That's my mother's name!"

Sports: I continue to surf and participate in the annual state championships in the "Golden Legends Division" (seventy-plus, or, as I call it, the Medicare Plus Division). I won the title in 2014 and was runner up in 2015. We finally have another surfer in the family, namely, my daughter, Debi, who took up this sport in her late thirties. She also participates in women's canoe races, including Molokai to Oahu, and does quite well in competition. Audrey beats me soundly at golf—the sport for grownups.

Politics: As I write this in September 2015, Trump leads the Republicans running in the primaries and he is having some success insulting his way through the competition. I suspect that Bill Clinton urged Trump to run, knowing that

Trump would perform just this way in the primaries. I am quite sure Clinton surmised that, if Trump fails to win the Republican nomination, Trump's ego will prompt him to run as a third-party candidate, thus guaranteeing Hillary the presidency (much like what happened when Perot ran against Clinton and George H. W. Bush). Clinton managed to secure the presidency of the United States with votes from only 43 percent of the electorate at that time. It is going to be interesting, because Hillary will still have to beat Marco Rubio or Carly Fiorina, and she is having troubles of her own, with her lack of trustworthiness and the various scandals. Who knows? Maybe Uncle Joe, who has not yet announced he will challenge Hillary and who gave me that hug five years ago in Harvard Yard, will wind up the Democratic nominee.

Personal health recommendations: Assuming that my classmates are interested in delaying the aging process and reducing inflammation, which is the common denominator in chronic disease processes, I recommend some books I have found helpful: *The Omega Rx Zone* by Barry Sears, PhD, *Healing Is Voltage* by Jerry Tennant, MD, and two books describing the toxicity of modern wheat, *Wheat Belly* by William Davis, MD, a preventive cardiologist, and *Grain Brain* by David Perlmutter, MD, a neurologist who dedicated his life's research to prevent brain and nervous system degeneration. And of course exercise, which has been found to generate new neurons in the dentate nucleus of the hippocampus—the hard drive of your memory center.

How the government and insurance companies plan to pay your physician for your care in the future (misunderstanding and attitude determine this new policy): Obama's concept of medical care was revealed in his interviews by reporters and at town hall meetings before the passage of his bill. Obama revealed his attitude that doctors do the maximum and often unnecessary in their care of patients to gain more pay. If you do not believe me on this point, you should ask the American College of Surgeons (ACS), an organization to which I belong, and ask the leadership of the ACS about its attempt to correct Obama on this point before the bill was passed with an exclusively Democratic senatorial vote in Congress.

It is true that medical insurance costs are the highest in the Western world, prompting the Department of Health and Human Services (HHS) to announce a major initiative calling for 30 percent of Medicare payments to be "value-based' through the use of alternative payment models (APMs) by 2016 and 50 percent of payments by 2018. HHS has set a goal of tying 85 percent of all traditional Medicare payments to quality or value by 2016 and 90 percent by 2028. The solutions proposed concentrate on payments to physicians while ignoring the dominant factors in health care expenses, namely, drug and technology costs. Not many know that it is illegal for Medicare to solicit bids to lower the cost for drugs. At present, government and private medical insurance entities will concentrate on the "waste" in the system by restricting doctors' payment linked to value, not volume. Doctors' pay will be linked to meeting certain "metrics," i.e., predetermined standards of good care.

Doctors will not be paid if these metrics are not met. Furthermore, physicians are going to be financially rewarded for withholding care. Accountable care organizations (ACOs) will be set up and encouraged by our government and insurance companies to discourage "overtreatment." If providers in the ACO model are able to deliver care for the assigned beneficiaries at a cost below an agreed-upon benchmark that realizes a certain quality goal, they get to share in the savings. Additionally, in the government-promoted bundled payment model, a single payment is made for services delivered during an episode of care related to a medical condition or procedure. The government-controlled Patient Payment Approval Board (PPAB) set up by Obamacare will determine which procedures will be covered and the payments to doctors. This board is appointed by the president without any representation by a physician.

The problems inherent in these "solutions":

1. The administration has a misguided view of medical care. Payments based on "good results" that cost less but do not take into account the patients' clinical condition are bound to being inaccurate. As I recently pointed out at a staff meeting at the largest hospital in Hawaii, the patient's clinical condition should also be rated. Physicians should be paid more rather than less for taking care of the more complex and seriously ill patient. Just ask yourself: if the patient has a history of a stroke, high blood pressure, or diabetes, are the chances less for a good clinical result when compared to caring for a patient without these cofactors?
2. ACOs and bundled payment models, which are being promoted by the government and insurance companies, will be tempted to cherry-pick their patients so that a negotiated prepaid price for delivery of care will not be exceeded by the actual care costs, so that the physician will be able to have a financial bonus at the end of the year.
3. The "wild card" in these cost-saving systems is the patient's own desire to get well, his or her compliance with the treatment plan, and the intelligence of the patient.
4. Payments by the insurance company to physicians to withhold medical care is in direct conflict with the physician's Hippocratic oath, which pledges loyalty only to the patient. The public should be reminded that a physician cannot serve two masters!

The future of Harvard: I do not want to end on a gloomy note, so I will share my belief that the future of Harvard is secure. Harvard taught me that its motto, *Veritas*, is incredibly important in dealing with life's challenges. I will never forget my Gen Ed A instructor, Strauss, in my freshman year, saying to our class that any essay that he graded would be given a good grade if the rationale for the conclusions in the paper were supported by cogent arguments. Presumably that condition still persists at our alma mater, and I would recommend our institution to my great-granddaughter even today.

RONALD F. INGLEHART. *Home Address:* 2626 Geddes Ave., Ann Arbor, MI 48104-2715 (734-996-0221). *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor. University of Michigan, Dept. of Political Science, P.O. Box 1248, Institute for Social Research, Ann Arbor, MI 48106-1248. *Email:* rfi@umich.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Marita R. Inglehart. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Private first class, US Army, Fort Riley, KS, 1957–59.

I enjoy teaching so much that I've continued to teach full-+time at the University of Michigan, but I plan to retire in 2018.

I've continued to help direct the World Values Survey, which has surveyed representative national samples of the public of more than one hundred countries every five years since 1981. We are studying changing beliefs and values and analyzing their consequences. My interest in changing worldviews was stimulated by two wonderful courses that I took in my first year at Harvard—Ideas of Good and Evil in Western Literature (Hum 4), and Changing Views of the Cosmos, from the Ancient Egyptians to the Big Bang (Nat Sci 2). My colleagues in the World Values Survey and I are now preparing to launch a new wave of surveys in 2017.

I also direct the Laboratory for Comparative Social Research at the Higher School of Economics in Moscow and St. Petersburg, training PhD-level Russian students. And I'm writing a book entitled "Cultural Evolution," which I hope to finish by June 2016.

THOMAS EDWIN INGRAM. *Home Address:* 148 Moorings Park Drive, Apt. L304, Naples, FL 34105-2446 (239-643-2650). *Email:* tingram@infionline.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Eloise Lindenberger Ingram. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Specialist third class, US Army, Fort Knox, KY, 1955–57.

Our lives continue to be busy and productive, following our move in 2008 to an independent-living arrangement in a well-run Naples retirement community called Moorings Park. I have remained quite active in nonprofit organizations, serving as a director of the Chartered Financial Analysts Society of Naples, the Moorings Park Foundation, the Harvard Club of Naples (of which I had previously been the founding president), and the Northwestern University Club of Naples. I also continue to serve on committees for several local nonprofits, such as the Community Foundation of Collier County and the Forum Club of Southwest Florida.

We still enjoy travel, both domestic and at least one international trip every year. Since our last Reunion, we have taken an HAA-sponsored trip from Prague to Paris, a visit to Lizard Island (Australia) and New Zealand, a cruise on a remote stretch of the Amazon river in Peru, and, most recently, a cruise to Greenland and the Canadian Arctic. We are already looking forward to next summer, when we are scheduled to visit England, France, Spain, and Ireland.

To celebrate my eightieth birthday this year, we hosted all eleven of our children and grandchildren at a lovely beach resort on the Gulf here in Naples.

We also enjoy fairly frequent visits to New England, where we still own a share in a cottage on Nantucket. This allows extra family visits, since two of our sons and all four of our grandchildren live in Concord, New Hampshire, and Andover, Massachusetts. We hope the next five years will allow me to maintain my active involvement in many worthwhile nonprofit groups, along with our travels to visit family up north and exciting trips all over the world!

JACK R. H. INY. *Address:* Unknown.

ROGER DWIGHT IRLE. *Home Address:* 2635 Second Ave., Apt. 1025, San Diego, CA 92103-6567. *Seasonal Address:* (summer) 7315 166th Ave. E., Sumner, WA 98390.

Walking in the sunshine in a large park with gardens and museums is a daily option. Public transport to medical and dental care is only two blocks away. The panoramic view of the harbor and ocean beyond are just outside my tenth-floor window. The amenities in my retirement home are calm and the food is good. I prefer live music and theater and venture out at least once a week, and regularly attend a worship service.

DAVID K. ISRAEL. *Home Address:* 146 Leonard Circle, New Hyde Park, NY 11040-3726 (516-741-5419): *Email:* dkisrael@mac.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Karen Bartscherer Israel. *Children:* Two.

Achievement and being "productive" are not nearly as important to my happiness as I once thought they were. I thoroughly enjoy a life of leisure: theater, dance, museums, concerts, galleries, remarkable restaurants, travel, hiking, spas and exercise, good health, and loving companionship. The only work I do is in support of charities, particularly helping impoverished children in Tanzania obtain educations through college.

RICHARD ISRAEL. *Address:* 541 Emerald Court, Aurora, OH 44202-7863 (216-371-2103).

BARRY SHELTON JACKMAN. *Home Address:* 9576 Basket Ring Rd., Columbia, MD 21045-3420 (410-997-8514). *Email:* bsjackman@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Teruko Hosokawa Jackman. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, USS *Uhlmann* (DD-687), US Pacific Fleet, 1956–59.

JAMES WYNN JACOBS. *Address:* 40817 W. Rio Grande Drive, Maricopa, AZ 85138-1806 (256-582-1211).

PAUL WALTER JAMESON. *Home Address:* 419 College Rd., Concord, MA 01742-5418 (978-369-0006). *Email:* paul_jameson@comcast.net; jamesop79@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Joanna Souza Jameson. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:*

Three. *Military/National Service:* Specialist fourth class, US Army Reserve, Fort Dix, NJ, Fort Lee, VA, 1957–1963.

My wife, Joanna, and I are delighted that my son Drew, his wife, Minna, and daughter, Alice, live temporarily with us in our house in Concord, Massachusetts. Drew teaches at a nearby school and they are saving to buy a house. Living with a nine-month-old granddaughter has been a new and wonderful experience for me. I feel I'm having a caregiving experience I missed when I spent my days earning a living. I also see how much work caregiving requires. My wonderful wife already discovered that when we raised our two sons, with her being the caregiver when I was at work. She is retired now, after having worked a long time at another school in Concord. My other son, Matthew, is a doctor of psychology at the V.A. in Roanoke, Virginia, helping veterans with PTSD. His wife, Angela, is finishing a degree in social work after a career in the military.

I've been retired for two and a half years and am pursuing things that I couldn't while working. I meet with a small group of retirees laboring to master the complicated mathematics of Einstein's Theory of General Relativity. We are trying to understand the mathematical consequences of the curvature of the four-dimensional space-time, this curvature that creates "the effect of gravity."

I've become more politically active, working for liberal Democratic and peace-oriented causes. I'm a non-Jewish member of the Jewish Voice for Peace, a group that works for equitable treatment of the Palestinians. I bicycled through Cambridge with a group from the Palestine Advocacy Project, displaying protest signs on our backs. We had surprisingly enjoyable discussions with people on both sides of the issue, and the experience turned out to be fun.

I generally ride a bike about ten to fifteen miles a day while stopping for a cup of coffee in the middle of the ride. I've been delighted to be able to ride a bicycle again. I had commuted into Cambridge from Concord on a bike, but developed inflamed arthritic knees and stopped riding. But I discovered two years ago that I can ride for modest ten-mile trips with few or no symptoms if I use bike shoes that lock my feet to the pedals. The cleats allow me to pull up on the pedals while going up hills, which reduces any stress on my knees. I'm delighted that I can resume this invigorating mode of getting around.

ROBERT I. JASPAN. *Address:* 1375 Waterloo Court, Riverside, CA 92506-4731 (951-682-7343).

PETER FAULKNER JEFFRIES. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 933, Walpole, NH 03608-0933 (603-756-2933). *Email:* arnjeff@myfairpoint.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Jeanne Fessenden Arnold. *Children:* Seven. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army.

The practice of family medicine was extremely rewarding and should be the basis of the US medical system. I spent three years in army health care, then fifteen years in family medicine in Peterborough, New Hampshire, followed by fifteen years of teaching family medicine residents full-time as the center director. Retired, I have pursued gardening, genealogy, and travel.

MICHAEL CHARLES JENSEN. *Email:* jandmjens@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Jane Woodruff Jensen. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Naval Reserve, destroyer duty during Cold War; three years active.

Eighty years old and lucky enough to have my beloved Janie always by my side; our two children and their spouses an easy Amtrak ride away; our five grandchildren scattered around the globe but constantly present, thanks to Twitter, Instagram, and texting. They come to Mystic. We go to New York City, Pennsylvania, and Washington, DC. We travel together and celebrate together. It's a circle of love, and it makes these "bonus" years a wonder and a delight. Who knew the eighties could be so good! *Veritas.*

EDWARD WILLIAM JOHNSON. *Address:* Unknown.

WILLIAM BRULE JOHNSON. *Address:* 2174 Clayton Drive, Menlo Park, CA 94025-6223 (650-854-0496).

PETER HADLEY JONES. *Address:* 18 Warrington Drive, Lake Bluff, IL 60044-1321 (847-482-0651).

ROBERT E. JONES. *Address:* 10245 S. Green Tree Court, Olathe, KS 66061-7447 (913-782-6350).

THOMAS DEVART JONES. *Home Address:* 38 Hearthwood Drive, Hilton Head Island, SC 29928-2905 (843-363-6257). *Other Phone:* 843-415-6093. *Email:* acecarol@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Carol K. Jones. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Ten.

Carol and I are very fortunate. We are healthy, active, and enjoying life, especially quality time with our family and friends. We have lost some very dear Harvard friends, which makes us appreciate the many Harvard memories and relationships we have enjoyed over the years. We look forward to the Sixtieth Reunion.

LAWRENCE C. JORDAN. *Address:* 200 Paula Lane, Petaluma, CA 94952 (707-762-3068).

MARTIN L. JOSEPHSON. *Home Address:* 24500 Pat Pl., Woodland Hills, CA 91367-1065 (*Mobile:* 310-720-8500). *Email:* martyjay21@gmail.com. *Spouse/*

Partner: Janie Josephson. *Children:* One. *Stepchildren:* One. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Step-grandchildren:* Two.

WILLIAM S. KADEN. *Home Address:* 27 Llewellyn Way, P.O. Box 207, Edgartown, MA 02539 (508-627-5274). *Seasonal Address:* 170 Clocktower Drive, Waltham, MA 02452. *Email:* wkaden@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Elizabeth Howe Kaden. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* US Army, 1962–64.

I don't like lemonade; luckily, life didn't present me with the need to make it. I've been blessed.

ARNOLD M. KAGAN. *Home Address:* 111 Perkins St., Apt. 166, Jamaica Plain, MA 02130 (617-522-1688; *Mobile:* 617-905-3509). *Email:* gmkagan@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Golda. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six.

I retired in January 2014. Eighteen months later, on July 25, 2015, our happy retirement was interrupted when Golda and I, passengers in an automobile, were involved in a serious accident. Two months later we are recuperating in our matching Aspen collars. We are hopeful that we will be back to normal in time to attend the Reunion.

PAUL MICHAEL KALAGHAN. *Home Address:* 301 Linden Ponds Way, Apt. BC 604, Hingham, MA 02043-3752 (781-875-3085). *Email:* pmkal@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Kathryn N. Kalaghan. *Children:* Four.

Having retired as vice provost at Northeastern University some twenty-five years ago, I have had the opportunity to develop and present educational courses for an unexpected audience: senior citizens. No longer limited to solitaire, the attendees were eager to learn the basics of operating systems (Windows), word processing, spreadsheets, email, and Internet searches. Each nine-month section was concluded with a month of digital photography classes. It was a great experience for me and, I hope, for all the wonderful people that I had the good fortune to meet. But as time passes, one's acumen invariably dulls, so I've turned the podium over to more capable people. Now, at eighty-one, I try to follow the march of technology and astronomy, especially cosmology. In between, I love to watch professional tennis with my wife on our sixty-inch TV!

HAROLD JAMES KANAVOS. *Address:* 440 Main St., Cotuit, MA 02635-3121 (508-420-0113).

JOHN A. KANEB. *Home Address:* 34 Masconomo St., Manchester-by-the-Sea, MA 01944-1452 (978-526-4100). *Occupation and Office Address:* Chairman. HP Hood LLC, 6 Kimball Lane, Lynnfield, MA 01940-2685 (617-887-3000; *Fax:* 617-887-8333). *Email:* john.kaneb@hphood.com; andrea.fountain@hphood.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Virginia M. Pyne Kaneb. *Children:* Six. *Grandchildren:*

Eighteen. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, Newport, RI, 1957–59.

Ginny and I are still happily married and look forward to celebrating our fifty-ninth anniversary next June.

Between chairmanship of our principal family business and some hands-on, not-for-profit affiliations, I have a full-time work load and am very happy with it. The principal family business is HP Hood LLC, a dairy processor with twelve plants and approximately 2,700 employees.

Eleemosynary activity consists of active/semiactive emeritus trustee or member roles with the Archdiocese of Boston, Harvard Medical School, University of Notre Dame, Massachusetts General Hospital, and McLean Hospital, and an active trustee role with the Innocence Project. The mission of this organization is to prevent wrongful convictions and to exonerate wrongfully convicted persons—of which there are many.

STEPHEN LEE KANNE. *Home Address:* 2664 Cordelia Rd., Los Angeles, CA 90049 (*Phone and Fax:* 310-476-8259; *Mobile:* 310-954-6469). *Seasonal Address:* (June 1–Nov. 15) 270 W. Fork Rd., Durango, CO 81303-7641 (970-247-1192). *Email:* caslk@aol.com. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.stephenlkanne.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Claudia Adams Kanne. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

Life is wonderful! Still enjoying every second of retirement (now in my twenty-second year).

My wife, Claudia, and I spend roughly 60 percent of each year in Los Angeles and the remainder at our summer home in Durango, Colorado. Together, we share our passion for travel and for spending time with friends. Aside from that, I go to a gym regularly, read extensively, and write. (I'm currently finishing my second novel, *The Lynching Waltz*, to be published shortly. Interestingly, classmate Otis Gates was a great help to me not only in endorsing *Lynching* but also in polishing its manuscript.) While we're in Durango, I spend a fair amount of time fly fishing on beautiful mountain lakes and in New Mexico's incomparable San Juan River.

Claudia, my wife and best friend of forty years (second only to our always hungry golden retriever, Willow), loves anything creative and has found an outlet in writing and producing documentary films. Her first two received numerous film festival awards, and she's currently in postproduction on her third (filmed in Pakistan).

Beth, our older daughter, and her husband live with their two young boys in Santa Barbara, where she has a busy practice as a marriage, family, and child counselor. Our second daughter, Lynn, and her husband live in Seattle, where she's a dean at a community college and he works for the University of Washington's Arboretum Foundation.

With our good health and busy lives, we couldn't be happier. We look forward to the Sixtieth Reunion.

WARREN KANTROWITZ. *Home Address:* 337 Goddard Ave., Brookline, MA 02445 (617-566-2078; *Fax:* 617-738-6127; *Mobile:* 617-755-1639). *Other Address:* 5 Kings Hwy., Chilmark, MA 02535 (508-645-9078). *Spouse/Partner:* Harriet Kantrowitz. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Air Force, Crete, 1962–63.

The "old gray mare is getting old" (or whatever the expression is). I now have five medical specialists. The latest is an ophthalmologist who has operated for cataracts in both eyes. The five specialists are for five different organs. If I live long enough, I might get a specialist for each of my organs. I now have to schedule my tennis matches around my doctor visits. Even with this scheduling conflict, I feel great and play tennis three times a week.

The most important activity in our life centers on grandchildren. We are blessed with four terrific, healthy, and happy grandchildren. Our northern country clan, Joshua and Cornelia, Willa (seven), and Leo (five), live in Peacham, Vermont (population six hundred), part of the beautiful Northeast Kingdom. Our city group, Jill and Greg, Theo (six), and Elliot (four), have just bought a home in Brighton (not very far from where Harvard University is developing a new campus). They are thirteen minutes from our home and our cars know the way blindfolded.

All four grandchildren love Legos. (I should have bought the stock a long time ago.) They all have superb athletic ability. (They take after their grandfather.) They are great swimmers. The northern crew excels in winter sports and are already excellent on skis. The city bunch love baseball, basketball, and tae kwon do. From my point of view, their greatest achievement is bringing great joy and happiness to their grandparents.

As best I can make out, the grandchildren, combined, take lessons in violin, drums, tennis, soccer, swimming, gymnastics, horseback riding, basketball, and whatever tae kwon do is. I don't remember my parents giving me any lessons, except my mother made me take five years of piano that I hated.

My wife continues to amaze me, even after forty-two years of marriage. (I also courted her for five years prior to that.) She continues to improve on the tennis court; becomes more creative in the kitchen; and has shown a beautiful talent for interior decorating, making our homes comfortable and welcoming. She remains active volunteering at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute, our temple, singing, and the Massachusetts Medical Society Committee on Family and Domestic Violence.

The stock market had a good year in 2014–15 (until recently). I think that has proven to be both good and bad. On the positive side, my investments have become more valuable. On, questionably, the negative side, I promised Harriet a new kitchen if the Dow Industrial Average reached 17,000. (It actually reached 18,000.) My wife is busy exploring all her options for new counters and appliances and cabinets. This may offset any earnings I had in the stock market. I am sure I will be a very proud husband when she has completed the project. I must admit, I will miss the forty-two-year-old microwave and thirty-five-year-old refrigerator when they disappear.

Our travel plans last year included trips to Arizona, Florida,Vermont (many times), Maine, Washington, DC, and Maryland. The family got away on our yearly excursion to a resort at Mount Washington in New Hampshire. All ten of us (our children, their spouses, and the grandchildren) had a memorable time.

Harriet and I spend a great deal of time on the tennis court. (I am not getting better, but the exercise and comradeship are wonderful.) We fill our time with lectures, theater, benefit galas, the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, and tours and lectures at the Arnold Arboretum. We continue to spend our summers on Martha's Vineyard. Last year I developed Lyme disease (very common on the Vineyard). I became a teaching case, because I had the most classic "bull's eye" rash that everybody wanted to see.

I usually try and end with a short dissertation on my philosophy and feelings. It is very difficult this year. Recently, France had a calamitous terror attack on the *Charlie Hebdo* satirical newspaper, threatening free speech, free expression, and the press. Although control has changed in the Congress, there is no greater cooperation or enhanced governing for the people and the country. I still look for an outstanding statesman to step forward to unite all of us; maybe it is too much to ask. Possibly an invasion from outer space (tongue in cheek) might cause enough fear and concern that all religions, countries, and ethnic groups would come together and blend into a unified, caring, and supporting world. (I can dream, can't I?)

Harriet and I wish all our friends and classmates a peaceful, sweet, and healthy year, Reunion, and another five years to our next get-together.

Joseph Francis Kapczynski Jr. *Address:* 44 Sea Vista Drive, Palm Coast, FL 32137-2502 (386-446-2985).

Warren Kadish Kaplan. *Home Address:* 10642 MacArthur Blvd., Potomac, MD 20854-3839 (301-765-8127). *Email:* wkaplan288@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Carolyn Kaplan. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* One.

One would think that sixty years after scooping up that Harvard diploma, one would have something really profound to say, or at the very least a fascinating and inspiring personal story that would instantly reduce the reader to tears, if not chuckles.

But, upon reflection, it seems that all the profound topics have already been written up, usually by writers far more articulate and eloquent than yours truly. Clearly, the world is going rapidly to hell, as evidenced by the sudden and totally scary rise of ISIS, immunity to antibiotics from eating meat, the parallel universe craziness of the Republican Party, and The Donald, but you already know all that, right? What more is there to say? And speaking of Trump (who as of this writing is leading in the national polls), let me say right now that

in the increasingly possible (however terrifying) event that he gets elected, I will be claiming refugee status to take my family to Canada, Australia, or (my favorite) New Zealand.

So, that brings me to my personal story. My legal career has consisted primarily of two chapters: twenty-five years as head of litigation at a Washington law firm, followed by a twenty-year stint at a nonprofit called the Washington Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights, from which I am now totally retired. I found both chapters to be immensely gratifying.

Retirement, of course, means more time . . . for everything. More time to spend with wife Carolyn, more time to visit with children and grandchildren on the West Coast, more time for travel, and more time to deal with the many medical issues that unavoidably beset us octogenarians. As you all well know, activities invariably expand to fill the time available. If you have only ten minutes to read the *New York Times*, you can read it in ten minutes. But if you have an hour to read the *Times*, it takes an hour. It takes me an hour.

In the past few years, I have been lucky enough to be able to check off the two items at the top of my bucket list: trekking in Bhutan and hiking in the Southern Alps of New Zealand. Earlier this year, I took my two sons hiking in the South Island, and it was absolutely spectacular: day after day of amazing, snow-capped mountain vistas, waterfalls, rivers, mind-boggling sunsets, etc. That is why—if the worst happens (see paragraph two, above), my first choice of a place of refuge will be New Zealand.

This is not an adverse reflection on Australia. While I was in NZ with the boys, Carolyn (a non-serious hiker) was doing her thing in Australia, and when we got together at a beach resort at the end for a few days of R&R, she confirmed Australia's reputation as a deeply attractive place to live.

On a more sober note, I have been dealing with prostate cancer for the past thirteen years. The good news is that if you have to get cancer, prostate cancer is the very best kind to get. It grows slowly, and its progress can be significantly impeded by timely doses of hormone therapy, radiation, and chemotherapy. As of now, I have no pain, I exercise regularly, and I hope to be able to keep kicking the can down the road for many years to come. The bad news is that if you live long enough, the cancer will probably get you in the end.

So, here we are at the end of this letter, and I suspect that I have not yet done enough to make you either laugh or cry, but I will do so now. If you have read this far, I am pretty sure that if you will close your eyes, sit quietly for ten seconds, and then utter aloud the following three words, doing so will absolutely, positively result in either hilarious laughter or anguished tears of sorrow and regret (but probably not both):

President Donald Trump.

ABBA J. KASTIN. *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor; Endowed Chair. Pennington BioMedical Research Center, 6400 Perkins Rd., Baton Rouge, LA 70808-4124 (223-763-2715). *Email:* peptides@pbrc.edu.

Our research continues on biologically active peptides, particularly those interacting with the blood-brain barrier, However, as funding from my two current R01s ends soon, I may consider retirement. Perhaps I might travel more, but even now have been out of the country five times in the last year, revisiting many of the more than one hundred countries previously seen. The second edition of the two-thousand-page *Handbook of Biologically Active Peptides*, published by Elsevier, is finished, and they are also the publishers of the journal *Peptides*, which I edited for thirty-five years. Elsevier is celebrating this by making the October issue of the journal a festschrift in my honor.

SHERMAN ALAN KATZ. *Address:* 14637 W. Pecos Lane, Sun City West, AZ 85375 (623-214-8716).

DONALD S. KAUFMAN. *Home Address:* 146 Paulson Rd., Waban, MA 02468-1230 (617-969-3043; *Mobile:* 617-842-5430). *Office Address:* Massachusetts General Hospital, 10 N. Grove St., Boston, MA 02114 (617-726-8689). *Email:* dskaufman@partners.org. *Spouse/Partner:* Suzanne Jasper Kaufman. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Military/National Service:* Major, US Army, director of oncology, Letterman Army Medical Center, San Francisco, CA, 1967–69.

Well, friends, after fifty years of Boston medicine, mostly at Massachusetts General Hospital, I thought I had experienced everything. Alas, I was mistaken. I did lots of doctoring but had never been a patient. Two years and seven operations later, I now feel I qualify completely. I realize, of course, that it is much easier to be someone's physician than a patient. But I have learned a lot by going through this.

By necessity, I gave up my patient care activities and my directorship of the genitourinary unit at MGH. I'm still very active at Harvard Medical School, having accepted an offer to join the faculty as senior member of the new ethics committee.

On November 2, 2015, I had the honor of a presentation of the Donald S. Kaufman Endowed Chair in Medical Oncology, a nice capstone to my very satisfactory career.

I would like the class agents to know how important Harvard has been in my family's life. My daughter Debbie is a member of the Class of '85, and my daughter Miriam is a member of the Class of '90 and also a graduate of the School of Public Health. Debbie's daughter, Isabel, is Harvard '19, and her son, Michael, has just been accepted into Harvard's Class of perfect vision, 2020. As far as donations are concerned, I calculate what I can possibly afford and then I double it.

I look forward to seeing many of you at our Reunion in May.

SUMNER KAUFMAN. *Home Address:* West Newton, MA (617-244-3898). *Occupation and Office Address:* President (investment banking). Kaufman & Co. LLC, 101 Federal St., Suite 1310, Boston, MA 02110-1968 (617-426-0444;

Fax: 617-542-6506). *Seasonal Address:* (June–Oct.) 671 Old Post Rd., Cotuit, MA 02635-2800 (508-428-2213). *Email:* skaufman@kcollc.com; skaufman@kaufmanandco.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Carol Adrienne O'Keeffe Kaufman. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Cadet, US Naval Reserve, 1953–55; US Army Reserve, Fort Devens, MA, 1957–1963.

And now, the familiar octogenarian's query: "Is it really happening that I am writing this from the distance of sixty years out? What happened to the thirty-five years since our Twenty-fifth, or even the ten from the Fiftieth?" . . . but how fortunate to be able to ask!

Carol and I, being incurable creatures of habit, live in the house we bought way back in '64, fresh from our honeymoon, and where our children's children come and smile at their parents' grade school art assignments that still decorate a couple of rooms. And to underscore that habit thing, I am still working full-time at the boutique investment bank, Kaufman & Company, I started nearly forty years ago after spending eighteen years with White, Weld, a big, old-line Wall Street firm. It is my great good fortune that our son, Seth, joined me about twelve years ago. To complement that good fortune, our two daughters live within driving distance of the homestead, so family reunions are pretty easy and pretty regular.

In our Fifty-fifth Report, when the country was struggling to recover from the economic tsunami that nearly drowned us all, I wondered, "And in our responses to change, we have become experts at symptom treatment while remaining tyros as causal remediation. My hope is that, come the Sixtieth, we will have at last exercised a few of those remediation muscles." Alas, I must extend that hope out to our Sixty-fifth!

STEPHEN B. KAY. *Home Address:* 327 Heath St., Chestnut Hill, MA 02467-2820 (*Mobile:* 617-640-1250). *Occupation and Office Address:* Senior Director; Retired Partner. Goldman Sachs, Oliver Street Tower, 125 High St., 20th Floor, Boston, MA 02110-2704 (617-204-2015). *Email:* stephen.kay@gs.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Lisbeth Tarlow. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* US Air Guard, Massachusetts, 1958–1964.

In my last two class reports, I said that very little had changed, and that is, by and large, true today. In fact, there have been gradual changes: a couple of new hips, a little tinkering with my back, a lot less tennis, and more (yuck!) golf.

The kids are getting older and inevitably our times are changing with them. New family combinations—largely good. The children and grandchildren increasingly and appropriately have their own agendas, and we do our best to fit in. One of the high points of the past five years has been individual trips to Africa with my two French grandchildren. I highly recommend one-on-one trips.

I continue to be very active in the community, especially at Brandeis, the Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra,

where I have been chair or co-chair of the board, as well as Tenacity, a program I cofounded for inner-city Boston children.

Finally, as to Fair Harvard, my focus remains the School of Public Health, but our proximity to Cambridge opens up numerous activities.

Lis and I both believe that the way to stay young is to stay active. I'm in my office at Goldman Sachs most days, and Lis has become chair of the Museum of Fine Arts, which is a wonderful and demanding commitment. I'm looking forward to seeing many old friends at the Reunion, and I hope we have several more.

EDWARD VINCENT KEATING JR. *Home Address:* 73 Tussock Brook Rd., Duxbury, MA 02332 (781-585-1229). *Spouse/Partner:* Elaine Travers. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* US Army.

ROBERT KEITH. *Home Address:* 641 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11238-3809 (*Phone and Fax:* 718-638-7854; *Mobile:* 917-842-8455). *Email:* roberto641@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Laura Hill Coleman Keith. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* Officer trainee, US Marine Corps Reserve, Harvard College; Quantico, VA, 1952–55; naval cadet, US Naval Reserve, 1955–56; lieutenant, US Naval Reserve, naval aviator; Whidbey Island, WA; Iwakuni, Japan; Kodiak, AK, 1956–59.

JACK KENNEDY. *Home Address:* 2604 Bridgeport Way, Sacramento, CA 95826-2907 (916-383-3852). *Email:* jkennedy34@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Fran Kennedy. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Specialist 5, US Army National Guard, California, 1957–1963.

Playing with the Harvard Band for four years inspired me to continue playing with various bands after graduation. For many years now I have been enjoying playing clarinet in two big community bands in Sacramento, California. In addition to music, my wife and I have been traveling around the world, grandparenting, taking Renaissance classes, and supporting and volunteering for various organizations that are working for peace and justice, the environment, and humanitarian efforts. Am looking forward to seeing classmates at the Sixtieth Reunion.

ROBERT KENNISON. *Home Address:* 16 Stanley Rd., Waban, MA 02468-2338 (617-332-6177; *Mobile:* 617-281-9237). *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor Emeritus of Obstetrics and Gynecology. Tufts Medical School, 800 Washington St., Boston, MA 02111-1526 (617-636-1582; *Fax:* 617-636-4215). *Seasonal Address:* (Jan. 1–April 1) 232 Vista Royale Circle E., Palm Desert, CA 92211 (616-281-9237). *Email:* rkennison9@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Reisha. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army, 1965–67.

I retired from clinical practice eight years ago, but I still teach and serve on various committees at Tufts Medical School. I am the senior person in the institution by longevity. I enjoy traveling, playing golf and bridge, and visiting my children and grandchildren in Los Angeles. Palm Desert in the winter is beautiful and we have access to our kids more often. I plan to attend our next Reunion.

THOMAS BLAKE KENT. *Address:* 4107 Riley Drive, Longmont, CO 80503-4129 (303-682-3120).

ROBERT KERN. *Address:* 666 Salem Ave., Elizabeth, NJ 07208-2263 (908-965-0676).

EDWARD ANTHONY KILROY. *Address:* 7 Linkside Court, Northbridge, MA 01534-1294 (508-266-0250).

JEROME C. KINDRED. *Address:* 3275 S. Stafford St., Arlington, VA 22206-2014 (703-931-6458).

BERTRAM EMORY KING. *Address:* 5012 Crestwood Drive, Waco, TX 76710-1706.

EDWARD MITCHELL KING. *Address:* Unknown.

RONALD STEPHEN KLINE. *Address:* 2150 Pelham Rd. N., St. Petersburg, FL 33710-3660 (727-345-0001).

HERBERT KEELER KLIPSTEIN. *Address:* Unknown.

CLARENCE ALFRED KRAMER JR. *Address:* 31 Woodlee Rd., No. 119, Staunton, VA 24401-2206.

LEWIS KRUGER. *Home Address:* 257 W. 86th St., New York, NY 10024-3105 (212-799-4915; *Mobile:* 917-822-4406). *Occupation and Office Address:* Lawyer; Of Counsel. Stroock & Stroock & Lavan LLP, 180 Maiden Lane, New York, NY 10038 (212-806-5430; *Fax:* 212-806-6006). *Email:* lkruger@stroock.com; llkruger@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Laura Kruger. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, Judge Advocate General's Corps, US Army Reserve, 1959–1965.

The past five years have been full of new experiences, professional and personal, all surrounded by a wonderful family life.

Laura and I recently celebrated our fifty-eighth anniversary, and, with good fortune, look forward to many more. Our two daughters, their husbands, and their children are a great source of wonder and pleasure. Our grandchildren

range in age from seven to twenty-two. Ivan Levingston, the eldest, is Class of '17 at the College and an active journalist on the *Crimson*. Our granddaughter, Miranda, is spending a gap year in Tel Aviv writing for the *Jerusalem Post* before starting at NYU in 2016. Serena, at thirteen years, is also a proficient writer. Eli and Addison, ages ten and seven, enjoy the trombone, assorted drums, and catching frogs.

In 2013 I left my law firm, Stroock & Stroock & Lavan, and became the chief restructuring officer of Residential Capital (ResCap), the former residential mortgage arm of General Motors Acceptance Corporation. I helped guide ResCap through a Chapter 11 proceeding with filed creditor claims in excess of $100 billion. At the conclusion of ResCap, I returned to the law firm. I continue to serve as the International Bar Association liaison to the United Nations Committee on International Trade Law (UNCITRAL), which meets for a week once a year at the UN in New York and then for a week at the UN in Vienna.

For the past five years I have been the chair of the board of the Museum of Arts and Design (MAD), located at Columbus Circle in New York. With more than three hundred thousand visitors a year, MAD, specializing in contemporary craft, art, and design, is now the fifth-most attended art museum in New York

Laura has been the senior curator at the Hebrew Union College-Jewish Institute of Religion Museum in New York since 1992. She produces contemporary fine arts exhibitions that go on to travel to museums throughout the United States. Between our dual commitments in the art world, we attend numerous international fine art shows, galleries, and museum openings.

I remain very close to friends I met in college and I am most grateful for their continuing friendship. See you all at Reunion!

ANDREW RAMSAY KRUMBHAAR. *Address:* Unknown.

STEPHEN A. KULICK. *Home Address:* 212 Howard Ave., Staten Island, NY 10301-4407 (718-448-3210). *Occupation and Office Address:* Director of Neurology. Neuroscience Associates of New York, 1099 Targee St., Staten Island, NY 10304-4310. *Email:* s.kulick@hca-si.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Marcia Press Kulick. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Military/National Service:* Commander, US Public Health Service, USPHS Hospital, Staten Island, NY, assistant chief of medicine, director of neurology, 1966–68.

WILLIAM F. KUSSIN. *Address:* 27 Concord Greene, Unit 5, Concord, MA 01742-3180 (978-369-4359).

WILLIAM LAIMBEER. *Home Address:* 220 S. Collier Blvd., Penthouse A, Marco Island, FL 34145-4836 (239-642-4579). *Email:* retiredgrampa@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Joan Waldon Laimbeer. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* US Marine Corps.

Fully retired—eighty-one years old and living full time on Marco Island, FL. No more trips to Harbor Springs, Michigan, for the summer.

Serious health problem—neck that will not straighten up. No more golf, no more driving a car. Children will be helping wife of sixty years provide me with home health care.

I'm supporting Hillary Clinton for president. Perhaps she will provide me with the health care I need.

JOHN T. LANE. *Home Address:* 41 Van Brunt Manor Rd., East Setauket, NY 11733 (631-751-0850; *Fax:* 631-689-7311). *Email:* jlaneok@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Carol M. Lane. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (retired), US Naval Reserve, Atlantic, Pacific, 1956–1960; China Service Medal; American Defense Service Medal.

I retired from a data processing firm in 2000, and my wife and I have lived quite comfortably since then. The period has included the birth of five grandchildren, several trips to Europe and the Caribbean, plenty of sailing our boat on Long Island Sound, and no serious medical problems. Our next trip, in May, will be on a river boat in France. I also have been active in various nonprofit organizations, mostly cultural and historic, near my home. This keeps my mind working and, I hope, will prolong my mental health. These things are enough to ask for, and I hope life continues much like this for some years to come. Unfortunately, I know some of us have not been so lucky and that misfortune could befall me, too, at any time.

Thinking about the larger world, I am disappointed that so many areas are in conflict or at war with one or more other areas. The United States is involved in several of these conflicts, and I'm not sure it needs to be. Sometimes I feel the United States should just withdraw all its active combat efforts from abroad and concentrate on the many economic and social problems here at home. That will probably never happen, but it is nice to think of the consequences of a world at peace, both abroad and at home.

I am looking forward to our Reunion in May and hope to see many friends from the "good old days."

COOPER H. LANGFORD III. *Home Address:* 70 W. Terrace Rd., Cochrane, AB T4C 1S5, Canada (403-981-1211; *Mobile:* 403-819-0167). *Occupation and Office Address:* Faculty Professor. University of Calgary, Dept. of Chemistry, 2500 University Drive NW, Calgary, AB T2N 1N4, Canada (403-220-3228). *Email:* chlangfo@ucalgary.ca. *Spouse/Partner:* Denise Wendy Boorman Langford. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* One.

Since the Fifty-fifth Report, I have continued my activity as a semiretired faculty member at the University of Calgary. My scientific work has been conducted in partnership with an environmental engineer and has focused on novel chemistry for use in remediation of organic contaminants. We received an award from the Alberta Engineering Society for a method for remediation

of PCB-contaminated soils on site. I have continued teaching in the Science Technology and Society program, with courses on technology in society and science in society, and I supervise graduate students. My publications have been in photochemistry and in innovation studies.

In this period, I have served on the board of directors of the Centre for Innovation Studies and the Arctic Institute of North America.

As a new direction, I have become principal author of the annual *Global Entrepreneurship Monitor Canada Report* (for 2013, 2014, and 2015).

My wife, Denise, is still working on getting me on one of her Paso Fino horses, although she is clear that, with my being a beginner at my age, it will not be one of her show champions but a calm, elderly mare. We value travel back to eastern Canada and visiting her globe-trotting daughter living in London, England.

Donald Langmuir. *Address:* 1545 Legend Lake Circle, Silverthorne, CO 80498 (970-262-0655).

Asher Clinton Langworthy Jr. *Home Address:* 6324 Ash St., Prairie Village, KS 66208-1369 (913-362-4067; *Fax:* 913-362-3312; *Mobile:* 816-225-3695). *Email:* asherlangworthy@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Audrey. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Corporal (E4), US Army, Criminal Investigation Command, 1956–59.

Both daughters graduated from Harvard and married Harvard men. Our first grandchild, Megan McLaughlin, graduates from Harvard in 2016; she may be the only grandchild to attend Harvard, but they're all good.

After discharge from the army, I rejoined my family home building firm. This April I completed its sale, and am now retired at the age of eighty-one.

Alcide Moodie La Noue. *Address:* 3902 S. Kenwood Ave., Tampa, FL 33611-1526 (813-832-3097).

Eugene Robert Lanzillo. *Address:* 401 Fifth St., St. Augustine, FL 32095 (904-824-2288).

Vincent R. Larson. *Address:* 8137 Hansen Rd. NE, Bainbridge Island, WA 98110-2677 (206-780-1200).

Pierre F. Lavedan. *Home Address:* 2439 S. Fairway Drive, Pocatello, ID 83201-2372 (208-237-0959). *Email:* pandslavedan@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Susan R. Lavedan. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Ten. *Great-grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Private first class, US Army, quartermaster corps; sergeant, active guard reserve; Presidential Unit Citation.

THOMAS M. C. LAWLER. *Address:* 24 Hampton St., Auburn, MA 01501-2614 (508-792-3495).

ALAN LOUIS LEBOWITZ. *Home Address:* 29 Cherry St., Somerville, MA 02144-3224 (617-666-1862). *Occupation:* Professor Emeritus of English. Tufts University. *Email:* alanlebowitz@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Nan Levinson. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Two.

There's an old *New Yorker* cartoon that's stayed in mind and now seems especially resonant. A man in a suit looking out the window of a high-rise office sees a friend outside dropping fast. "How's it going?" he asks casually. "So far, so good," comes the reply.

So far, so good, I echo increasingly, though usually in a cheerful vein. All's well, despite the minor aches and pains and the occasional more serious potholes. I'm very happily married to a wonderful, talented woman, and have been for some twenty-five years. Nan's most recent book came out the end of 2014. Titled *War Is Not a Game*, it's a narrative account of several antiwar groups in the military, focusing primarily on Iraq Veterans Against the War and looking back to similar groups of Vietnam War veterans. The digital agency that my son, Michael, and a friend started in a spare bedroom fifteen years ago now employs some seventy multitalented people in a large industrial space in Dumbo, Brooklyn, with a distant outpost in Seoul. Michael's a player in his field. He sits on numerous industry-wide panels and gives invited talks all over the world, most recently to an international group of businesspersons in a summer program at Harvard Business School.

As is obvious, I'm enormously proud of wife and son and take great pleasure in their accomplishments, as in their company. I've also got two lively, entertaining grandsons and some very dear old friends whom I see frequently. But there have also been some painful losses. Dan Stern, my roommate for four years and my lifelong friend, died in 2012. And Monroe Engel, my tutor senior year and my close friend ever since, died last year. Both were dear to me, and I miss them deeply.

PHILIP LEDER. *Home Address:* 7710 Woodmont Ave., Apt. 311, Bethesda, MD 20814-6057 (617-738-7397). *Email:* leder@genetics.med.harvard.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Aya Leder. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight. *Military/National Service:* US Public Health Service.

There is little I can add to a story that has been eighty years in the making. We all make our contributions—some more, some less. I chose an academic career in genetics, and was fortunate enough to be around when the field exploded. I rode it out, helping to establish the Department of Genetics at Harvard Medical School. A perfect wife and life partner, and three wonderful children. I wish you all as much.

DAVID STODDART LEE. *Home Address:* 27 Laurel Rd., Chestnut Hill, MA 02467 (617-731-4430). *Other Address:* 50 Pipers Point Lane, Alton, NH 03809 (603-569-3573). *Email:* dslee56@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Lucinda Hopkins Lee. *Children:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, Charleston, SC, 1956.

I was advised before retiring in 1997 that I should load up on outside activities to keep the mind and soul in good shape. I was involved with a number of philanthropic organizations, primarily on their boards with committee assignments. They were in the fields of education, elderly housing, land conservation, music, and theater. They were in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The morning I woke up and forgot where I was supposed to be that day, I started to peel off some of these responsibilities. You are no good to an organization when you are too stretched.

My golf game (for what it was!) met the same fate a year or so ago. My boating days may be another victim.

We enjoy our visits to Arizona (three times each year) and our weekends on Lake Winnipesaukee in New Hampshire (sometimes for a week in the summer). Our three children visit us in Brookline and Alton, occasionally in Arizona.

It sounds as if I'm getting older, which I am, but really our life is good when you think of the alternative. Looking forward to our Sixty-fifth Reunion!

ELISHA F. LEE. *Address:* 7 Polo Field Lane, Dedham, MA 02026-5637 (781-329-9069).

ORLAN LEE. *Mobile:* 626-731-1725. *Occupation and Office Address:* Life Member, Clare Hall (college for advanced study). University of Cambridge, Cambridge CB3 9AL, England (+44-01223-332360). *Email:* ol251@cam.ac.uk.

For twelve years I taught the general course in business law (English law as received in Hong Kong) at the Hong Kong University of Science and Technology (HKUST), and American business law for the global programs of the New York Institute of Technology (NYIT) in Amman, Jordan, and Nanjing, China. I was shocked on my return to the United States to see how a country with such strong individualistic, liberal convictions had adopted the features of a very different surveillance society.

During the past three years I have been engaged in a research project on Law, Privacy, and Technology. This interdisciplinary project is intended to promote insights in law and informatics while alerting the public to the dangers of purely intrusive personal data collection for undisclosed purposes. (See links on "Cambridge Big Data," http://www.bigdata.cam.ac.uk/directory/orlan-lee.)

NORBERT LE GALLAIS. *Home Address:* 3051 San Marco, I-30124 Venice, Italy (+39-041-529-7803). *Email:* n.legallais@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Rita Eckstein Le Gallais. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four.

I still have ties to Harvard '56 classmates. In fact, I correspond almost daily with David Maxey and also frequently with Roger Fleischmann. This represents an important link for me to past times.

Otherwise, I like to read and to study math. In Venice I see many non-Italian people who either live here or are tourists. I used to play tennis until three years ago. Now I have some balance problems when walking. My wife, Rita, still plays tennis. I try to watch *Amanpour* on TV each day for half an hour.

I would like to see former classmates who come to Venice. My son rents out apartments here.

RAYMOND ARTHUR LEITER. *Address:* 1030 N. Paseo de Golf, Green Valley, AZ 85614-3602 (520-625-1613).

STEPHEN J. LENDMAN. *Home Address:* 175 E. Delaware Pl., Apt. 6512, Chicago, IL 60611 (312-337-4300). *Email:* lendmanstephen@sbcglobal.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Deceased. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four.

In retirement, at age seventy, I began a second continuing career as a writer, author of four books, and radio host—all pro bono. I maintain a blog site (http://sjlendman.blogspot.com) with all my daily articles and information on my books—one on Iraq, two on Wall Street, and my newest on Ukraine.

Following graduation from Harvard in 1956, I spent two years in the army before attending graduate school and worked for several years as a marketing analyst before involvement in private business.

Nothing is more important in my life than my current work, explaining major world and national issues—fully and, above all, truthfully, so readers understand what they need to know. My writing and media work connected me with many people in scores of countries worldwide. I'm obligated to serve them well. My work speaks for itself. I'm committed to peace, equity, and justice for all.

JOHN G. LENESS. *Home Address:* 1192 Park Ave., New York, NY 10128-1314 (212-722-8958). *Spouse/Partner:* Jean S. Leness. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

RICHARD BONNER LEONARD. *Address:* 635 Old Barn Rd., Lake Barrington, IL 60010-6212 (847-304-5344).

JOSEPH WILLIAM LESTER JR. *Address:* 36 Carriage Drive, Avon, CT 06001-2310 (860-673-5395).

PAUL RAYMOND LEVESQUE. *Home Address:* 7412 Spring Village Drive, Apt. 205, Springfield, VA 22150-4494 (703-269-9691). *Email:* bevlev1@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Beverly Levesque. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, four years.

I retired on November 1, 2011, from my position as a contractor with Booz Allen Corporation. I'm leading a life of leisure, my day beginning with reading all sections of the *Washington Post*. I enjoy the outdoors and spend substantial time landscaping my corner lot on Martel Place.

Seniors, I believe, need to be fit to be fully engaged in life. As long as I'm able, I plan to continue running, walking, and swimming. My spouse and I enjoy exploring the world outside the United States. We're fond of the cruise ship mode of travel. In September–October 2015, we'll board a Regent Cruise Line ship in Amsterdam for a twelve-day voyage to ports-of-call in France, Spain, and Portugal. We'll unfortunately miss our Sixtieth Reunion in May 2016, due to a planned tour of central and northwestern Italy. My wife was born in Venice, Italy.

I'd like to take the occasion of our Sixtieth to pay tribute to Susan Shennan, Radcliffe Class of 1912, EdM '26, my New Bedford High School counselor, who supported my successful application for a scholarship at Harvard.

ALBERT B. LEVIN. *Home Address:* 93 Pleasant St., Lexington, MA 02421-6116 (781-862-1131). *Occupation and Office Address:* Semiretired Physician. Lahey Clinic, 41 Mall Rd., Burlington, MA 01805. *Email:* Albertandbonnie@yahoo.com. *Web/Social Media:* albertblevin.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Bonnie Jean Levin. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* Five.

Time has been kind to me.

In the five years since our last Class Report, I've been blessed with continued good health, loving relationships, and a variety of physical and intellectual activities.

I've continued working part-time in the echocardiography lab at the Lahey Clinic. The rewards have been threefold: intellectual stimulation, continued contact with a wonderful group of colleagues, and a modest financial reward to cover my small indulgences.

Meanwhile, my days are busy with multiple interests. I teach and take courses at Harvard's Learning in Retirement Program, a stimulating group whose membership includes many retired Harvard and MIT faculty. It's somewhat intimidating to attempt to "teach" them about Charles Darwin or Frederick Law Olmsted. I also volunteer as a docent at the New England Wild Flower Society's Garden in the Woods and have taught several courses on native plants.

Semiretirement has allowed me to resume my interest in photography, resulting in multiple one-man shows as well as exhibition in several juried group shows. You can see my work on my website (http://albertblevin.com). And I've continued my love of hiking, usually in the White Mountains or the Dartmouth area, but also in the Sierras, Big Sur, and Point Reyes. I hiked the Crawford Path for my eighty-first birthday and hope to make it an annual event. As we all know, there are worse ways to go than dying on a mountain.

My wife, Bonnie, continues to work hard as director of the Employee Assistance Program at Boston University and to maintain a small private

practice. I feel like a kept man! My daughter, Nikki (MD, PhD), is an associate professor of medicine at the University of Massachusetts School of Medicine. My son, Michael, is an intellectual property litigation partner with Wilson Sonsini in Palo Alto, California. My children have given me four grandchildren, who are growing up with terrifying speed.

I cherish my memories of Harvard and all the classmates who have helped shape my life. I've had a good life and I know it.

BERNARD LEVINE. *Home Address:* 2121 Highland Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48104-1733 (734-662-7924; *Mobile:* 734-546-7495). *Email:* aa0918@wayne.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Mary Jo May-Levine. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four.

However pressing the retirement business of housekeeping, health, and keeping up with this-world news, I am at work writing, for our One Hundredth Reunion Report, a posthumous meta-dialogue with the character(s) of Western Scripture.

I try discovering missing classmate Orlan Lee's present whereabouts by googling references to recent work of his on German and Chinese economics.

I try reaching missing classmate Roland Paul Blum via Colgate University, where reference is made online to colleagues who intended to honor his work at Colgate and Geneva, Switzerland, by endowing a chair in his name at Colgate.

LEONARD S. LEVINE. *Address:* 12 Orchard Hill Rd., R.R. 6, Katonah, NY 10536-3020 (914-232-8191).

RICHARD STANLEY LEVINSON. *Home Address:* 250 Hammond Pond Pkwy., No. 205S, Chestnut Hill, MA 02467 (617-916-9150; *Mobile:* 617-877-1221). *Seasonal Address:* (June 15–Sept. 7) 103 Delafield Drive, Lenox, MA 01240 (413-637-2103). *Email:* richardslevinson@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Phyllis Walt. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* One. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Step-grandchildren:* Two.

Enjoying retirement—reading, swim aerobics, attending concerts, travel, art museums, dance. Summers in Lenox are magical, trips abroad are educational and fun. Phyllis continues to be a delightful partner (twenty-four years!).

It's only the political scene that scares me. Where is our traditional care for those who are underprivileged, refugees, etc.? One can only hope the 2016 election brings relief from the narrow selfishness—but I'm not very optimistic.

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STANLEY J. LEVY. *Home Address:* 1088 Park Ave., Apt. 3F, New York, NY 10128-1132 (212-722-7410; *Mobile:* 917-647-6863). *Occupation and Office Address:* Senior Counsel (law firm). Levy Konigsberg LLP, 800 Third Ave., 11th Floor,

New York, NY 10022 (212-605-6210; *Fax:* 212-605-6290). *Email:* slevy@lpklaw.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Carol Grossman Levy. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* US Air Force, Mannheim, Germany; Roslyn, NY, 1958–1960.

I retired from Levy Phillips & Konigsberg, the firm I had founded in 2009, and became senior counsel to the firm. The firm continues to be a recognized leader in representing victims of asbestos-caused personal injuries. Although formally retired, I am still maintaining a full schedule. I am also serving as chairman of the board of United States Mineral Products Company, a company that manufactures and sells passive fire protection material in the United States and throughout the world, and am a consultant to three trusts that were formed to provide compensation to asbestos personal-injury victims.

Carol and I have celebrated our fifty-eighth wedding anniversary. We are fortunate to have our two daughters and five grandsons, ages nine to eighteen, living nearby. We live in New York City and really enjoy the city and take advantage of what the city has to offer.

Dexter S. Lewis. *Home Address:* 4100 Cathedral Ave. NW, Penthouse 2, Washington, DC 20016-3513 (202-362-1593; *Mobile:* 202-744-4942). *Email:* dexterlewis34@earthlink.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Dawn. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* US Army, two years.

Life rolls along. I stopped counting after our Fiftieth, but age comes all too quickly these days, and while the mind and body resist, they cannot hold off the inevitable. But age has its advantages. One no longer has the pressure of building. The goal now is survival and also ample time for reflection.

Health-wise, the news remains good. I am still able to play reasonable tennis and even went back to skiing and skating a bit in Vermont. All that macho stuff was fun and fine, but my real concern is losing my keys every other day and forgetting appointments and names.

Dawn had a knee replacement a few years ago, which unfortunately causes her daily pain, but she soldiers on and handles it well. She remains incredibly beautiful and calm and has put up with my antics for almost sixty years. She can read my thoughts before I express them, which is when you really know the value of a lasting relationship.

We still travel a lot, e.g., last year in Vietnam, Malaysia, the Baltics, Germany, and Austria, but traveling economy class on today's planes is an uncomfortable chore. Oh, for the return of the wide seats, white tablecloths, and wine.

The grandchildren are, of course, wonderful. Ours range in age from age thirteen to twenty-one, with the older one graduating from college in 2016. They are beautiful, smart, and fun, but I also realize that our worlds are very different. Technology charges ahead and past us (or at least me), and, while I try to adjust, I still love attending a movie in a theater, rather than streaming or, God forbid, watching on an iPhone.

Harvard seems so long ago, but the Reunion brings back memories of the Yard, Eliot House, preseason football practices, and attempting to sleep with

sixty others in the old IAB. When possible, I go to The Game, and am in awe of the size, speed, and skill of the players today. In our era we were pretty average, but somehow drew larger crowds.

Reality and our vulnerabilities set in more and more. Two of my roommates, Larry and Hank, died some years ago, and, like you, I read the obituaries in the bulletin rather than the births. Come on. We all do this.

I do worry about our country and the lack of civility in politics. Perhaps this is true of every generation that thinks it is going to hell, but this one seems especially nasty. In the end, I have confidence that young people will see the light and shed their narcissism and pull together as a nation, with values and concern for others.

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Still married (thank Heaven!) to same girl I married in Memorial Church between finals and Commencement in 1956. Six kids doing well. Grandkids doing well. Don't know how we raised all those kids. Can't imagine doing it again! But the nest is very empty. Di is looking to downsize. Me? Still working. Left Commonwealth Films, Boston, back in '03. Since then have been multimedia producer/director for Longyear Museum in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts. Have just completed the fourth in a cycle of documentaries about Mary Baker Eddy, discoverer, founder, and leader of Christian Science. Recent film premiered in December '16—now in DVD distribution—involved some fifty actors, period sets and costumes, full score, hundreds of photographs and news clippings; running time ninety-eight minutes, including account of the founding of the *Christian Science Monitor* in 1908. Plan to keep doing this sort of thing as long as they'll let me.

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STEN LIUM. *Address:* Box 345, St. Johnsbury, VT 05819 (802-695-2244).

JOHN L. LIZARS. *Home Address:* 13 Longboat Lane, East Hampton, NY 11937-3517 (631-324-2104; *Mobile:* 917-327-8603). *Occupation and Office Address:* Real Estate Sales. Brown Harris Stevens, 167 Main St., P.O. Box 1103, Amagansett, NY 11930 (631-903-6138; *Fax:* 631-903-6194). *Email:* jlizars@bhshamptons.com. *Children:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Navy, Newport. RI, 1956–58.

I married rather late (Ruth McCrea, in 1984). We have two great daughters, both born in New York City. Ruth and the girls moved to East Hampton, New York, in 1990, with me getting home on weekends. Gillian (now twenty-eight) lives in New York City and works for an investment bank. Allison (now twenty-five) has taught social studies in the ninth and seventh grades in New York City and Denver, Colorado.

After decades of advertising agencies (Ogilvy & Mather; D'Arcy, MacManus; Benton & Bowles), I had stints on the client side (Cunard Line and Holland America Cruises) and then fourteen years in publishing (corporate marketing and development) at *The Economist* (ten years) and the *Financial Times* (four years). The recession of 2002 was a disaster for business-to-business publications, with concomitant downsizing. I job-searched and consulted in 2003 and started a new career in real estate sales in East Hampton in 2004. Most of East Hampton real estate has far outperformed the Dow. (Call me if you need a $600,000 cottage or $40 million worth of oceanfront!)

My thoughts on our half century (written in 2005) and looking ahead were that science and technology may very well kill us and our planet if we can't figure out how to get along with each other and ensure some elementary safeguards (globally) against a spectrum of calamities ranging from disease and famine to corruption and megalomania.

Now, ten years later, the early-twenty-first century seems to be moving in the wrong direction. We have continued global warming. The disparity between the haves and have-nots is increasing (in the United States and elsewhere). And in some parts of the planet we have stepped back in time to an age of violent religious extremism. But at least science is facing forward. We'll find genetic cures for hundreds of cancers, and we are seriously researching the composition of the universe that remains hidden—from water on Mars to the actual mass of a neutrino (fifty thousand times smaller than an electron)—need I say more?

I still can't plan on retirement. But East Hampton is good for any age—a beautiful, small-town environment and almost surrounded by water. My sailboat still seldom leaves the dock, but that's okay. Hope springs eternal.

All the very best to the Class of '56.

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Sue and I are in the midst of finding a buyer for our off-grid house and one-third share in 620 acres of conserved farm and forest land. Our intent is to move into a retirement community in Rutland, Vermont—a half-hour away—and do our best to maintain rich connections in the Tinmouth community, where we have lived for the past eighteen years. Sad in some ways, but liberating in others.

So I have sold my wood shop, donated papers and other stuff to the Andover archives, and, via a tag sale, seen the last of a number of unfinished projects. Retired from the board of the Long Trail School in Dorset. Still involved in local, county, and state planning organizations. Sue and I still have a singing group that meets around our dining table just about every week and gives a concert two or three times a year. I read a lot of fiction (mostly low-brow, but occasionally uplifting). Crosswords aplenty. Until we move, there are still maintenance chores around the house and on the land.

Hanging in there health-wise, thanks to bypass surgery twenty-eight years ago.

Our three sons prosper, and their children display a great variety of personality and interests. It is the future of the world they will be living in that troubles me the most. I am quite pessimistic about the long-term future of humanity, but mostly ignore those feelings and attend to the present, which is indeed fascinating. Lots to think about. Lots to enjoy.

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Since the Fifty-fifth Reunion, I, along with all the members of the Looney family, have been very fortunate in many respects. Despite a few medical challenges with which we have successfully dealt, we are able to enjoy our retirement, especially so with our daughter, Susan, our son, William, our daughter-in-law, Jennifer, and our grandchildren, Katerina and Andre.

Travel, volunteer work, my treadmill, and reading keep me sufficiently active that my brain and body do not atrophy (I hope!).

I am naturally concerned about the world in which our grandchildren are growing to adulthood. The current national political scene is disheartening and disgraceful, in my personal opinion. In the most highly educated country in the world, we have a government that is demonstrating that it has been incapable of looking after and protecting its citizens.

The international scene is of even greater concern, with all the increasing problems in the Middle East. Once again, governments around the world, especially in the West, have failed to successfully bring an end to the death, destruction, and refugee crisis that is affecting so many innocent people.

Our challenge will be how to explain to our grandchildren the failures at the national and international governmental and societal levels, because it is they who will ultimately have to take on the responsibility for our country and the world in the future.

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WILFRED LORRY. *Home Address:* 1714 South Drive, Sarasota, FL 34239-5039 (941-957-0097; *Fax:* 941-957-0006; *Mobile:* 941-374-2855). *Email:* wflorry@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Bobbi Jaffe Lorry. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* US Army, Seoul, Korea, 1956–58.

Our family's good fortune continues. Bobbi continues her active clinical psychology practice at twelve to fourteen hours a week. She is a docent at the new Sarasota Center for Architecture, and there was a house tour event on October 17 with Toshiko Mori, past chair of the Harvard GSD Department of Architecture. She described her addition to a Casey Key mansion. I'm still active in the Sarasota Harvard Club, although my term as president ended in 2011. I still enjoy doubles tennis, Monday night poker, and an occasional legal case. However, I am semiretired, settling my last active case in September 2015. We terminated our Philadelphia apartment lease in February 2015 and are now full-time in Sarasota.

We are enjoying our above-average grandchildren. Rachel, Karen's daughter, is a happy sophomore at Harvard majoring in evolutionary science. Ben, David's son, is a freshman at Washington University in St. Louis. We visited him October 8–11, 2015. He is a happy, healthy freshman on a beautiful campus with a solid soccer team. David's daughter, Emily, is in the tenth grade at Friends Central in Philadelphia. She is a good student and star soccer player.

We particularly enjoy our lengthy relationships with our Harvard friends. The Dunster Dozens had a mini-reunion in Seattle in May 2013, hosted by John and Esther Holcenberg. Dave and Cathy Maxey and Bobbi and I hosted a Philadelphia mini-reunion in 2014, and in March 2015, Bobbi and I hosted the group in Sarasota. About twenty attended, including the Reznecks, Maxeys, Sargents, Fleischmanns, Kannes, Kays, Joneses, Chuck Edson, Dick Oehmler, and widows Suzanne Franks (John) and Melanie Harwood (Victor).

Sadly, however, we have lost more of the group: Bob Macy in 2012 and Joe Harrison in May 2014, just after the Philadelphia mini-reunion.

I am looking forward to the Sixtieth, which is particularly precious with the passing years. However, I have a major conflict with the reunion date. Bobbi's close friend, a fellow psychologist and her husband, are taking a small group tour to Japan from May 13 to 26, 2016. They have invited us to join them and we probably will go. We would go from Japan to Seoul, South Korea, where I spent eighteen months in the army after college.

The current political scene is distressing to most of us. The extreme right wing "Freedom Caucus," combined with the billionaire political campaigns made possible by the Supreme Court's "Citizens United" decision, renders our political system dysfunctional, bizarre, and seems to worsen each year. Good luck to our grandchildren.

I hope to see you all soon, if not at the Sixtieth . . .

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Fortunately my life has continued on the same path since our last Reunion, except for the growth and maturing of grandchildren, the emergence of a great-grandchild, and fascinating judicial work. I am still an active judge with a full load, but enjoy the work, the challenges, great colleagues, and stimulating law clerks. Liz is active as a volunteer and golfer. We are both still enjoying good health.

We don't travel as much as many of our classmates these days, partly because travel is so difficult, and we've been to lots of places. Besides, something happens every day on a court of appeals. But we do get away to professional meetings and occasionally for recreation. In a previous report, I noted that the world was a mess. Can one say otherwise now? Let's hope we continue to muddle through.

JOHN BIGELOW LOVELAND. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 5214, Lake Montezuma, AZ 86342. *Occupation:* President of New Earth Foundation; Author. *Email:* fortitude41@gmail.com. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.earthcommunityresearch.net; http://www.earthcommunityresearch.com; http://newearthfoundation.net; http://www.newancientsecrets.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Bara Loveland. *Children:* Three.

The Spark That Came from Harvard

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At age fifteen, I became interested in philosophy, finding a book by Bertrand Russell while a volunteer librarian at Groton. After graduation (1952), I was accepted at Harvard, yet by that time, worldly studies meant little to me. Rather, spiritual and philosophical lessons attracted me, filling most of my time—'til I was drafted and sent to Mannheim, Germany. There I experienced a different kind of person than I was used to: the "working man," with his kindness. I returned to Harvard (1954) and wrote to my friend Fleur, ". . . my immediate goal in life is to perfect my being, that is, to reach a point where I am unable to perform any action that is opposed to wisdom." In support of my goal, I attended philosophical lectures by Professor Gordon Allport, and something he said struck a chord in me. I do not recall what this was, yet I felt overwhelmed by a strange, mighty power: there was a transmission of energy from one level of being to the next. I went to my suite in Kirkland House with my head on fire. I panicked and did not know what to do. The only feasible solution was lying flat on my back on the floor. After about ten minutes the feeling passed, I got up, and I felt that my entire life was changed: I was changed. I was a new man and knew that the "other worlds" are real. I am forever grateful to Harvard for appointing the "professor of wisdom," sparking a new experience.

I would have graduated with my Class in 1956, yet ever since the "out of this world" experience I continued on the spiritual path, aiming to make others aware of the awe-inspiring possibilities of sacred practice. I left Harvard because what I wanted to learn was not taught there. I married, spent years in Europe (London, Geneva, Rome), and was trained in several skills, from financial adviser to art gallery co-owner/manager, and meditation. As president of Fort Ticonderoga (which my family initially owned and began to rebuild), I engaged an expert, Nick Westbrook, to make the fort a professional museum of international renown. Moving to Sedona, I founded New Earth Foundation (1997, http://www.newearthfoundation.com), to assist new, leading-edge projects that are rarely funded by larger foundations. YES!, now of worldwide presence, is one example.

Besides being the president of New Earth Foundation, I write articles for my websites, http://www.earthcommunityresearch.com and http://www.earthcommunityresearch.net, and books—for example, *The Holy Land—War and Peace*, on the history of the land and its people; *GMO or OMG?: Praise and Potential Dangers of a Patented Non-Food*; and *The Nature of the Chakras: Performing Siddhis/Biblical Miracles by Activation of the Chakras*. My researcher spouse, Bara, is the author of several books, e.g., *The Book of Consciousness*, with new definitions of neurosis, symbol, archetype, consciousness, mind, the unconscious, and God; *Heaven and Earth Mother: The Historic Symbolism of Kundalini*; and *Zeitalter des Gefuehls: On a Society Without Punishment* (http://www.NewAncientSecrets.com). My wish would be that Harvard, founded on

Christian principles, would teach the spiritual path of siddhis to the interested student. Did not Jesus say, "He that believeth in me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do" (John 14:12)?

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NICHOLAS S. LUDINGTON. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 671, Palisades, NY 10964-1604. *Email:* nickl68266@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Cassandra Van Alen Ludington. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Air Force, 1956–1960.

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JOHN GORDON "GORDIE" LUNN. *Home Address:* 819 Orange Ave., San Carlos, CA 94070-3829 (650-592-7148; *Mobile:* 415-706-9763). *Occupation:* Semiretired Tax Consultant. Shapiro Bardin & Garcia. *Email:* gordonlunn@aol.com. *Children:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant colonel, US Army Reserve, contiguous United States, 1953–1977; Meritorious Service Medal; Army Reserve Components Achievement Medal; Armed Forces Reserve Medal with silver hourglass device; California Commendation Medal.

My life continues to be full of challenges and opportunities. I continue to do tax work and teach at the local community college. I work less than full-time, so have time for travel and scuba diving. I am treasurer of a small nonprofit on the peninsula, and do maintenance work at son John's denominational Bible camp off the coast of Vancouver, British Columbia. I am still a docent for the National Park Service at a restored Nike missile site in the Marin Headlands. I teach taxes to AARP and VITA tax volunteers.

I have many close friends (some of them challenges) but no relationships. I look forward to continuing my activities as long as my health holds up. Son John is an ordained minister in Vancouver and active in pastoring and spiritual direction. Valerie continues in her independent living arrangement and self-help program, and is "in a good place."

See you in May!

THOMAS H. LURIE. *Home Address:* 6060 Cranberry Court, Columbus, OH 43213-3324 (614-866-7771; *Fax:* 614-866-7288; *Mobile:* 614-370-7771). *Occupation and Office Address:* Real Estate Investor. 20 S. Third St., Columbus, OH 43215 (614-224-6666; *Fax:* 614-224-6612). *Email:* tomlurie@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Nancy N. Lurie. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Airman second class, US Air Guard, 1958–1962.

I continue managing my real estate activities in Columbus, but Nancy and I are spending more time with grandchildren, travel, and my Chinese export porcelain and medieval domestic metal work collecting. I love the discovery and research involved in the chase. We currently have several pieces of our porcelain collection at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Rijksmuseum, the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, and the Winterthur. In fact, the exhibit "Asia in Amsterdam" is showing at the PEM during Reunion, in case any classmates are interested in viewing it.

I hope all is well with my classmates and am looking forward to visiting with many of you in May.

KENNETH WILLIAM MACCORMAC. *Home Address:* 26 Walbridge Rd., West Hartford, CT 06119-1343 (860-232-0097; *Mobile:* 860-993-7766). *Other Address:* P.O. Box 545, 81 McKown Point Rd., West Boothbay, ME 04575 (207-633-3605). *Email:* kenmacone@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Mary N. MacCormac. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (retired), US Naval Reserve, Charleston, SC, 1956–58.

At the end of 2011, I retired from Capewell, and after a year or so of adjustment to new routines and connections, I have enjoyed my retirement.

Since early 1972, Mary and I are living at the same address in West Hartford, Connecticut. We had our fifty-seventh anniversary in September.

With the installation of an implantable cardioverter defibrillator (ICD)—and replacement last July—I have no symptoms of heart disease. It is great to live without restrictions and have the energy to do what I want. During my illnesses, Al Levin '56 was a tremendous help (as guide and adviser). To him, I send my sincere gratitude.

My best friend, Ken Swan '56, passed away in March 2014. Over the years, we had so many talks and good times together. I really miss him!

We are fortunate to have our children and grandchildren living near us: son Bruce, in West Hartford, Connecticut; son Craig and his wife, Lucinda, in Simsbury, Connecticut; and daughter Cynthia, her husband, Chris, and their children, Emma (twelve) and Jack (nine), living in Lexington, Massachusetts. Craig and Lucinda's son, Ken II (twenty-one), is a senior at the University of Richmond, and his sister, Haley (nineteen), is a sophomore there.

We enjoy summers at our cottage in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where we meet Ken Rossano and his wife, Muffet, and Dick Oehmler and his wife, Joy. Then we head for Florida in March. Despite world crises, we plan to travel to the Canadian Rockies and the Dalmatian coast in 2016.

Last year I joined the "old guard," a group of retired men who provide camaraderie and community services. Also, I continue my relationship with the Middlesex County Chamber of Commerce.

I am writing this after our illustrious football team and band beat Yale, again. Go Crimson! Extend the streak!

Regards to all '56ers. See you in May.

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HAROLD A. MACKINNEY. *Address:* 40 Beaumont St., Rumford, RI 02916-1910 (772-231-6373).

JOHN THOMAS MAHER. *Address:* Unknown.

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It seems it was only yesterday that I was sitting in our Kirkland House suite talking to my roommates, Woolf Gross and John Harvey. Sixty years will have passed by the time of our Reunion, John is no longer with us, and I will be eighty-two. I loved my four years at Harvard and appreciated the education that I was lucky enough to receive. Harvard was a life-changing event for me.

I consider myself very lucky. I have had a full and amazing life. Marrying Gloria, fifty-five years ago, was the best thing I ever did. My accomplishments include three wonderful children and six remarkable grandchildren. My grandchildren range from twenty-four to seven years of age. We have been thrilled by the accomplishments of our children and grandchildren. I loved practicing obstetrics and gynecology and looked forward to going to work every day. I retired twenty-one years ago.

Since I retired, I have filled my life with other enjoyable pursuits. I now have time to read books of different genres. Gloria and I continue to travel all over the world. My smart wife was awarded two university teaching Fulbright Scholarships that allowed us to live in Slovakia and Morocco. We took four international trips with one grandchild at a time. I enjoy serving as a natural sciences docent at the Oakland Museum of California. I get great satisfaction from touring and sharing the beauty and the complexities of our natural world with the visitors to the museum. The advance training that we receive each month at the museum continues to stimulate my brain. For many years, I have served on the Northern California Board of AIPAC, America's pro-Israel lobby. I learned to play contract bridge and usually play at least twice a week at our local bridge club. I have been very active in the Orinda Rotary Club and share the pleasure in the things that the club does for our local community and beyond. I have been in charge of a free opera concert (with a thousand people attending) for the past seven years, in our community park.

After I retired, I set a goal of walking every street in our community. It was overly ambitious but I enjoyed trying. I continue to endeavor to be physically fit by walking most days, going to the gym, and utilizing a personal trainer. We are seasonal subscribers to the San Francisco Opera and San Francisco Ballet. In addition, we attend plays and musicals frequently. We participate in many family activities with our children, their spouses, and our grandchildren. I continue to attend most of our grandchildren's soccer and baseball games, swim meets, plays, and ballet recitals. Our many good friends help fill the rest of our life.

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As in the Fifty-fifth Report, I continue teaching at the University of Minnesota. I am the senior most active mathematician in our department, having been here for fifty-three years. My second book, *Hyperbolic Manifolds: An Introduction in 2 and 3 Dimensions*, will be out in January. Cambridge University Press (CUP) is the publisher; CUP was granted a royal charter by Henry VIII in 1534.

The subject is currently a very active one in research mathematics. There are three main geometries: plane geometry, which we learn in school; spherical geometry, the geometry of navigation; and hyperbolic geometry. The latter is not well known outside math. It is the only geometry that can model most shapes, for instance, bagels with two or more holes. This means one can do geometry on most 2D and 3D shapes as one does in Euclidean space with triangles, polygons, etc. For a while physicists thought it might model the visible universe. If that were true it would mean the universe closes up like a (three-dimensional) sphere, and light from each star travels to our eyes over infinitely many extremely long paths, each following a different route. After additional research, however, it is now believed the universe is actually "flat" like Euclidean space.

My dear wife, Dorothy, is now retired from the financial management business. She is an elite distance runner in Minnesota, having set several state records. She also runs the Minneapolis Yiddish Vinkl, which is a unique organization celebrating the history and culture of the Yiddish-speaking Jews.

Our oldest daughter, Juliana Sayner, is an oncology nurse in Northfield, Minnesota. She and husband Dan have two daughters and a son: Hannah is a senior at the University of Colorado, Emma is a sophomore at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, and son Robbie is a senior in high school. Our daughter Emily Marden '88 (AM '94) is a practicing food and drug attorney and an internationally recognized authority on regulation and sharing in agricultural genomics. She and husband, Roger Frie, make their home in Vancouver, British

Columbia, with Elena and Andreas, both in high school. Our youngest, Hilary Marden-Resnik, is executive vice president at UCare, a health maintenance organization. She and husband Barry have a son, Nathan, and daughter, Allison, both in elementary school. Altogether, this crew provides us with a lot of pride and pleasure.

Dorothy and I very much look forward to attending the '56 Reunion, especially to seeing roommates Don Crossett and Jack Kaneb, along with other friends from long ago.

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LEE WEBSTER MARLAND. *Address:* 127 Rockland St., South Dartmouth, MA 02748-2362 (508-993-1216).

BRUCE GENE MARTIN. *Home Address:* 2/1040 Gold Coast Hwy., Palm Beach QLD 4221, Australia (+61-7-5534-1101). *Email:* ashyworth@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Nanette Therese Haynes Martin. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Step-grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Commander, US Naval Reserve, 1956–1983.

Every Reunion is not only enjoyable but also uplifting. Nan and I enjoyed the Fifty-fifth very much. Many thanks to fellow classmates who volunteer time and resources for our Reunions.

In 2012 we visited family and friends in New Zealand. St. John's on Latimer Square in Christchurch was a beautiful stone structure of the nineteenth century. We were married there; now completely gone—nothing but a slab of concrete following the February 2011 earthquake. People were upbeat. Progress slow.

Our next trip was to the Australian outback in winter. Took the tilt train, Brisbane to Rockhampton. A few days later we trained to Longreach. Then on to Winton; a lot of history at Winton, including LBJ's quarters at the North Ridge Hotel. Australia is a vast country of only 23 million; it does very well. Other travels in this five-year interim include Cairns (Great Barrier Reef, Cane Sugar), Townsville (aquarium and Magnetic Island), Perth, Coffs Harbour, Sydney, and the USA.

Our health is good for our age. Try to walk thirty minutes per day. Our activities and community are similar to the 2011 report. Often we use the bus or light rail. We still drive locally.

Reforms: drug culture (legal?), taxation (more revenue?), mental health (more facilities?).

All the best to everyone.

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EDWIN SPENCER MATTHEWS JR. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 493, 218 Bee Brook Rd., Washington Depot, CT 06794 (860-868-1462). *Spouse/Partner:* Patricia Matthews. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* US Army, Chinon, France, 1957–58.

THOMAS LEONARD MATTSON. *Address:* 11 Idlewood Drive, Auburn, MA 01501-2133.

DAVID W. MAXEY. *Home Address:* 1400 Waverly Rd., Apt. A316, Gladwyne, PA 19035 (610-645-4864). *Email:* cdmmax@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Catharine Eglin Maxey. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

As of the beginning of September, Cathy and I are moving from our home of over thirty years to Waverly Heights, a retirement community a mile away. We keep saying that it is the right thing to do at our age, but we will certainly experience withdrawal pains in the months ahead. If it weren't for the last two winters—trees crashing down around us and snow accumulating on our flat roof (I am now forbidden from climbing up the ladder to clear the roof)—I think we might still be sticking it out.

Having packed up prior reunion books, I am concerned that, unchecked, I may wind up saying the same things again. Retirement has been a great experience for me. I wander around in libraries and archives and every so often produce a published article or monograph that I can count on Cathy to read.

In May 2014, I celebrated my eightieth birthday in Paris, where we were lucky enough to rent, for a second time, a comfortable apartment in the Quartier Latin. Berty Le Gallais '56 and his wife, Rita, joined a group of friends for this octogenarian blast. One very sad event for me was the death shortly afterward of my Harvard roommate and longtime close friend, Joe Harrison, who received a grim diagnosis just two months before. His family and friends tried to comfort themselves in a moving service held in Memorial Church in early June of last year.

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DALE WILLIAM MCADAM. *Address:* 173 E. Main St., Avon, NY 14414-1443 (585-226-2580).

WILLIAM M. MCALLISTER. *Home Address:* 2527 NE 17th Ave., Portland, OR 97212-4239 (503-288-2002). *Email:* wmmcallister@stoel.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Joan E. Branham. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Navy, 1956–59.

As I near my eighty-second birthday I find myself in good health. In fact, I usually wake up feeling as alive as ever in body and mind, and I often wonder at the mystery of feeling so alive while at the same time knowing that life inevitably ends.

I attribute my good health to luck, active yoga twice a week for eleven years, a top-floor bedroom in a three story house, an obsession with the anatomy of the golf swing, and a wife who provides love and a healthy diet. Both my birth family and my acquired family continue to bring joy and meaning to my life.

As I near the end of my personal story, I am grateful for Harvard's influence on my life. When I arrived in Cambridge, I am pretty sure I had never heard of Aristotle, Machiavelli, Pascal, or Thomas Hobbes. My Harvard education opened my eyes to the differences in ideas, the need to make considered choices among conflicting ideas, and the need to accept the consequences of choice.

I remember, early on at Harvard, hearing that a famous philosopher, George Santayana, had said, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." That scared the hell out of me at the time, and, on the micro level, I have tried to learn from my mistakes. On the macro level it still scares the hell out of me. In 1952, I naïvely assumed that over time mankind would heed Santayana's warning and avoid the endless struggles for power and the resultant chaos and destruction. At this point, I'm afraid that Santayana announced a universal truth, like the laws of thermodynamics. Collectively, the people do forget the past and are doomed to repeat it.

For a number of years I went to seven- to ten-day meditation workshops. One of the teachers admonished us to "surrender to the law—the law of what is." Such a view is not particularly comforting in the present day, and it doesn't mean I can't try to change what I can, but it does allow me to shift the focus from all I wish were different to the gift of being alive.

EDWIN EARL MCAMIS. *Home Address:* 4412 Santa Maria St., Coral Gables, FL 33146-1129 (305-666-9373; *Fax:* 305-666-9374). *Email:* edwinmcamis@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Gerson J. Gonzalez. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Specialist 5, US Army, Fort Bragg, NC, 1961–62.

We have lived our lives during a fast-moving, intellectually exciting time. Since we were undergraduates, many sciences have been transformed. Physics has seen a revolution in particle physics, astrophysics, and increased acceptance that what Einstein called "spooky things" do occur in quantum physics, despite his disbelief. During the last three decades, a science of the brain, neuroscience, has been born. Though still in its infancy, it has already provided much previously unknown information about the physical workings of our

brains. Doubtless that will lead to new ways of treating brain deficiencies. Our classmate Chuck Stevens (we were Adams House roommates) is a neuroscientist (molecular neurobiologist) at the Salk Institute, well known to other neuroscientists around the world for his writings and lectures.

Technology has produced new machines and applications we never even considered. That is particularly true of information technology. There are those who say that America's chief product in the future will be information.

Many social attitudes prevalent when we were undergraduates have been modified or discarded. A 1955 sign on the Unitarian Church in Harvard Square displayed a notice that the next young people's discussion group would consider the topic of whether or not it is ever acceptable for engaged couples to have sexual intercourse before marriage. Such a discussion today would be considered quaint, indeed laughable. Particularly noticeable is the contrast between today and sixty years ago in the status of women. They continue to face unfair hurdles, but some have achieved the highest positions in business, finance, and the professions. No longer is a woman who wishes to work outside the home encouraged to limit herself to employment as a teacher, secretary, or nurse.

Civil rights battles have largely been won in law, though practice lags in many respects. Rights of blacks and other minorities remain troubled, but we have come a long way from lunch counter sit-ins and Bull Connor's dogs and water hoses. Homosexuals can now serve openly in the armed forces, and recently same-sex marriage has become a constitutionally protected right.

After a career of Manhattan's high-octane corporate litigation practice, including generous dollops of courtroom brawls supporting or opposing contested corporate takeovers, retirement is a blessing. I have time to consider the world around me and to read whatever I wish, not what I must read to prepare for court tomorrow.

My son, Bruce, his wife, Karen, and their two daughters, Lily and Vivien, prosper in Northampton, Massachusetts. My granddaughters, twelve and ten, are a great pleasure for me, even though living in Florida, as I do, means that I see them only a few times a year during school vacations. They attend Smith College School.

For nearly twenty years Gerson Gonzalez, originally from Caracas, and I have shared our lives. Ours is a deeply enduring relationship that has bettered my life in more ways than I can count. For that I am grateful beyond measure.

ALEXANDER M. MCBRIDE. *Home Address:* 945 Country Club Drive, Spearfish, SD 57783-3102 (605-722-5943). *Email:* sanlo@rushmore.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Lois Pringle. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Thirteen. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant colonel, US Army Reserve.

ARTHUR EDWARD MCCARTHY. *Home Address:* 25 Mandalay Drive, Peabody, MA 01960-4642 (978-535-1649). *Occupation and Office Address:* Investment

Adviser. RBC Wealth Management, 222 Rosewood Drive, Danvers, MA 01960 (978-646-1155). *Email:* arthur.mccarthy@rbc.com. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Ten. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Navy, 1956–58.

J. MICHAEL MCCLOSKEY. *Home Address:* 2829 SW Sunset Blvd., Portland, OR 97239 (503-892-2624). *Spouse/Partner:* Deceased. *Stepchildren:* Four. *Stepgrandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army Reserve.

I have just completed a term of eight years as a member of the Urban Forestry Commission in the City of Portland, Oregon, where I was the chair of its heritage tree committee. Portland is one of the few cities whose program actually protects large, old trees, which provide the most ecosystem services and have financial value.

I have also just completed the process of going around the state of Oregon to promote my latest book on the history of successful efforts to conserve the state's environment. I spoke at twenty-two events around the state to describe the book and sold copies. The book was recognized with an award for the best nonfiction work in the Northwest for 2013.

I am now embarked on another book, about the exceptional nature of this state and its progressive and admirable environmental policies. I expect to be talking about it, too.

Most of my career papers are now housed in the Bancroft Library of the University of California, Berkeley. The library has thirty-five boxes of my professional papers, all nicely organized and indexed. I used them in writing my memoirs a few years ago. The library also has two volumes of transcribed copies of oral interviews with me about my forty years as a top executive of the national Sierra Club.

While I never practiced law, I have written a dozen law review articles, as well as other technical articles and many popular pieces. During my career, I was too busy speaking, testifying, and writing articles to also write books. But one of the satisfactions of retirement is that I now have the time to do that, and to write about topics and places that are close to me.

I plan soon to move into a retirement home, but I am in reasonable health and continue to enjoy life and my many friends. My work and career have been recognized by many awards.

PHILIP EMERALD MCCURDY. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 2059, 30 Kingfield Ave., Ogunquit, ME 03907-2059 (207-646-7044). *Email:* pem@panax.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Marla W. McCurdy. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three.

Education continues to be a constant and important interest in my life, whether it is helping to design the new high school in our community, following current changes in this country's school philosophy, or talking and listening to our children and grandchildren as they further their education and develop their careers.

Lisa is a partnership manager with College for America, a competency-based online college (a nonprofit division of Southern New Hampshire University). College for America works through a B2B model to educate front-line workers who have been unable to attain a college degree through traditional seat-time models and gives them opportunities for upward mobility, most often with the employer paying the full tuition cost.

Kristina is the director of library and media services at Central Catholic High School, the largest private Catholic secondary school in Massachusetts. She provides instructional and curricular support to faculty, manages the school's virtual high school program, and coordinates student support services, in addition to traditional library services.

The grandchildren, all in their twenties, are a special delight. Hannah is completing her PhD at the University of Chicago in medieval literature. Her recent summer wedding was a memorable family occasion. Matthew and Andrew are both ensconced in the beginning of their careers, one in marketing and the other in the insurance business.

Southern Maine remains an ideal location for us; we continue to enjoy the beauty of the seacoast as well as the local arts community, with its galleries and theaters.

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ROBERT BOYDEN MCINNIS. *Home Address:* 17 Rawhide Circle, Palm Desert, CA 92211-3235 (760-565-1125; *Mobile:* 707-569-4075). *Email:* mci34bob@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Abby Warren McInnis. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Great-grandchildren:* Two.

PETER W. MCKINNEY. *Home Address:* 1242 Lakeshore Drive, Chicago, IL 60610. *Occupation:* Physician. *Other Address:* 100 Park St., Saugatuck, MI 49453. *Email:* pmckinneymd@hotmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Donna. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five.

My beloved Harvard has passed another historical milestone. For the first time, the freshman class has admitted more self-proclaimed atheists and agnostics than Christians or Jews, the paucity of political diversity remains, and the hostility to the military is evident in spite of a restoration of ROTC after decades of exclusion. The latter is reflected in students' comments that they know not to wear their uniforms to certain classes lest they be dinged in their grades by that professor. The students comment also on the fact that, in some classes, if they take a conservative view they face a similar fate. How can this polarization teach critical thinking, the end point of a good education? Well, maybe we no longer do, as demonstrated by the response to my "Crimson-in-Congress" letter in *Harvard Magazine* (original article January–February 2011, letters to the editor March–April 2011, May–June 2011, July–August

2011), where—in brief—I pointed out that 80 percent of Harvard graduates in Congress are of one political party. Vitriolic letters followed for months from alumni attacking my challenge of indoctrination, until one said that they were proving my point. I am uncertain whether this will ever come into balance in our lifetime.

I retired from clinical practice a decade ago but continue to teach plastic surgery at Northwestern and Rush in Chicago, where I am a professor at both institutions. I miss many of the aspects of clinical practice but not the government meddling, which has increased costs and diminishes patient care in favor of the bureaucracy. Those supporting government medicine should visit existing government hospitals (V.A., county, and city) to see the future of these policies.

Most of my time is spent with Donna and the kids (two) and grandkids (five), as all of us are close by. The grands (ages five through ten) are all sports enthusiasts (soccer, hockey, lacrosse, skating), and we are able to see many of their games. I am not yet successful in recruiting them to competitive sailing (my passion). We escape the city to our home in Michigan, where the lack of sirens and the starlit skies are a sublime change of pace.

WALTER LEO MCLEAN. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 843, West Falmouth, MA 02574-0843 (508-524-5913). *Office Address:* Gosnold Treatment Center, 200 Ter Heun Drive, Falmouth, MA 02540-2525 (508-540-6550). *Other Phone:* 508-548-1812. *Email:* atope5@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Frances McCabe McLean. *Children:* Six. *Grandchildren:* Nine. *Great-grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Corporal, US Army National Guard, United States, 1952–59; 86th Army Band, French horn; captain, US Navy, naval flight surgeon, United States, Antarctica, Naples, Italy, 1959–1979; director, US Navy Allergy Training Program, Bethesda Naval Hospital.

I continue to practice medicine but no longer as an allergist. Presently I perform physical examinations on commercial transport pilots working for the major and minor airlines as an aviation medical examiner for the FAA. As well, I practice general medicine and care for inpatients at the Gosnold Treatment Center here in Falmouth.

My lovely spouse, Frances, and I celebrated our fifty-sixth wedding anniversary this summer. We are healthy and enjoy sailing, kayaking, biking, and performing music in community bands. Frances plays flute, while I play the baritone horn. We have stopped cross-country skiing for safety reasons and now prefer instead to vacation in the Caribbean and the United States, including an upcoming trip to Hawaii.

Our children and grandchildren constantly amaze us with their academic and sports abilities. They live in neat places to visit, like Chicago, Boca Raton, and Tortola (British Virgin Islands). We often visit them or else enjoy them when they come to visit us on Cape Cod. We also have two Floridian great-grandchildren.

We have downsized from our home overlooking Vineyard Sound and have found a wonderful condo in West Falmouth, adjacent to the Shining Sea Bikeway and very close to West Falmouth Harbor, where we sail our twelve-foot wooden Beetle sailboat or use our kayaks. We also are members of the Falmouth Yacht Club and have a mooring close by in Falmouth Harbor, where our cruising-class Cape Dory 25D is readily available.

Life is good and, as the inscription on the ancient sundial says, "the best is yet to come."

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ARTHUR ROBERT MCMURRAY. *Home Address:* 16138 Shannondell Drive, Audubon, PA 19403 (610-382-2763). *Email:* r.mcmurray@sdlifestyle.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Ann. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* US Army, Korea, 1951–53.

Ann and I live in a retirement community with over one thousand residents. This size permits activities in wide-ranging areas. On the flip side, in such a population one has to deal with bores, fools, and, sadly, persons in varying stages of dementia. I play bad tennis against bad opponents two times a week and manage to get to the swimming pool most mornings for laps or some kind of class. Several times a week we meet other couples in the bar and then have dinner in the dining room here. We enjoy two cocktails apiece—straight vodka over ice with a twist. I can tell the doctors that I take only two drinks a day, but in fact the glasses are kind of big. Revealing the ounce intake might provoke negativity.

BRUCE M. MERCHANT. *Home Address:* 2941 Via Pacheco, Palos Verdes Estate, CA 90274 (310-541-2951). *Email:* bruce.merchant@cox.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Died October 17, 2013. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Nine.

N. DAVID MERMIN. *Home Address:* 75 Hickory Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850-9606 (607-277-7798). *Office Address:* Clark Hall, Dept. of Physics, Cornell University, Ithaca, NY 14853 (607-255-9689). *Email:* ndm4@cornell.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Dorothy M. Mermin. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three.

News since the Fifty-fifth Report:

Dorothy and I are both still well, still living in and taking care of our house in the country just outside of Ithaca, New York.

Our eldest grandchild, Hannah Mermin, is now a freshman at Georgetown University. Our next, Sam Mermin, is a high school sophomore in Portland, Maine. Our third, Ivo Whittam Smith, born in 2012, has started at the Colville Primary School in London. Ivo has US and UK citizenship. He corrects our pronunciation.

Contrary to what I said in the Fifty-fifth Report, I'll have another book out in early 2016. *Why Quark Rhymes with Pork and Other Scientific Diversions* (Cambridge University Press) contains all thirty of the "Reference Frame" columns I published in *Physics Today* from 1988 to 2009, together with updating remarks and another dozen related essays, half of them previously unpublished.

Not out of respect due the elderly, but to safeguard its territorial claims, the Cornell physics department has restored to me a full-sized office in a slightly less obscure corner of the building, where I can putter away while enjoying a much better view.

JAMES ERNEST MESSINA. *Address:* 25 Cobb St., Unit B102, Mansfield, MA 02048 (508-339-4101).

JAN H. H. MEYER III. *Home Address:* 321 Riverside Ave., Riverside, CT 06878-2123 (203-637-4214). *Email:* jmeyer4214@optonline.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Priscilla Couch Meyer. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Ten. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, three years.

I am not as frisky as I would like to be; however, life is enjoyable. Our kids are active and the grandchildren keep us vicariously involved. The current political scene is a mess. As an historian and news junkie, I'm aware that other periods in history have been dysfunctional also. I am pro-choice and against heavy-duty weapons. It makes it hard to vote Republican. I am also against a tax-and-spend mentality, as well as executive orders that seem to me to be dictatorial. I want to be around to see how this all plays out.

W. JOST MICHELSEN. *Home Address:* 3229 SE Braemar Way, Port St. Lucie, FL 34952-6035 (772-337-6564; *Mobile:* 772-342-5331). *Email:* jmichel646@aol.com; jmichel646@air.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Anci Drahota Michelsen. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, US Army, Fort Sill, OK, 1953–56.

Since our Fiftieth, my wife, Martha, has died (2011) from T-cell lymphoma. I remarried a year later and have since been traveling, first around South America, then for four months around the world. We shall leave soon for Africa and then, later this year, Antarctica. My wife, Anci, is Belgian and therefore we spend a good deal of time there and in other parts of Europe. Our home residence is now Florida, since we sold our apartment in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

My youngest daughter recently married and is living in the Pacific Northwest, my oldest, Kristina, remains in Vermont with her legal practice, and our middle daughter is in Miami temporarily, prior to relocating to Annapolis.

Through the years, I have never stopped being amazed at man's inhumanity to man, and politicians' ability to lie with a straight face. America has been at war since we were in high school (or before, if you wish to think of World War II), and when you look at the results, the only correct conclusion is a lot

of death and destruction and enormous depletion of our national treasures—and still our "leaders," or those who want to be, continue to preach force as a solution to our problems. It would seem that Santayana is dead in the water.

It is a joy, however, to watch the Harvard teams excel, to follow the New England Patriots at a distance, and to periodically visit Cambridge and Boston, cities that were my home for so many years.

HARVEY BRADLEY MICKELSON. *Address:* 30 Cornell St., New Bedford, MA 02740-1751.

EUGENE B. MIHALY. *Home Address:* 35 Knowles Court, Unit 104, Jamestown, RI 02835-4814 (401-560-0507). *Email:* eugene@mihaly.org. *Spouse/Partner:* Stacey B. Silverbush Mihaly. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Navy, ship based in San Diego, 1956–59.

At our age, survival is a nice sine qua non. And then there is the serious issue: what to do with it? In this sense, I can report that I have been blessed. My health supports serious biking and travel. And my brain has permitted a foray into electoral politics—I've served a recent and highly enjoyable term on the Jamestown (Rhode Island) Town Council, working on a spectrum of issues, some of which mattered—and now a very modest venture in drama. I play a small part in the town play.

Then there are the most basic blessings: a deeply satisfying marriage to Stacey, well-launched daughters Lisa, Jessica, and Stephanie, son Andrew, and new daughter-in-law Lauren—all wonderful and fine people—and now grandchildren Eli, Sarah, and Michela. And good friends.

As a specialist in international relations and politics, I must admit to profound pessimism, but my distance from the action these days is frustratingly great, so I try not to let that pessimism becloud big chunks of my days.

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LOUIS LARUE MILLER JR. *Address:* Unknown.

MELVIN BENJAMIN MILLER. *Home Address:* 78 Harold St., Roxbury, MA 02119-1625 (617-445-0717). *Occupation and Office Address:* Publisher. Bay State Banner, 23 Drydock Ave., Boston, MA 02210-2336 (617-261-4600, ext. 7796). *Email:* mbm@b-banner.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Sandra L. Casagrand. *Children:* One.

Those celebrating our Sixtieth Reunion can remember when we were hale and hearty back in 1956, ready to take our places in the world. As Harvard alumni, we each indeed expected it to be a prominent place, even though there was some uncertainty as to just how high we might soar.

Quite frankly I remain surprised at the decisions I have made and the road I have taken. I have just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the *Bay State Banner*, a weekly newspaper that I founded in 1965 for greater Boston's African American community.

From the beginning, the *Banner* has always had a Harvard connection. Our class secretary, Ken Rossano, approved a loan at Bank of Boston that enabled us to launch the *Banner*. As an astute banker, he watched over us for some time. But that is not the only Harvard connection. William Monroe Trotter, Class of 1895, established the *Boston Guardian* in 1901, the *Banner*'s predecessor. Upon his death, Trotter's sister Maude and her husband, Charles Gould Steward, Class of 1896, kept alive the spirit of sound protest journalism. Dr. Steward passed that responsibility on to the *Banner* before his death in 1967 at the age of ninety-seven.

Now, in an effort to utilize my institutional memory of the last fifty years, I have recruited a team of journalists and scholars to produce extensive articles on significant aspects of Boston's history of the past half century from the African American perspective. As editor, I will compile the articles into a book entitled "Boston's Banner Years, 1965–2015." A kickstarter is being developed to raise the necessary funds.

It is expected that this book will become the most reliable source for information on important racial events in Boston in the last fifty years. With substantial financial support from my classmates, I would place in the book a special recognition of thanks to the Harvard Class of 1956.

MICHAEL A. MILLER. *Home Address:* 297 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, MA 02115-2019 (617-262-8430; *Mobile:* 617-233-5460). *Seasonal Address:* (June–Aug.) 132 Laurel Lake Rd., Lenox, MA 01240 (413-637-4581). *Email:* michaelamiller@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Annette L. Miller. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Six.

Eighty years old . . . sixty years out . . . a time to reflect and give back.

I have had satisfying careers in law, finance, and the nonprofit world, but what makes those sixty years worthwhile and extraordinary is family. A wonderful, loving, supportive wife, Annette, for fifty-seven years; two beautiful children and six of the best grandchildren one could ask for; and all of us healthy and enjoying life to the fullest. We travel together, celebrate together, learn from each other, and truly enjoy each other's successes and accomplishments.

Unfortunately, the world we are leaving them is not as promising and hopeful as the one we entered sixty years ago. For those of us fortunate enough to be able to do so, it is time to give back, time to do something to make this world of ours a better place. To celebrate my eightieth birthday, I established a research fund for pediatric oncology at the Dana-Farber Cancer Institute, hoping to give some sick kids the same opportunity for a good, healthy life that my kids have.

Go Democrats! Go Patriots!

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ROGER F. MILLS. *Address:* 417 Spear St., Saugatuck, MI 49453-9632 (269-857-8425).

ROBERT COLBY "PETER" MILTON JR. *Home Address:* 49 E. 96th St., Apt. 18B, New York, NY 10128-0782 (212-722-7216). *Email:* rcmiltonjrp@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Nancy Stewart Milton. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Second lieutenant, US Army, infantry.

Our forty-three-year-old son, Rob, married Cathey Lee at the top of Rockefeller Center on August 1, 2015. An unbelievable, terrific affair, with a wonderful dinner afterwards.

About ten years ago I conceived the idea of endowing a John Harvard University Professorship at Cambridge University—this to celebrate the 1956–57 year I spent at Emmanuel College as the Lionel de Jersey Harvard Scholar. Also coxed the winning crew in the Cambridge-Oxford crew race. The first professor was selected in 2014. The professorship will alternate every five years and have a research assistant from Emmanuel. The professorship also celebrates the four Harvard seniors who go to four different Cambridge Colleges each year. The professorship should be fully funded from the proceeds of my individual retirement rollover account (IRRA). Harvard shares as well.

I miss my roommates Bill Lingelbach, John Hadik, and Phil Herrera. I need oxygen all the time, but it's not so bad. New York City is a great place to retire. Best to all '56ers.

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I am sitting this evening, November 29, on the First Advent Sunday, and have taken the time to re-read with care the narratives in our Class of 1956 Reports that I had submitted for earlier years. There have been more than ten such editions of these Class Reports published. After rereading them, I can hardly believe almost sixty years have passed since we all left Cambridge, but, alas, they have!

Rereading the narratives was fascinating, for doing so brought to light again how I had seen my life over each of the five-year reporting periods. Doing so gave me new perspectives on how I had lived and thought since leaving Harvard sixty years ago this coming June. This journey back into my own past prompted me also read again the contributions of my closest friends from Harvard days: Henrik Blohm, Jim Hays, and Conrad Fischer, as well as those of several other classmates whom I knew. Henrik, Jim, Connie, and I roomed together during our four years at Harvard, the last three of which we spent in Leverett House.

My wife, Verena, and I look forward to seeing them all at the upcoming Sixtieth Reunion in May 2016. We've celebrated several past Reunions together, even though today we live at considerable distances from each other: Henrik in Venezuela, Jim near New York, Connie near Chicago, and I in Bavaria! That we are still bound together by friendship and respect is, in itself, a noteworthy achievement. We've been lucky.

Since graduation I have had four distinct careers: all of them different and all of them with differing challenges and rewards. Through Harvard's ROTC program, I became a commissioned artillery officer in the US Army and served, among other assignments, with the US Army's Berlin Command. I probably got this assignment as a result of my study of German at Harvard. I was a direct eyewitness to the erection of the infamous Berlin Wall in August 1961, a weekend event that I shall never forget! I stood that evening near the Brandenburg Gate and watched the East German police and military string barbed wire along the boundary separating West Berlin from East Berlin, thereby cutting off East Berlin from West Berlin. After finishing my army tour, I returned to Washington, DC, disillusioned at what I had seen happening in Europe.

In 1966 I decided to head north and moved to Anchorage, Alaska, where I became an editor of *Alaska Magazine*. In 1974, Alaska's governor, Jay Hammond, asked me to become director of Alaska's Department of Tourism in Juneau. I accepted this challenge and helped to play a significant role in the expansion of the Alaska tourism industry during my almost eight years of service as director. In 1980 I decided to leave Alaska and took on a new professional challenge in a management consulting firm specializing in executive recruitment. In 1981 I moved from New York to Düsseldorf, Germany, to join Carré, Orban & Partners AG (COP), then the second-largest European executive search firm. In 1984 I became a partner, and I subsequently opened COP's office in Munich. Since I had always wished to finish professional life as an entrepreneur in my own right, I left COP to set up my own executive search firm in Munich.

I have had various careers, all of them with ups and downs, but I would happily repeat the route that I followed. I'm glad that I made the decisions I did. At sixty-eight, I finally retired from active business life as a headhunter in order to have more time, first and foremost, for my wife and my two stepchildren,

Alexa and Joachim von Klitzing, and secondly to pursue my hobbies and intellectual interests, quite apart from my earlier professional endeavors.

All in all I have had a good life, and I am profoundly thankful to my two parents, both of whom hailed from small towns in Wisconsin, who launched me so well on life's great adventure.

Harvard proved to be one of my guiding stars, for without my having attended Deerfield Academy and studied at Harvard, I never would have had the chance to enjoy the life I live today. A significant key was the fact that I majored, quite by chance, in Germanic languages and literatures at Harvard and became proficient in that language. As a direct result of this language study, I have now lived and worked in Germany for more than thirty-three years and plan to remain in the Federal Republic. But Harvard has never been too far out of mind: I have been an active member of Harvard alumni clubs in Germany since 1982, and I founded the Harvard Club of Munich in 1984, serving as its first president until 1987. I remain honorary chairman of the Munich club, which currently has more than 250 members. Our Munich club is active in encouraging young Germans to seek higher education at Harvard, particularly in the field of medical training through the Harvard-LMU Munich Alliance for Medical Education, which I helped to support.

Apart from my profession, the north has always been of great topical interest. I have collected a large library of northern exploration books and once made a challenging, two-thousand-mile canoe journey from Jasper, Alberta, down the Athabasca, Slave, and Mackenzie Rivers to Inuvik, on the Mackenzie River Delta on the Beaufort Sea. What a trip and what an experience! The last portion of my route retraced the pioneering birch bark canoe journey of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who discovered the river bearing his name in 1789.

As noted earlier, I lived in Alaska, in Anchorage and Juneau (the state's capital), for more than ten years and became a true sourdough, dog musher, angler and hunter, and amateur pilot. Those were great days, living on what Alaskans call the Last Frontier! Living in Germany since 1981, I have continued an interest in things northern through frequent travels to and within Scandinavia, Iceland, and sometimes Greenland. I still consider myself a northerner, for clearly I feel drawn by the challenges and rewards of the north, above all else by the special kind of people who choose to live there. Alaska is different.

A key to staying in shape and retaining a mental balance has been, for me, remaining physically active, especially now in retirement. At eighty-one, I still enjoy hiking and climbing in the nearby Bavarian and Tirolian Alps (they've become my "Alaska" away from Alaska), and each year in March I journey with Verena to Finnish Lapland, where the two of us do several weeks of cross-country skiing together. A high point of these annual trips is trekking on skis to the remote FINOSE three-country corner boundary, the yellow-painted concrete pylon that marks the intersection of the national boundaries of Finland, Norway, and Sweden. This tri-point is the northernmost such three-country corner in the world. Granted, it's a pretty remote spot, but it holds a

special fascination for me. I have visited this corner on skis more than twenty times during annual cross-country trips to Finland and plan to do so again in April 2016.

Do I have regrets? Yes, in honesty I'd say I oft-times miss my northern friends, in particular the malamute sled dogs with whom I shared many wonderful adventures in the north. Malamutes are splendid sled dogs and fit perfectly into the lifestyle of northern living. Talley was my last such dog, and she is buried in my garden in Ebenhausen, where I live. In my mind's eye, I can still see my malamutes, pulling vigorously on the sled's tug line, their tails arched over their backs, running for the sheer joy of running. . . .

A fellow musher in Alaska once remarked to me back in the 1970s: "Dick, what kind of heaven would we malamute mushers have without our dogs?" I could not agree with him more. Truer words have never been spoken. We're all mushing for the Great Roundup!

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By all accounts my wife, Rene, infuses joy and vitality into my life. On March 1 we celebrated our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. We continue to enjoy family and cultural attractions in the Bay Area. Grandchildren hereabouts now number four and account for our babysitting. We see our other five grandchildren less frequently but feel no less close to them. San Francisco's museums and opera rank among the world's best; Rene is active in the San Francisco Opera organization.

We also take advantage of much of what Stanford University offers—museums, concerts, sporting events, and continuing education classes, some with a Harvard connection. In an Oresteia course I mentioned to the professor that it was a pleasure to read good English translations of works by Aeschylus, which, along with works by Sophocles and Euripides, I had struggled to get through in the original as an undergraduate. "Are you talking about Greek 106B?" he asked with a warming smile. En route to a PhD, he had taken the course from Werner Jaeger a few years after I took it from John Finley. Although a longtime fan of Cardinals football, he fondly recalled Harvard's beating Yale 29-29 in 1968 and said he would be delighted to look at my copy of the excellent video movie about The Game that Kevin Rafferty '70 produced in 2008, after I said I found elements of Greek tragedy in it. (The Yale captain told Rafferty he was glad they lost, as it taught him humility.) He enjoyed the movie so much that he obtained his own copy.

I am active in a local service organization, participate in the Gentleman Adventurers Book Club, and read a lot of books on my own. Recent selections

include poems by Victor Altshul '56 in his book *Singing with Starlings*, which I think warrant a reading by him at our Reunion.

My wife and I avidly root for the San Francisco Giants baseball team. I have shifted pro football allegiance from the Washington Redskins to the San Francisco 49ers. (Rene prefers teams where she grew up and raised her children, Chicago and Denver respectively.) We have suffered some injuries and health crises, but thanks to advances in medical science and excellent caregivers, we now enjoy very good health, certainly on an age-adjusted basis. I play tennis up to four times a week. I did, however, give up skiing a few years back, feeling vulnerable on the slopes and finding my skis, poles, and boots getting much heavier.

Rene and I have vacationed with family in Mexico and the wine country of Northern California, and visited friends and relatives in Austin, Dania Beach, Florida, Houston, New Hampshire, Chicago, New York, Paris, Seattle, and Washington, DC, attending opera performances as well in the latter five cities. We look forward to adding Boston and Cambridge to the list.

I search in vain for signs of better days ahead for our nation. The loss of well-paying jobs for the middle class and income disparities are likely to worsen as use of robots expands. Our efforts to promote democracy in the Middle East have led to disastrous increases in tribal and religious conflicts there and to terrorist threats here and abroad. I shall continue the search.

Robert W. Morrison. *Home Address:* 77 Millbrook Rd., New Vernon, NJ 07976-9703 (973-326-7226; *Fax:* 973-326-1702; *Mobile:* 973-495-9180). *Occupation:* Semiretired Orthopedic Surgeon. *Email:* morrisonb@earthlink.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara Ann Stonberg Morrison. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant commander, US Public Health Service, USPHS Hospital, Boston, MA, 1962–63.

Five more years have gone by and, amazingly, we are still here to celebrate the passage of sixty years since our graduation from Harvard College. Harvard provided us with a comprehensive fund of knowledge and a set of values with which to go forth into the world. For the most part, we Harvard graduates have done very well in using those tools to make great and small contributions to society.

In our Class Report five years ago I bemoaned the inequities of society, but now, in November 2015, there have been horrific terrorist attacks in Paris and elsewhere, with significant loss of life, that threaten our existence. We are old enough to remember the horrors of World War II. Some of our classmates had escaped Europe and found refuge in America and had come to Harvard. Other classmates had lost family members who had fought in the war. We graduated into what we felt was finally a safer and more civilized world. We were a rare generation who lived in one of the more generally peaceful times in history! Unfortunately, we may now be at the brink of another worldwide period of turmoil.

I am now semiretired but continue to do consultative work in orthopedic surgery, which keeps me busy and keeps my mind stimulated. I still enjoy listening to classical music (thanks to Professor Woodward) and photography is my main hobby. In my last report, I stated that I hoped to be able to scan and digitize my thousands of thirty-five-millimeter slides. I know now that this will be impossible in the years I have left.

My wife, Barbara, and I will celebrate our fifty-sixth anniversary next month. Her Smith College education and her innate brilliance have created a wonderful marriage. She has always been my very best friend! We share many interests and values, including classical music, photography, and the New York Yankees.

I have three gifted daughters who are raising seven wonderful grandchildren. My oldest granddaughter has graduated from college and become a journalist. The others are doing well in school. I have a grandson who is now applying to Harvard College.

I am looking forward to the Reunion this spring, and to the one afterward in 2021. *Illegitimi non carborundum.*

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Several years ago, at a meeting of our Class at 124 Mount Auburn Street, Jim Fitzgibbons predicted that we would all live until age 110. I do not know if I will achieve this, but it is my personal goal.

All of us are mourning many classmates who have left us. I happen to think first of Dan Pierce, whom I knew all my life and remember very fondly, but of course there are many others. I remain very happily married to Susan McWhinney-Morse and, thanks to her, I am blessed with four wonderful stepchildren and eight wonderful step-grandchildren.

I remain actively involved in two extracurricular activities. The first is the Fly Club at Harvard, where I continue to serve as secretary. As many of you have read, the administration wants the final clubs to become coeducational, but this remains a controversial issue. The Spee and the Fox are tending toward becoming coeducational. The Porcellian, the A. D., and the Fly are continuing in an effort to remain all-male.

Although I no longer do any uphill hiking, I continue to love to walk, first in the Blue Hills, which adjoin the house in Milton where I grew up and which I still own, and second at Putnam Camp in the Adirondacks, where we spend one or two weeks each summer.

I close with a fervent wish for good health and best wishes to all of you who are still alive and, I hope, well.

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Have had a tumultuous time health-wise fighting prostate cancer. So far the situation is stable. My youngest son, Amir, got married two years ago in Los Angeles, where he hopes to practice as a dentist. I am hoping to be present at our Sixtieth in May, if all goes well!

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Last year my wife and I moved from our house in Ossining to a ground-floor condo looking out on a beautiful garden and a running trail in the woods. We had to do a lot of work on the house to sell it, and of course chucked out huge loads of stuff. As if that weren't stressful enough, Dorothy developed a mysterious, painful medical condition in the spring that seemed to defy every effort at diagnosis. There were x-rays and CAT scans and biopsies and visits to specialists of all kinds, including two trips to Boston for consultations at Mass. General. This process can take over your lives, as I'm sure other classmates have also discovered. Thankfully, we now have a confirmed diagnosis, and treatments promising a cure began in October.

In my career as a journalist I had to have more than a surface acquaintance with specialized fields as diverse as foreign affairs, law, psychology, and business management. In the last five years I've sought to acquire more in-depth knowledge of at least one period of history. Stimulated by the one hundredth anniversary of World War I and a visit to the battlefields at Ypres, I've immersed myself in the voluminous literature surrounding the war and its aftermath in the Versailles Treaty.

Almost all us in the Class of '56 have probably passed our eightieth birthdays. I joke that reaching eighty is, when you think of it, a significant achievement. But moving down the wrong side of the age bell curve has been a bit traumatic. Long stretches of my life were devoted to sports—tennis, squash, racquetball, paddle tennis. Now I walk a bit like a penguin and have had to curtail those activities. (I've yet to try pickle ball!) I hope we'll all be able to say, as Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. reportedly did on reaching his nineties, "If I could only be eighty again!"

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In both my personal life and my work as a writer, I continue to search for the bridge between two worlds, the inner world of silence and contemplation and the outer world of action and responsibility—the world of being and the world of doing. Our threatened civilization has given far, far more energy to the outer world than to the inner world, with the inevitable result of the gathering storm that now clouds our future. At the heart of every crisis of our present era—violence to nature, murderous religious fanaticism, egoistic corruption in government and business, scientific technology that can destroy humanity—at the heart of all this there lies the fundamental crisis of what it means to become a human being, a being uniquely inhabiting and balancing the two

worlds of pure consciousness on the one hand and selfless creative action on the other hand. There now exist signs of a movement toward realizing this quality of human-ness in our culture, but it is necessarily only at the margin of society. My own perennial question lies in the hope that this movement can become an actual force for the general good before much more time passes.

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At our Fifty-fifth Reunion I mentioned to Dick Montague that my wife and I would be celebrating our fiftieth wedding anniversary in Prague. He asked whether I was familiar with Pilsner Urquell, the original Pilsner, made near Prague. When I said I wasn't, he waxed eloquent about its virtues. As luck would have it, each of our evening events at the Reunion served Urquell, so I became familiar with it and enjoyed it almost every evening in Prague. We found Prague to be a beautiful and fascinating city, although one needed a good sense of direction and a good map, since there were no English subtitles on streets or buildings. Only the Dvořák Museum had English titles and narratives on exhibits. Others sometimes had English subtitles. As is our custom, we walked everywhere and really enjoyed ourselves. The following year, we celebrated our anniversary and the Fourth of July in Venice. We had a blast; we walked everywhere (except our quick boat ride to Murano to visit a glass-making factory), a chore sometimes, since the temperature was in the low nineties and so was the humidity. However, water spigots appeared almost everywhere, so one could refill water bottles easily. It is a beautiful city with excellent food and wine and places to visit.

Other than these two trips, the five years have been much like the prior five, except for this summer when I got a compression fracture on my T6 vertebra a week after my first round of golf. That eliminated golf until 2016, and my annual flight to Dayton for my high school get-together (we stopped reunions after the sixtieth). Flying is fine, but I couldn't take standing or sitting in restaurant chairs. I continue to sit on three nonprofit boards and serve as secretary for two, and still sing in two oratorio chorales and the church choir. One, the Academy Chorale and Chamber Society (our orchestra), performed the American premiere of *Annelies*, the Anne Frank story, in March of 2014. The music was haunting. Music is a great stimulus intellectually and helps keep one young, as does flying and golfing. My golfing handicap has stayed the same, and much of my flying is now proficiency and area sightseeing. We also take our daughter and her family to Skytop Lodge in the Pocono Mountains for four days of golf. Her boys can't understand how an older fellow can still beat them. (It's all in the head.)

We've enjoyed family events, particularly the college graduations last spring of two of my older daughter's sons, one from Lebanon Valley College and the

other from Lafayette College in three years. A third son is a freshman at the University of Colorado, and my son's son is following his cousin's footsteps by attending Lafayette. We'll have the family for Thanksgiving dinner at our country club. It was acquired last year by the Union League of Philadelphia, and as a certificate member of the club I was eligible for league membership at no extra cost. I'd been a member of the league for nearly twenty-four years until my retirement, and it's a pleasure to be a member again. Although we have little occasion to be in downtown Philadelphia, membership gives us ready access to the country club for dinners out, as well as my golf.

As is my custom, I looked back at my remarks for previous Reunions. As in the past, I'm dismayed at how many of my concerns and predictions about health care in this country have come true. Obamacare is a disaster, at least in this area, given the cutbacks in coverage and increases in co-pays and premiums, some to astronomical heights. The paperwork is now unbelievable, with thousands of new codes requiring unbelievable amounts of time for physicians to enter them and other required documentation into electronic charts. The result is less time for physicians to spend with patients. Add to this the woes caused by high unemployment and low participation in the work force, eleven to fifteen million illegal immigrants, unfunded state and local government liabilities, a hugely increased national debt, and lack of national and international leadership, among other concerns. One wonders whether our national leadership will ever go back to operating within the Constitution. All in all, I find our current situation depressing when I think of its impact on our children and grandchildren—and beyond.

But enough of doom and gloom. This year's Reunion will be a real delight. The committee has done an excellent job in planning the events, and there are activities that should please us all. Add to this the chance to get together to renew old friendships and add a few new ones. I've always found it interesting that ROTC unit members seem to have the more binding friendships, and people from other colleges tell me that is their experience as well. I look forward to seeing you all in Cambridge in May—along with a tad of Urquell.

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Besides my army service in Stuttgart, Germany, when I retired I served for a year in Port Moresby, Papua New Guinea, for Habitat for Humanity.

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Though somewhat hobbled by arthritis and other maladies of old age, I do gym workouts and socialize a bit. My eldest son, Henry, lives a few miles away with a wife and three children. My daughter, Rachel, is in New Jersey; another son, Fred, is in the mountains near Lake Tahoe; and the youngest son, Victor, is in Los Angeles.

Maribel's family is in the L.A. area and in the Philippines.

I am attempting to finish some scientific (theoretical) work on the origins of the moon and also the seeming variations in the constant of gravity.

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Taking early retirement twenty years ago, my wife and I needed a project. We bought a hundred acres (and added another hundred two years later) with a modest 1898 farmhouse in rural northern Vermont, remodeled, and started clearing trails (now four miles), recapturing meadows and orchards and rehabbing gardens. It now takes fourteen hours to mow the lawns, weeks in the spring to clear blow-down from the trails, and constant weeding, trimming, and replanting to maintain the gardens. The law of unintended consequences strikes again! Now that we are octogenarians, we are no longer in need of a project, and we are gradually learning, year by year, how to move the goal posts.

Vermont keeps us busy mid-May to mid-October (with a month or so at Christmas). After leaf-peeping season we head south to Detroit for the winter. Here we regain our cultural balance (symphony, opera, theater, library) and our racial balance, going from the whitest state in America to perhaps the blackest (still) major city in America. It fascinates us that a few years ago, when major Wall Street banks were in need, the federal government stepped up to the plate; when Detroit was resolving its bankruptcy on the backs of retirees' pensions and health care benefits, no assistance was forthcoming. Racism is alive and well!

In our spare time, starting in 2001, we have taken nineteen transoceanic trips, from Bhutan to Bahía Bustamante (southern Argentina), with another couple sufficiently younger to be able to shepherd us in our dotage.

When I see the pressure on institutions of higher learning to become trade schools, measured by the income of their graduates, I shudder. Despite being PBK, magna cum laude, and all that stuff, I never earned as much as thirty thousand dollars a year (my wife, a Smithie, got up to forty). But I rejoice constantly in the liberal arts education I received, and hope our alma mater can hold the fort when the barbarians are at the gates.

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Very little has changed in our activities since the Fifty-fifth Report, except that we have become very addicted to Viking River Cruises, beginning with their Budapest-to-Amsterdam offering in 2014. Their boats are new, small, and very well equipped to feed us and provide us with drink. Their able guides provide insights to daily trips ashore to sites of interest. The year 2015 will bring their trip from Moscow to St. Petersburg.

Toni and I look forward to the Sixtieth activities.

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RICHARD MAHONEY OEHMLER. *Home Address:* 200 St. Andrews Blvd., Unit 2701, Winter Park, FL 32792 (*Mobile:* 516-532-3602). *Additional Home Address:* 16 Meadowood Court, Huntington, NY 11743 (631-824-6917). *Email:* doehmler@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Jocelyn Amalong Shoemaker Oehmler. *Children:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Twelve. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, US Army, Washington, DC, 1956–58.

Much has changed for me in the last five years. As some of you may recall, my wonderful wife, Dottie '57, died suddenly some months before our Fifty-fifth Reunion. She was an extraordinary woman, and I was so fortunate to have her love and companionship for fifty-three years. After two very lonely years I was remarried to someone I can only describe as my high school sweetheart, Jocelyn (Joy) Amalong. Joy is vivacious, bright, and attractive and has brought much to my life. She has lived in Winter Park, Florida, since the late sixties, so we now divide our time between Huntington, Long Island, where I have lived for an equally long time, and Winter Park. While I certainly do not miss the cold and snow in the Northeast, it is not all positive. In the summer we miss our friends in Winter Park and in the winter our friends in Huntington. And some of my volunteer activities in New York have withered away simply because I am not there. Still, I maintain my Harvard schools work. I enjoy meeting and interviewing applicants and, whether or not they are admitted to Harvard (probably not), it encourages me that our country is still producing so many talented and smart young people.

Between the two of us, Joy and I have eight children and seventeen grandchildren. They live in far-flung locations—from Boston to California and places in between—so we spend a fair amount of time traveling and visiting.

We have also taken to spending July, or part of it, in Maine, where we much enjoy seeing our classmate Ken MacCormac and his wife, Mary. I look forward to seeing you all at the Reunion.

ROBERT S. OGDEN JR. *Home Address:* 5411 Osprey Court, Sanibel, FL 33957 (239-472-0655; *Mobile:* 203-253-5356). *Other Address:* 152 Neck Rd., Madison, CT 06443 (203-245-0422). *Email:* baloo60@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Joan (died Dec. 30, 2015). *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

Joan died peacefully at home, surrounded by her loving family, Deborah, Karen, and me, her husband of fifty-seven years. She had been diagnosed with ovarian cancer in October of 2015.

PAUL GERARD O'LEARY. *Home Address:* 420D Bromley Pl., Wyckoff, NJ 07481 (201-891-4516). *Email:* ploleary@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Elizabeth J. O'Leary. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, US Army National Guard, field artillery, 1953–1961.

MBA, University of Pennsylvania '58; instructor in finance, Wharton School, 1959–1961; president, Harvard Club of New Jersey, 1983; Hiram Hunn Award, 2011, Harvard Admissions Office; Harvard son Paul H. O'Leary '85; *Who's Who in the World*; Red Sox fan.

ROBERT M. O'NEIL. *Home Address:* 3902 Ingomar St. NW, Washington, DC 20015-1916 (*Mobile:* 202-365-8492). *Occupation:* Senior Fellow. Association of Governing Boards of Colleges and Universities. *Email:* rmo@virginia.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Karen E. O'Neil. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Thirteen.

At a time when most of our classmates and friends seemed to be moving to more rural areas, Karen and I decided the time had come to head for northwest Washington, DC, in the belief that urban life would be most congenial—and would also bring us closer to half of our far-flung family. Having acquired a house built in 1911 in Chevy Chase, we are now within easy walking distance of one son and daughter-in-law and four grandchildren, and less than an hour from our youngest son and daughter-in-law and three more grandchildren in Baltimore. Both sons are fully engaged as practicing lawyers, though both have also had Justice Department experience, the older of the two having briefly served as acting assistant attorney general in charge of the Criminal Division. Further afield, we regularly visit our daughter and son-in-law and their four children in Austin, Texas, and our oldest son and his wife and their two children in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

I retired from the University of Virginia law faculty in 2007 and now serve as a senior fellow of the Association of Governing Boards of Colleges and Universities, reviewing and approving amicus curiae briefs, collaborating on editorial tasks that involve challenging governance issues, and engaging in related activities in the field of higher education. The winter of 2015–16 has proved to be a far more challenging time on the college campus than any of

us could possibly have anticipated, and we expect continuing student protest and unrest as we approach our Reunion, assuming that Harvard will not likely be unscathed.

Happily, we have now welcomed thirteen grandchildren (five boys and eight girls, including a pair of identical twins), and assume that a baker's dozen represents at least our share if not more. Karen has also retired from full-time teaching and administration at St. Anne's-Belfield School in Charlottesville, though she continues as a trustee of the school and chairs a board committee, thus maintaining contact with Charlottesville. She also serves on the board of DC Scholars, a Washington-area charter school that provides outstanding opportunity for inner-city elementary schoolchildren.

And before heading to Cambridge for the Reunion, we fervently hope that the currently confusing presidential prospects for 2016 will have been clarified, and that the daunting world situation will have improved at least a little.

DONALD IRWIN ORENBUCH. *Home Address:* 20 Conshohocken State Rd., Apt. 703A, Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004-3316 (*Mobile:* 610-453-0280). *Email:* dorenbuch@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Billie Lee Purchas Orenbuch. *Children:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Specialist first class, US Army, chemical corps, Edgewood, MD, 1956–58.

I have retired from work but not from life.

After thirty-seven years in the same house, Billie and I decided to downsize and move south, but not far. We chose a location five miles south of where we had been living. I can attest to the fact, as probably many of you can, that moving is one of life's three great stressors. But since we remained in roughly the same area (a suburb of Philadelphia), we kept close to all the friends we have made, which was an important factor in our decision to move.

Billie has continued her work as a psychotherapist. And her office now is within walking distance of the apartment. The Great Recession has added much stress to people's lives, and thus her appointment book is usually quite full. She is good at what she does and enjoys helping singles and couples cope with today's anxieties and PTSD.

I was in corporate life for many years with a number of chemical companies. But in 1991 I left that life and wanted something simpler. I opened a party store and was in the party business for almost twenty-five years. It was great fun but the market changed (read: the Great Recession and the Internet). I loved running my own little business, but we closed the store in February of 2015. We had a good twenty-five-year run.

As for me, I belong to a number of groups that fill me with joy. I am on the board of directors of Main Line School Night (MLSN). We organize programs in many fields for adults living along what is known as the Main Line, a suburban area of Philadelphia. MLSN has about six thousand adults enrolled.

Every Wednesday I meet with a discussion group. The group consists of about forty adults with a variety of backgrounds. We spend about one and a

half hours discussing current events, with much respect for everyone's opinions. Politically we range from the far right to the far left. There is usually a topic for each meeting and therefore some readings to be done in preparation for the meeting. This has been going on for about twenty years and it keeps my mind active. We have become more of a family than simply a bunch of strangers.

I also have continued my love and study (in a group) of ikebana (Japanese flower arranging) and have exhibited at the Philadelphia Flower Show, this nation's largest show, with about 400,000 attendees over a ten-day period. Since we only use live flowers, any arrangement will last only a week or less. I am often asked why I don't do painting or sculpture, etc., since these are permanent exhibitions of creativity. But to me it is the creativity that is important, and not whether there is some permanent reminder of that creativity. The process is most of the joy, and less the permanency of the end result. To me it is almost a metaphor for life: we are created, live for a while, and then wither away. Not a very nourishing thought but true nonetheless.

Once a month I meet with a group of musicians (guitars, banjo, ukulele, etc.) and we go back to the folk era of the fifties and sixties. We sit around and just sing the old folk songs. I can hardly sing in key but the group is very forgiving. I feel much better at the end of a session. Maybe it is the deep breathing that is required, or maybe the songs just take me back to an earlier, easier time.

Finally, I have my poker buddies. Once a week I participate in a serious poker game that has been going on for about twenty-five years. All the cares of the world fade away as I just make the most of the hand that I was dealt.

If you are ever in Philly, call me. Perhaps we will be able to get together.

RICHARD ALLEN OSTROFF. *Address:* 55 Parker Hill Rd., Gardner, MA 01440-2340 (978-632-3613).

WILLIAM TAKUMI OTA. *Address:* 301 Linden Ponds Way, Unit 506, Hingham, MA 02043-3748 (781-740-1352).

GERALD A. OUELLETTE. *Home Address:* 87 Andrews Way, Plymouth, MA 02360-1641 (508-224-5655; *Mobile:* 508-322-0850). *Email:* gerryo@verizon.net; gerryo@post.harvard.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Jeannie MacCallum Ouellette. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* One. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Sergeant, US Air Force, Johnston Atoll, North Pacific Ocean; Marion, MA, 1948–1952.

Since my Fiftieth Reunion narrative, my wife and I have continued to reside in Plymouth, Massachusetts, leading a fairly quiet, unexciting retirement. As time passes, I rarely get back to Boston or any other travel, except either to enjoy a Caribbean cruise or to spend a couple of weeks in a warmer climate to avoid the middle of the New England winter.

My health is still quite good and I don't hesitate to drive my twenty-year-old manual shift SUV around the area, day or night, with occasional visits to

children in Rockport or friends in western Massachusetts. On drives to Florida, I share the driving with Jeannie in her car with an automatic transmission.

As for my current view of Harvard, I still say that the Harvard we all attended in the 1950s was a wonderful place compared to what I hear about it today. It was an extremely friendly place, open to all sorts of free speech, with all of the thirty-two courses I attended taught by full or associate professors, three of whom were Nobel laureates. TAs were seen only in laboratories and as monitors during exams and never, ever taught a course. Only four individuals worked in financial aid, including John Monro, who also worked with Dave Henry in admissions. Ask yourselves why so many are now working in these two departments. I could go on and on about how much, in my view, the College has gone downhill since the "good old days," which were really good and have fallen by the wayside to reside in the dustbin of history.

I still have hopes for Harvard and await the time when it will be free from the tentacles of extreme liberalism that are now smothering free speech in almost all of the colleges in our country. As an old curmudgeon, I am always free to vent my generally unbiased views and do enjoy this privilege that comes with age.

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CARLOS ENRIQUE PARDO. *Address:* Unknown.

PETER JOLLE PARKER. *Home Address:* 19 Hobbs Rd., North Hampton, NH 03862-2120 (603-964-9294). *Occupation and Office Address:* Semiretired (consulting). Inlook Group, P.O. Box 405, Portsmouth, NH 03802-0405. *Email:* pjparker@inlookgroup.com. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.inlookgroup.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Cynthia Grace Swank. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* US Navy.

After sixty years away from Harvard, I am at a loss for words . . . I now have lived in North Hampton longer than anywhere else (and the house is almost three times older than I am). Happy thoughts about daughter Liza, her husband, Frank, and their children. Perhaps because Cynthia and I live on the coast, we continue to go north for vacations, but hikes are now strolls.

PAUL L. PAWLOWSKI. *Address:* 4N 510 Old Quarry Rd., St. Charles, IL 60174 (630-584-5941).

ROGER S. PAYNE. *Address:* P.O. Box 354, South Woodstock, VT 05071-0354.

WILLIAM HESSELTINE PEAR II. *Home Address:* 9 W. School St., No. 309, Charlestown, MA 02129 (617-242-0531). *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant commander (retired), US Naval Reserve, 1956–1961.

ROBERT O. PEPIN. *Address:* 6730 Willow Lane, Brooklyn Center, MN 55430-1336 (763-560-7777).

PETER D. M. PEREIRA. *Address:* 4955 Kimbark Ave., Chicago, IL 60615 (773-536-6242).

WILLIAM RANDOLPH PERKINS. *Home Address:* Urbana, IL. *Occupation:* Professor Emeritus. University of Illinois, Urbana-Champaign, Dept. of Electrical and Computer Engineering.

RONALD EDERLE PETERSON. *Address:* Unknown.

JOHN FELIX PETRULIS. *Address:* P.O. Box 1233, Jupiter, FL 33468-1233.

DONALD HUDSON PFARRER. *Address:* 18 Brown St., Cambridge, MA 02138-4821 (617-576-3302).

MORRIS PHINNEY JR. *Home Address:* 17 Stonecleave Lane, Groton, MA 01450-1550 (978-448-0063). *Other Address:* Tuckernuck Island, Nantucket, MA. *Spouse/Partner:* Karen. *Children:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Great-grandchildren:* Three.

ROBERT H. E. PHIPPS. *Address:* 122 Cottage St., Bar Harbor, ME 04609-1410 (207-288-3633).

WILLIAM PETER PIERSKALLA. *Home Address:* 294 Wandering Woods Way, Ponte Vedra, FL 32081 (*Mobile:* 941-779-6109). *Occupation:* Distinguished Professor Emeritus. The Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania; The Anderson School, University of California, Los Angeles. *Other Address:* 15314 Black Lake Rd. NE, Bemidji, MN 56601-7504. *Email:* william.pierskalla@anderson.ucla.edu; wpierska@anderson.ucla.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Carol Spargo Pierskalla. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Great-grandchildren:* Three.

Since our Fifty-fifth Reunion, I have continued doing some volunteer work for the National Academy of Engineering, a little professional writing, speaking, and conferences, some research, some travel, more relaxation, and, most importantly, more time with my sons and their families, in particular with my three youngest grandchildren, who live in Charlotte, North Carolina. We also have three grown grandchildren living in Alaska near their father

(our oldest son) and mother. One of them has three children, our great-grandchildren. We see the three grandchildren in Charlotte frequently but the families in Alaska only annually. We have a small Class A motor home and use it frequently for these visits and other travel.

My wife and I hope to attend this Reunion to see old friends and renew remembrances of our days at Harvard. Also, it is great to see that Harvard sports are still thriving and that the Harvard fencing teams (my varsity sport) have established a long-run winning record with truly excellent young men and women fencers.

Two years ago we moved to a Del Webb retirement community near St. Augustine, Florida. We live here mid-fall to late spring and travel to Bemidji, Minnesota, for the summers. Carol is active in several clubs, whereas I have only two, because my national and international activities take much of my free time not given to family activities. For my eightieth birthday present, last September, Carol and I took our first river cruise, on the Rhine from Basel to Amsterdam. It was most enjoyable, but we need to return to spend more time in other parts of Germany, in particular southwestern Germany, where my maternal grandparents lived before their migration to Minnesota.

My career for almost forty years was in academia at various universities. It was most enjoyable and rewarding to teach and to discover new results in my research. I was paid most of my life to do what I would have done for free were I independently wealthy. I attribute all of this deep interest in education to Harvard College and to a loving wife who put up with my very long hours studying during our student years.

ESTEBAN D. R. PIROVANO. *Address:* 3216½ Avenida de San Marcos, Santa Fe, NM 87507 (505-474-5861).

RICHARD LAURANCE PLAUT JR. *Address:* c/o Jewish Home and Hospital, 120 W. 106th St., New York, NY 10025.

DANIEL A. POLLEN. *Address:* 54 Grant St., Lexington, MA 02420-3705 (781-863-0280).

PARKER F. POND JR. *Address:* 20 Crystal St., Newton Centre, MA 02459-2104 (617-332-0134).

JOHN WARD POOLE. *Home Address:* 3125 Newark St. NW, Washington, DC 20008-3344. *Other Address:* 23 Upper Rd., Center Sandwich, NH 03227. *Spouse/Partner:* Mary Winslow Poole. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Airman second class, US Air Force, activated from air national guard, 1961–62.

I won't hold forth at length. To sum up, I'm more often gruntled than disgruntled. On the upside, there is the simple, pure joy of being able to get

outdoors on a nice day and engage in "moderate" exercise. On the downside, not a day passes that I don't ask myself, "Wouldn't things be better if, two decades ago, my country had summoned up the nerve to tell the State of Israel that there would be no more aid until there was no more violating international law?"

JOHN ALEXANDER POPE JR. *Home Address:* 24 W. 69th St., New York, NY 10023 (212-873-2967; *Mobile:* 917-572-7735). *Seasonal Address:* (June–Oct.) 317 Pumpkin Hollow Rd., Hillsdale, NY 12529 (518-329-2258). *Email:* johnapopejr@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Anne Turner Pope. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven.

Right after graduation I married Anne Turner, and we spent the winter of 1956–57 in Cambridge while I tried Harvard Law School. I didn't like it, and in the summer of 1957 we moved to New York City so I could make my fortune in publishing. We settled on West 69th Street and have lived there ever since. We raised three sons, and they have all survived nicely.

I worked as an editor at Macmillan (1957–1960), at St. Martin's Press (1960–66), at Scholastic Books (1966–68), and at Reader's Digest General Books (1968–1995). Anne received degrees at Hunter College and Columbia Business School and worked at John Jay College and at the Port Authority. Fortunately, she retired before the World Trade Center was destroyed.

Over the years we have enjoyed the city and we have enjoyed our travels—and most of all we have enjoyed our family, which now includes two daughters-in-law, six granddaughters, one grandson, and one granddaughter-in-law. In the 1980s we bought a country house in Columbia County, New York, where we have spent a lot of happy time. We have had lucky lives, and we are still enjoying them.

WILLIAM H. POWERS. *Address:* Marlee Acres, 2800 Haymaker Farm Rd., Export, PA 15632 (724-327-6886).

PHILIP PRICE JR. *Home Address:* 8003 Navajo St., Philadelphia, PA 19118-3926. *Email:* philippricejr@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Sarah D. Price. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, US Army Reserve, artillery, 1956–58.

In retirement I continue to spend a certain amount of time each week as an active board member of four Philadelphia nonprofits with which I have been associated for many years. One of these, St. James School, is a tuition-free middle school in a North Philadelphia neighborhood. Opened in 2011, this school for inner-city youth has just sent its first graduating class to "best fits" high schools in this region—private, charter, boarding, and archdiocesan.

However, a lot of my time is now focused on my immediate family: my wife, Sarah, our three married children, and our six young grandchildren. Our oldest daughter married an Englishman and lives in Henley-on-Thames with

their three children. Coordinating schedules is a challenge, but we are able to visit with them at least twice a year. Our other two families live in Manhattan and Philadelphia; therefore, we are able to enjoy dinners, theater, birthdays, and other activities together on a regular basis. Three years ago our son, Phil, and his family moved back to Philadelphia from Washington. At that time he told me that one of the reasons for his move was to "look after the old folks"! I guess that would be us.

When we gather for our Sixtieth Reunion in May, we will have the chance to share our current activities and interests with friends we made during our college years. What a pleasure that will be!

WOODRUFF M. PRICE. *Address:* P.O. Box 409, Dennis, MA 02638-0409 (508-385-3641).

ANTHONY JOSEPH PROVENZANO. *Home Address:* 100 Sawtry Pl., Summerville, SC 29485-4079 (941-730-7256). *Email:* wtrgdn@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Marina M. Provenzano. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight. *Step-grandchildren:* Two. *Great-grandchildren:* One.

Since last report, moved to Charleston, South Carolina, area in 2010 with wife Frances, who passed away in 2011. Married Marina (Starr) on June 1, 2014. Survived heart attack December 2014, now better than ever. Wish my surviving classmates could be as happy and healthy as I.

KARL HOWARD PURNELL. *Address:* 103 S. Fourth St., Mifflinburg, PA 17844 (570-768-6010).

MARTIN JOHN QUINN JR. *Address:* Unknown.

ROBERT COLLIER QUINN. *Address:* Unknown.

ROBERT LOUIS RADNER. *Home Address:* 5304 Brookview Drive, Boynton Beach, FL 33437 (*Phone and Fax:* 561-733-4158; *Mobile:* 561-797-1686). *Email:* rradner@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Judith P. Radner. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Step-grandchildren:* Three.

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RICHARD ORLAND RECCHIA. *Address:* 260 Pippin Orchard Rd., Cranston, RI 02921-3615.

JOHN S. REED. *Home and Office Address:* 48 Bellevue Ave., Cambridge, MA 02140-3637 (617-354-0771). *Occupation:* Consulting Services International (617-797-0837). *Email:* john.reed@mindspring.com; jsreed@alumni.ksg.harvard.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Sue Reed. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* US Army Reserve, 1959–1965.

FRED REHMUS. *Address:* 620 Sand Hill Rd., Apt. 428D, Palo Alto, CA 94304-2604 (650-322-5063).

PAUL L. REINHARDT. *Address:* 76 Blake Rd., Lexington, MA 02420 (781-862-2017).

FREDERICK S. REIS JR. *Home Address:* 2868 Fort Scott Drive, Apt. 212, Arlington, VA 22202-2346. *Occupation:* Consultant. *Email:* fredsreis@hotmail.com. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Naval Reserve, thirty years; Legion of Merit.

The past five years have seen more continuity than change in my personal life, but with some significant exceptions. The biggest change was the passing of my mother, who was blessed to remain keen, upbeat, and able to continue in her independent living apartment until her death at 101. An admirable woman and an inspiration to many, she is greatly missed. Just two other family members of her generation remain.

In April 2015, finally coming to terms with the fact that my life in essence had returned to the East Coast, I gave up my Sunnyvale, California, apartment of forty years, half of my years up to that point. During the first twenty of those years I was in grad school at Berkeley, taught at two colleges, worked for GM, and was part of a US Navy consulting group, though as time went on my work increasingly moved to Washington, DC. Over that forty-year span, Sunnyvale lost most of its glorious Santa Clara Valley apricot and cherry orchards (one of which, now walled housing, Puff, my great cat of almost twenty years, loved to patrol) to the IT buildup and endless suburbia that led to the name "Silicon Valley," a term I still resist. No longer bicoastal, I still feel the lure of California, with its magnificent mountains and seashore and many good friends.

My time over the past five years, as for several years previously, has been largely divided between a longtime apartment across the Potomac from Washington (which I rented month-to-month in 1987 while living in California to avoid a long-term commitment) and the family house in Massachusetts. Various projects in DC keep me more than occupied, and there is no end of work on the family house. Both are exciting, wonderful areas to live in, with a wide range of musical, cultural, intellectual, and outdoor activities to choose from. Continuing to enjoy good health, I've switched to lower-impact activities, e.g., from running to hiking, swimming, and the gym, and from downhill to cross-country skiing. After near-drownings at La Jolla and Sandy Beach (Oahu), I still enjoy body-surfing, but in the more forgiving waves of Newport and Narragansett Town Beach.

One of the personally most satisfying events of these years was finally receiving the diploma for a master of arts degree from Stanford in June 2014. Conferred long after my department ceased to offer a master's program, for academic work I had completed exactly fifty years earlier (but failed to attend to the required administrative paperwork for), it was awarded with appropriate

ceremony and considerable humor in a lovely California eucalyptus grove, just a few days short of my eightieth birthday.

I'm still engaged in some research and writing and an occasional manuscript review. My accommodation with the technology that might facilitate some of this work, however, has been limited and grudging. Still writing on a trusty yellow pad, I rely on libraries for computer access and stick with a seemingly unbreakable eleven-year-old Nokia used solely as a telephone. Having pulled the plug on my TVs at the time of the conversion from analog to digital, I've appreciated having more time for other pursuits while also getting more comprehensive, in-depth news from newspapers (may they last) and from BBC, NPR, and C-SPAN radio. Despite well-intentioned urging to "upgrade," I'm quite happy being "electronics-light."

As for my feelings about Harvard, they remain mixed, but are somewhat more positive than in years past. While the view from afar is partial at best, President Faust from here appears to be projecting a positive image for the University and also seems to be doing a good job dealing with the Harvard community's often difficult constituencies. I applaud her actions in carrying forward President Summers's support for reinstatement of ROTC, with added measures both to remove impediments to and provide support for greater participation. ROTC, particularly with substantive course offerings, can be an academic asset for the broader Harvard community in the areas of leadership, problem-solving, and ethical decision-making and a counter to the unhealthy separation of the military from academia and civil society.

On climate change, Harvard's alternatives for addressing it seem constructive, reasonable, and more efficacious than divestment of University funds. And in the current Orwellian frenzy in some quarters to extirpate any trace of the historical past that may be discomfiting, I deeply hope that Harvard, with its commitment to truth (as in *Veritas*), however unsettling it may be, and President Faust, as a thoughtful historian, will hold fast for free speech and inquiry, diversity of thought and opinion, appreciation for the complexity of history and human affairs, and reasoned discourse as the means of bringing about change.

On the important matter of undergraduate education, I still question the priority Harvard accords to undergraduate education relative to that at Stanford and other leading research universities (though Harvard, of course, should be the leader). Two areas of long-standing concern are the often limited time senior faculty spend with undergraduates, in and out of the classroom, and the hit-or-miss quality of course assistants in recent years (perhaps decades), in contrast to the dissertation-level teaching fellows we typically experienced. The solutions seem so obvious that I'll say no more.

Besides these and other educational process concerns, there is the basic question of education for what, or the fundamental rationale for a university education. Concerns on this score were addressed ten years ago by former Harvard dean Harry Lewis in his searching critique, *Excellence Without a Soul:*

How a Great University Forgot Education (2006), and more recently by Yale's William Deresiewicz in *Excellent Sheep: The Miseducation of the American Elite and the Way to a Meaningful Life* (2014). Both express dismay at what they argue is deemphasis of independent and creative thinking and the shift in enrollments from history and the humanities toward "practical subjects"—giving in to what they regard as "tunnel-vision careerism" without a sense of fundamental values. Thus it couldn't have been more timely, or hopeful, than for the Harvard Graduate School of Education to have released its report, *Turning the Tide: Inspiring Concern for Others and the Common Good through College Admissions*, in the course of this writing. Endorsed by eighty-five other institutions, it initiates a two-year campaign to reshape the admissions process to bring applicants' concern for values and ethical engagement (versus sheer activities) onto a par with intellectual engagement. From the online commentary, it sounds promising.

On the subject of quality in education, I'd like to pay tribute to a prince of a man from our time at Harvard—Charles P. Whitlock, AM '47, who died in 2015 at age ninety-five. He lectured in social psychology and served in several major administrative posts, including dean of Harvard College and senior tutor (and later master) of Dudley House in the 1950s, bringing major academic, material, and status improvements for the many students then commuting to Harvard. Notwithstanding my close association at Dudley with this quietly effective, unassuming man, it was only years later that I learned of his fifty-seven World War II combat missions in B-24 Liberators and numerous other achievements.

Looking back on these five years nationally, there seems little to be especially positive about, even for an innate optimist. True, there has been some recovery from the near-meltdown of the financial system and its massive impact on employment, the broader economy, and society, but whether the underlying causes have been seriously dealt with is questionable. More people have some health insurance, but not necessarily better or more affordable health care. Economic insecurity and income and wealth gaps between the wealthiest and most of the rest of society have only increased, with the viability of the all-important middle classes in question. Racial and ethnic cleavages have deepened, palpably so in my racially mixed neighborhood, with the added ingredient of anti-Muslim sentiment in some quarters.

Meanwhile, disdain for "Washington" and the efficacy of government (often justified, in my experience as a consultant and member of inspector general teams) is widespread. The "establishment" media also are distrusted, and they in turn chafe at what they see as the least transparent of presidencies. Unprecedented amounts of money are seen to be corrupting politics, while political polarization, accentuated by the breakdown of consensus on basic moral values, is such that one wonders how much common ground remains. More broadly, the constitutional power balance among the three branches of

government has become increasingly skewed toward the executive, a process begun decades ago but seen by many as a danger to democracy.

My self-identification (and registration) as a political independent are only reinforced as major elements of both major parties move toward the extremes. The driving factors are understandable. But the solutions, I think, lie not at the extremes, which would not produce viable solutions and fragment us even further, but in pragmatic, effective executive and legislative leadership, that will reach out to address these problems, find and develop common ground, and think beyond party to move forward in a more cooperative and collegial way. (We can hope.)

The international situation, needless to say, has deteriorated on a grand scale over these five years. From Africa to Ukraine, to most of the Middle East, to the South China Sea and North Korea, aggression and violence, or the threat thereof, have increased as Russia, China, Iran, and terrorist groups like ISIS have moved to fill the vacuum created with the withdrawal of American presence and leadership. Even as international violence and instability increase, US forces are being drawn down and personnel, ships, and hardware stressed to levels that seriously impair their ability to meet present commitments, let alone respond to future crises.

Much of the responsibility for the world situation lies with US policies, most of all the disastrous 2003 invasion of Iraq, but also indecisive and vacillating policies since then, premature withdrawal of forces, and a leadership vacuum that erodes US credibility with friend and foe. With responsibility for what we have set in motion goes moral responsibility for its consequences, most obviously the millions of refugees now taxing the economies and polities of numerous other nations, and more deaths in Syria alone, including many thousands of children, than twice the population of Cambridge.Yet the United States accepts few refugees, and of special concern to me as a former naval intelligence officer as well as citizen, makes asylum extremely difficult and rare for interpreters and others who have aided US forces and agencies at great personal peril.

While the two national and international security issues receiving the most public attention today are climate change and terrorism—both real and important—two other realities, either of which could be upon us without warning, would bring instantly devastating consequences, one an existential threat to civilization that could render climate change almost a dead issue. These are nuclear proliferation and cyberwarfare.

The porous, one-sided Iran deal likely only postpones an Iranian nuclear bomb at best, long-range ballistic missiles for which are already being tested, while increasing the impetus for other Middle Eastern states to develop their own weapons. Just a handful of nuclear detonations would bring unthinkable havoc and permeate the atmosphere, negating much of the effort at mitigating climate change. Perhaps even more of a threat, the acquisition of nuclear materials by ISIS or like groups, which they are all too eager to obtain and

rogue regimes like North Korea all too ready to provide, poses the specter not only of bombs being smuggled into the United States, but of radioactive contamination such as that still being experienced in the aftermath of Chernobyl, thirty years later.

Meanwhile, the cyberattacks already being widely reported are capable of hitting broad areas of government, the military, and the private sector, crippling information networks, power grids, food and fuel supplies, and much more, inflicting enormous damage instantaneously. The cyber threat, like the nuclear, is not entirely separate from that from ISIS, as increasingly sophisticated terrorists have shown interest in nuclear materials and evidence of formidable cyber capabilities.

To see significantly greater US international involvement or leadership, we'll probably have to await a president with a different conception of America's role in the world. But the climate change, terrorist, nuclear, and cyber threats all have to be met—simultaneously, with resources, urgency, and leadership of the first order—albeit with necessarily differing responses and timetables.

To end on a more positive note, some distinctly good vibes emanate from Harvard these days over the strengthened radio waves of WHRB. Along with campus news, live sports coverage, and country music ("Hillbilly at Harvard," running since 1948), WHRB rivals the best of classical stations in the serious music portions of its highly varied programming. You can catch it in the Boston area at 95.3 FM out to I-495 and beyond.

Looking forward to seeing you all at our Sixtieth!

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I continue to be employed as a senior assistant attorney general for the District of Columbia. I do litigation, as I have throughout my professional career. I have now had six jobs since graduating from Harvard Law School in 1959: research assistant to Professor Paul A. Freund, Harvard Law School; law clerk to Justice William J. Brennan Jr., US Supreme Court; assistant US attorney for the District of Columbia; associate and partner at Arnold & Porter, Washington, DC; general counsel of the DC Financial Control Board; and my present job. I have no intention of ever retiring. I have also taught for the last fifty-two years as an adjunct professor at Georgetown University Law Center.

My wife, Beverly, continues to be employed as a photographer. We have two children and four grandchildren, all living in the Bay Area. We try to visit the Bay Area at least four times a year. Beverly and I are both ardent fans of the

Washington Nationals and Harvard athletics, especially football and basketball. We have gotten to know Tommy Amaker slightly and greatly admire what he has done for Harvard basketball. We continue to take Harvard alumni trips abroad when we can.

My politics have become steadily more conservative. We are enjoying the entertainment provided by the current political campaign and look forward to the upcoming election. We try to exercise every day at a local health club and consider it indispensable to our activities.

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One of the things I am proudest of is being a member of the Harvard Class of 1956. I look forward to seeing classmates at the Reunion, and will especially be looking for those who were with me in Winthrop House.

DENNIS WILSON RICH. *Home Address:* 103 Laurel Lake Drive, Hudson, OH 44236-2153 (330-655-4224). *Email:* dwrichoh5@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Mary Elizabeth Emery Rich. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Nine. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Naval Reserve, 1957–1963.

I have been exceptionally lucky and Harvard has been a major element in my success. Looking back on sixty years of fulfillment in both business and community life, the open door that provided the opportunity was frequently Harvard—not so much in networking but simply the fact that expectations for me were always positive, thanks to the Harvard name.

A simple list of jobs and activities lends evidence to this fact: General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York, 1956–57, research lab accounting; United States Navy, 1957–1960, lieutenant, senior class, US Naval Reserve; General Electric Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, 1960–63, management training course; Goodyear Tire & Rubber, Akron, Ohio—systems analyst (1963–65), manager, business information systems (1965–69), manager, financial planning and analysis (1969–1971), assistant comptroller (1971–75), vice president, Finance Motor Wheel Corporation (1975–77), vice president, Finance Benelux (1977–79), vice president, Finance Europe (1979–1982), director, strategic planning (1982–85), director, mergers and acquisitions (1985–1990), managing director, Goodyear Morocco (1990–95), general manager, Goodyear Hungary (1995–97); director, National Association of Accountants; president, Harvard Club of Akron; treasurer, Planned Parenthood of Summit County, Ohio; counselor, Minority Business Counseling; counselor, Junior Achievement; director, Hudson Community Service Association; president, Rotary Club of Hudson, Ohio; president, Hudson Community Foundation; board member,

Community First; president, Actors' Summit theater; president, Laurel Lake Resident Association.

The overseas career provided by Goodyear was a godsend for my family, providing rare learning experiences. Retirement in Hudson, Ohio, has similarly been a delight and an opportunity to become involved in community: working on our bicentennial, our new library, and now authoring four books starting with genealogy through this year finishing with "Why Not?" on our political stalemate.

Far more important is the contribution of Wellesley College, the product of which is Mary Elizabeth Emery, my good wife of fifty-eight years, a wonderful mother, and constant teammate.

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PAUL L. RICHARDS. *Home Address:* 900 Euclid Ave., Berkeley, CA 94708-1414 (510-525-6703). *Spouse/Partner:* Audrey J. Richards. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

My wife, Audrey (University of Cambridge '62), and I live in an old Berkeley house overlooking the bay. We are fortunate to have our two daughters and their families living close by. I am a professor in the graduate program in physics at UC Berkeley. This means that I have failed at retirement. I go to the department almost every day to work with students in my old research group. We are developing an array of three telescopes at seventeen thousand feet of elevation in the Chilean Andes equipped with thousands of detectors to measure the anisotropy of the polarization of the cosmic microwave background radiation left over from the Big Bang. My long scientific career of pursuing off-beat projects has been recognized by a gratifying number of awards and prizes. My primary hobby is working in my small pinot noir vineyard in the Anderson Valley and making up wine for family and friends.

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After graduation I stayed in Cambridge, took a PhD in English and American literature, and worked as an instructor for three years. I married Elizabeth Hall. We had two children, Elisabeth (now a veterinary surgeon) and Anne (now

a public interest lawyer with Public Counsel). In 1963 we moved to Denver, where I taught at Denver University and where Elizabeth got into Democratic politics, working with Dick Lamm and others. I published an intellectual biography of Henry Thoreau in 1986. That same year I took a job at the University of Colorado at Boulder, left Elizabeth, and moved to Connecticut to marry Annie Dillard. Annie's daughter, Cody Rose Clevidence, was three at the time, so she is also a daughter (now a poet and woodswoman). I taught, part-time and pick-up, at Wesleyan, Yale, and North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Annie and I traveled a lot, to Tahiti, the Arctic, Antarctica, the Galápagos, Costa Rica, Idaho, and Montana again and again. I published a biography of Emerson in 1995 and one of William James in 2006. Since 2001 we have moved back and forth from Key West to Cripple Creek, Virginia, to Cape Cod. I'm an active and lifelong Unitarian Universalist. Most days I feel I am the most fortunate man alive.

LEROY N. RIESELBACH. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 1144, Edgartown, MA 02539-1144 (*Phone and Fax:* 508-693-6793). *Occupation:* Professor Emeritus of Political Science. Indiana University, Bloomington. *Email:* lrieselbach@aol.com; rieselbachs@icloud.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Helen Funk Rieselbach. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Seven.

The past five years have been more to same: Helen and I have basked in the sunshine of Martha's Vineyard in the summer and fall and lived the cultural life of London in winter and spring. Foreign travel, easy from the UK, has taken us to Germany and Portugal, inter alia. We continue to count our blessings in our children and grandchildren; they live full and successful lives that make us happy and proud.

Five years ago I despaired the state of the nation, and things are, if anything, worse in 2015. The world is in chaos; the economy, though recovering from the Great Recession, does not reward the mass of the citizenry; the political system is awash in money; and the democratic essence of cooperation in search of workable policy has been lost. To say that the prognosis for our politics is dark and gloomy is a gross understatement.

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Eighty-one years! That seems an impossibly large number. It permeates my thinking and encourages me to exercise more, make new friends, read thoughtful books, expand my worldview, and enjoy life.

Now retired, I volunteer two days a week at the Upper Valley Haven, a well-established nonprofit offering shelter and food pantry supplies to the homeless and needy of Vermont and New Hampshire. I also serve on the board of our Quail Hollow condo community. When not volunteering, I take great delight in sampling the many cultural offerings and senior college courses at nearby Dartmouth College.

Since graduating from Harvard, I worked first in publishing and then for thirty years in finance (executive vice president, Boston Institutional Services) before retiring at age seventy-two.

I married three times (one marriage ended in divorce, one in death). My third wife is Carolyn, a wonderful woman who has been my friend for many years. She continues to work in international education and was, for thirty years, a freelance photographer carrying out assignments for aid and development organizations around the Third World.

My son and daughter, their spouses, and four grandchildren live in Los Angeles, which we enjoy visiting (especially in winter)!

As I was born and raised in Manhattan and lived my adult years in the New York City suburbs, New Hampshire was never on my radar. But when we searched for an ideal community, we discovered that Hanover, New Hampshire, had everything we could wish for: strong community, well-educated and friendly people, an Ivy League collegé (though not quite Harvard), superb medical facilities, and an amazing variety of cultural events and performances.

We summer at our cottage in Canada, love living in the Upper Valley, and look forward to international adventures that broaden our horizons.

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Happily retired and playing quietly.

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WILLIAM A. ROGERS JR. *Home Address:* 1 Goose Cove Rd., Bath, ME 04530-4017. *Occupation and Office Address:* Attorney. Rogers & Greenberg, 2160 Kettering Tower, Dayton, OH 45423-1010. *Spouse/Partner:* Mary Earl Rogers. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five.

I continue as "of counsel" with my firm in Dayton, Ohio, but gave up the monthly commute a few years ago. Now it is on an "as needed" basis, so naturally my travel has diminished dramatically. Here in Maine I have continued my involvement with the Bowdoin International Music Festival, an independent summer music festival focused on chamber music and located on the campus of Bowdoin College. The festival just celebrated its fiftieth year with the appointment of David Ying and Phillip Ying as artistic directors; they are fabulous. I also have been active with the Maine Maritime Museum, located here in Bath, and recently completed my term as chairman of its board of trustees. The museum has been ranked in the top ten of maritime museums in the world. Both organizations have given us the opportunity to meet interesting people in our area.

We still keep in touch with Fred Schroeder '56 and his wife, Jean—our last big trip together was driving with them through Puglia, Italy. We see Peter Hearst '56 and wife, Barbara, from time to time and traveled with them last year to Iceland. Peter checked out our travel plans with Thor Thors '56.

In the last five years Mary Earl and I have had the good fortune to take each of our three children and their spouses on trips to Provence, to Venice and Florence, and to Spain, respectively. On the local scene I am still managing to kayak on our Kennebec River, on which we live, but the process of getting in and out of my craft is not a pretty sight. In short, all is well.

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RICHARD M. ROSENBERG. *Home Address:* 1153 Pine St., Winnetka, IL 60093 (847-446-0061; *Fax:* 847-446-1543). *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor of Law, Loyola Law School. 25 E. Pearson St., Chicago, IL 60611 (312-915-7144). *Spouse/Partner:* Donna Rosenberg. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Ten.

Donna and I continue to enjoy good health. (Full disclosure: recently I had surgery for spinal stenosis. The surgery was so successful that I was home that day, and after one week we were walking one mile a day.)

I continue to enjoy my job as a full-time law professor at Loyola Law School in Chicago. My current title is senior professor-in-residence. (A friend asked if that title meant I had to live at the school.) I have been teaching for over thirty years (including ten years during which I both taught and practiced law), and I continue to love it.

Compared to my thirty-five years as a practicing lawyer, my life as a teacher has given me a great deal of leisure time, which I have filled with golf, swimming, oil painting, clay sculpture, and making jewelry for my wife, our children, and our grandchildren.

We have a vacation house in Sedona, Arizona, and I have been able to arrange my teaching schedule so that throughout the winter we can frequently spend a week there for hiking and golf. Therefore, Chicago winters have become quite bearable.

Donna continues to teach literature to "seniors" (age fifty and up). This is a highlight of her life. She has become a formidable scholar and has a number of books to her credit, some of which happily continue to provide us with substantial royalties.

All of our children and grandchildren are healthy and happy. They are a constant source of excitement and pride for all of us.

Of course, not everything has been perfect. I cannot walk as far, swim as fast, or hit a golf ball as far as I used to do. Also, many of our friends are no longer with us. However, for our good health, our loving family, and our ability to enjoy each day, we are truly grateful.

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JACOB ROSENTHAL. *Home Address:* 137 Riverside Drive, Apt. 8B, New York, NY 10024-3722 (212-724-7944; *Mobile:* 917-940-5536). *Occupation:* Senior Adviser. UNICEF; Civic Hall. *Email:* jackrosenthal86@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Holly Arnold Russell. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Specialist fourth class, US Army National Guard, Fort Ord, CA; Fort Meade, MD, 1958–1964.

All my years in daily journalism at the New York Times left me impatient with the idea of retirement. So I've just embarked on two new encore careers. I last reported on work at The Times Foundation and the Atlantic Philanthropies.

In 2014–15, I directed Roosevelt House, the public policy institute at Hunter College. And now I've taken on senior adviser assignments at UNICEF and Civic Hall.

In the face of massive refugee migrations, this is an especially compelling time to be at UNICEF. And Civic Hall, a new institution devoted to harnessing the Internet for public good, brings me into regular contact with imaginative young tech experts. Meanwhile, I continue as the founding chairman of ReServe, the nonprofit that has connected more than 3,200 skilled elders with part-time work in public and social agencies. I also serve on the board of the Four Freedoms Park Conservancy.

Holly continues to find clients for the sculpture and furniture she designs out of scrap metal. Our six grandchildren, ages four to twelve, include two strong pitchers, Daniel Russell on a travel league team, and Skyler Russell, the only girl on her Little League team.

New York classmates stay in touch thanks to Bob Ballard, who faithfully organizes our monthly lunches, and I look forward to seeing others of us in Cambridge. It's disconcerting to realize that the people marching with us at our graduation included the Sixtieth Reunion Class of 1896.

Let me recall something Steve Greyser and Tim Ellard reported in our first Reunion Report: In the six years after graduation, our Class gained six tons. For that insight, and much else over the years, warm thanks to both.

GEORGE S. ROSS. *Home Address:* 291 Riveredge Drive, Chatham, NJ 07928-3104 (973-701-2686; *Mobile:* 908-723-4045). *Other Address:* P.O. Box 376, Southport, ME 04576 (207-633-3726). *Email:* g_ross_00@yahoo.com. *Partner:* Tracy L. Robinson. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Specialist 5, US Army, security agency, Fort Meade, MD.

ROBERT L. ROSS. *Home Address:* 290 Stockton St., Princeton, NJ 08540-4404 (*Mobile:* 646-361-1365). *Email:* ross@igc.org. *Spouse/Partner:* Elena Livingstone Ross. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* US Army, 1956–1964.

Since our last major Reunion, I have taught four courses on international relations and Latin America at Rider University in New Jersey. I coauthored a book, *Mission Abandoned*, on the Adela Investment Company, the first and largest private corporation ever to invest in emerging markets, and a second one published by Princeton University on Latin American orders and military medals. The book, *From a Thankful Nation*, describes the history and numismatic details on every order and military medal awarded since the wars of independence. The book is illustrated by my collection, which I donated to the university and which was exhibited in Firestone Library in 2014. The exhibit can be seen online by keying in the title of the book.

I have continued to go on my yearly long-distance hikes in Europe, including, in reverse chronological order: the crusader castles in the eastern

Mediterranean, the Caminho de Santiago in Portugal, the vineyards of Alsace, the Chemin de St. Jacques in southern France, the Jacobsweg along the Inn River, the Romantische Strasse in Germany, across Scotland along the West Highland Trail, up the Elbe River from Dresden to Prague, the Hansa cities along the Baltic, and the South Tyrol in Italy.

I do not like being retired.

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Five years following our Fifty-fifth Reunion, I decided to embark on an enterprise of my own, and today Rossano Resources provides consulting and investment services to entrepreneurs and varied fields of endeavor. Behind this decision lay twenty-eight years of service to the then First National Bank of Boston, five years at a leading Washington lobbying firm, a few more years at an executive search firm, and years in the education community. The dynamic changes taking place in education, energy, and health care, where reform is essential and opportunity abounds, attract my full attention, and with a little bit of luck, perhaps our six grandchildren will benefit from today's activities.

My board involvement remains with such institutions as Active International Inc., the largest global corporate trading company; the New England Business Development Corporation; First Literacy; the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary; McLean Hospital; and Partners Healthcare System. I founded the New England-Canada Business Council thirty years ago, and my participation continues, as it does with the Maple Leaf Foundation, which Bobby Orr and I launched around the same time.

Our family continues to amaze and delight me. Muffet is still writing and editing at Harvard and beyond, and her own latest book, *When I Go To Harvard,* flies off the shelves of the Harvard Book Store, the Harvard Coop, and elsewhere. It has been translated into German and Mandarin, with further translations on the horizon, and with our daughter, Penny '89, as business manager, this little book finds ever wider distribution. Graham is working on the next generation of nuclear power plants; Brian runs the Beverly, Massachusetts, office of Merrill Lynch, a subsidiary of Bank of America with which he has now been affiliated longer than I was with the First National Bank of Boston, also a part of Bank of America; and Penny, with more advanced degrees than any of us, has her own consulting company, which advises on corporate strategies in health care, financial services, and various industries. Our six grandchildren—James, Colin, Virginia, Carter, Peter, and Louisa—flourish in each of their endeavors. We are fortunate.

While viewing our country as an important center of creativity and innovation of products and services, I feel we are blessed to have a substantial

system of laws, a lively community of competitive talent, and a supply of short- and long-term capital that make it the envy of the world. Thanks to technology advanced by the Internet, we find ourselves in a rapidly expanding global marketplace, although other global centers are emerging that may challenge the "only in America" phenomenon we have enjoyed in our lifetime. I am associated with one such entity from Europe, Innoveas AG, a global research and venture capital company based in Germany that assists a group of universities with intellectual property rights and the formation of new companies.

Harvard in general, and Harvard/Radcliffe '56 in particular, continue to be of enormous interest, and elsewhere in this volume I report on them. As one of the longest-serving class secretaries, I have had for many years the privilege of following our Class and our University—". . . calm rising thro' change and thro' storm," as wrote the Reverend Samuel Gilman, Class of 1811, in his enduring piece, "Fair Harvard"—and I look forward to seeing each this coming May in Cambridge.

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I have been in the field of real estate property management (of multifamily housing) for over fifty years. Five years ago my business partner and I set up a buyout plan and we implemented it this year (2015). So I'm now "retired," which means I still go to the office (for my personal use) about twenty hours a week. It's nice to shift the responsibility of the business to someone else, and I find myself working on those personal projects that I never seemed to have time for while working full-time. It's a very satisfying arrangement.

Karen and I continue to travel to the French Riviera in the winter, where we rent an apartment during January and February, and then to St. Maarten, where we have a time-share for three weeks in March. We've been pretty lucky to avoid the worst of the New England winters. In the summer, we get great pleasure visiting the Berkshires and the Upper Hudson Valley.

With my interest in classical music, I recently got involved with the Boston Landmarks Orchestra. They provide free weekly concerts at Boston's Esplanade Hatch Shell during the summer with some of Boston's finest musicians; except for the Boston Pops playing the Fourth of July concert, there would otherwise be no fine music in the city during the summer. The Landmarks has also broadened its mission—providing programs in the Boston schools and at local community venues. We are trying to build the concert audiences of the future.

Karen has developed an avid interest in contemporary studio jewelry—think of it as wearing a miniature work of art. I have shared her interest by traveling to several wonderful cities to view the work done by studio artists—Amsterdam, Tallinn (Estonia), Stockholm, and most recently Barcelona. We are also both involved with the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and the Institute of Contemporary Art.

Our two sons continue to do important work. Jonathan has moved into the field of executive coaching, where he brings a strong background from many years spent in management consulting. Marc is the executive director (as well as its founder) of the Electronic Privacy Information Center (EPIC). His organization has been successful in making the public aware of various privacy issues on the Internet and has lobbied the Congress for improved consumer protections.

Our grandchildren, Chaz and Chloe—Chaz just graduated from college and Chloe is about to—are a source of great pride and pleasure.

We are thankful that our community, through its Beacon Hill Village, provides support services for those of us who want to remain in their homes as long as possible. In addition, the Beacon Hill Seminars, which organizes seminars for the community by former teachers and professors, keeps us connected with our neighbors and stimulates our minds.

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Arnold David Rubin. *Home Address:* 7 Douglas Terr., Woodcliff Lake, NJ 07677-7813 (201-391-8631; *Fax:* 201-391-3182; *Mobile:* 201-220-6455). *Email:* rubinar@rwjms.rutgers.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Judith Rubin. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five.

As of June 2013, I retired from my position as director of stem cell transplantation and from my clinical duties at the Rutgers Cancer Institute of New Jersey. I'm now emeritus professor of medicine at the Robert Wood Johnson Medical School of Rutgers University, continuing to teach medical students and postgraduate fellows in hematology. It is amazing how much fifty years of experience can bring to an appreciation of the exciting new developments occurring in the fields of hematologic malignancies and stem cell transplantation.

In addition, I currently hold the position of medical director of Community Blood Services of New Jersey, a blood bank servicing New Jersey and southern New York State. This position carries responsibility for a stem cell donor registry and an umbilical cord blood bank affiliated with the National Marrow Donor Program.

Finally, I have been teaching history courses at a local adult education institute.

This still leaves time for enjoying my children and grandchildren. I get to do a lot more with my wife, Judy, but stubbornly refuse to learn bridge. Continued weight training, swimming, and distance running leave me in pretty good shape. However, I do not run as fast or as far, or at least the clock keeps running faster each year. We enjoy more time at our house in Vermont, and I have managed to retain at least some of my skiing skills, albeit only on groomed trails now.

Despite the alarming warnings of some of our current candidates for political office, I believe our best days are ahead, as long as we do not allow ourselves to become victims of radical thinking.

NEIL L. RUDENSTINE.

[The Anniversary Report typically includes a listing and greetings from our honorary classmate, Neil Rudenstine. A member of the Princeton class of '56, President Rudenstine was made an honorary classmate of Harvard '56 at the time of the Thirty-fifth Reunion, in 1991, shortly after he was named the twenty-sixth president of Harvard University.—Ed.]

HANS RUPPEL. *Address:* 7007 56th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98115-6221 (206-522-2589).

HOWARD A. RUSK JR. *Home Address:* 1200 King St., Apt. 251, Rye Brook, NY 10573 (914-305-4081). *Spouse/Partner:* Elizabeth Seiler Rusk (deceased). *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Great-grandchildren:* Two.

As I'm sure it has been for many of our classmates, these last five years have been ones of dramatic change. About four years ago, my wife and I moved from our dream house (which we built) to a house approximately half the size, in the interest of downsizing. And again, in the fall of 2015, I moved into an apartment in a senior living resident facility. This last move was precipitated in large part to the fact that my beloved wife of almost fifty-eight years (Elizabeth Seiler, better known as Betsy) had passed away. There was a memorial service honoring her life in August of 2014. Unfortunately, one month later I needed emergency surgery in order to avert total blindness. While I am now legally blind, I can still see color, shapes, and distance, but I can read only with proper magnification. While I've had to make some adaptations, I still have an active, happy life. My family has been a wonderful source of comfort. I am blessed to have their love and support.

I extend my very best wishes to all my classmates and I look forward to being with you at our Reunion.

C. ARTHUR RUTTER JR. *Address:* 985 Fleet Drive, Apt. 347, Virginia Beach, VA 23454-7375 (757-428-1954).

HAROLD M. SADER. *Home Address:* 8612 Linden Drive, Prairie Village, KS 66207-1807 (913-341-9440; *Mobile:* 913-271-0541). *Occupation:* Owner; CEO (manufacturing). Phoenix Corporation. *Email:* hsader@kc.rr.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Carol H. Shimkin Sader. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

Since our last Reunion (2011) our family has grown, as the result of the wedding of our grandson Robb Friedlander to Megan Bailey on May 31, 2015. The ceremony was performed during an exquisite sunset on a mountaintop near Ashville, North Carolina. They have settled in the Washington, DC, area, where they are both productively employed. Our other grandchildren, of age, are pursuing careers in law, the business of baseball, theater, and commerce. Otherwise we have a freshman at Columbia and two schoolboys. Naturally, we get a great deal of pleasure watching them all mature and advance. We are fortunate to have our children (Neil and Bitsy Sader, Randi and Bill Friedlander, and Elisa and Stuart Waldman) and grandchildren who have not yet fled the nest continue to reside nearby in Overland Park.

Carol and I are blessed as we age together. Sure, there are health concerns and aches and pains. But after fifty-eight years of marriage we continue to be devoted to one another, to thrive in our relationship, and strive to enjoy each day together. While we have slowed down somewhat (afternoon naps, etc.), we are still reasonably healthy, productive, and positive. As I have been retired since 2003, we live on finite capital, which is subject to the whimsical and devious nature of the stock market. Thus far we are holding our own, but it is a challenge. We continue to look forward to some travel during the winter and summer extremes in Kansas City. As we look back on our years it is not unusual to lapse into fond, nostalgic memories. Sometimes that nostalgia can be the result of selective myopia, but all in all I believe that we have had a damn good run.

We are saddened to hear of the passing of so many of our classmates and friends. They will always be remembered and missed.

While I hope that we will be able to forward another biographical update for our Sixty-fifth, the issues that confront our world in the foreseeable future are daunting and troubling. Economic inequality, social discrimination and unrest, political extremism, global warming, international discord, and terrorism. There is no need to go into the details here; you are all astutely aware. The only solutions lie in our ability to rid ourselves of power-hungry, extremist ideologues and to unify in searching for reasonable, and sometime compromising, answers. We must move beyond individual and class self-interest and recognize the inevitability of the tides of change. *Easy!* "So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." We are what we are, but we can and must be better.

Hail, octogenarians! Stay well. I look forward to visiting with you at our Sixtieth in May in Cambridge.

HAROLD SADOWSKY. *Home Address:* 4031 Gulf Shore Blvd. N., No. 34, Naples, FL 34103 (239-774-0411; *Mobile:* 508-631-2222). *Email:* hsadow@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Myrna. *Children:* Four. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Step-grandchildren:* Three.

The last ten years were proceeding along in a routine fashion. I sold my real estate business in 2005 and retired to Naples, Florida, and Cape Cod. I was content to handle my investments and play a minimum amount of golf, as well as spend time with friends and family. This activity was supplemented during the past ten years with physical training three times per week, provided by local professional trainers. This all came to a crushing climax when I was injured in the gym and sustained a spinal cord injury. I remained in the hospital for sixty-five days and then moved to a rehab facility in Naples, Florida, where I will remain for another week before returning home. When I fell in the gym, I was taken to Cape Cod Hospital, and five days later I was moved to the Brigham and Women's Hospital, where I underwent spinal cord surgery. Then I spent over a month in rigorous physical and occupational therapy, learning to use my limbs again with varying degrees of success. Now I am in the last steps of rehab and expect an almost full recovery. I will gratefully return home with a walker and will adapt to a new life with some limitations.

I look forward to our Sixtieth Reunion and, with some luck, our Seventieth, with a renewed appreciation of the small and simple things in life.

SHERWIN L. SAMUELS. *Home Address:* 6312 Ballantine Pl., Oak Park, CA 91377-5826 (818-991-0559; *Fax:* 818-991-2944; *Mobile:* 213-407-0622). *Occupation and Office Address:* Lawyer. Sidley Austin LLP, 555 W. Fifth St., 40th Floor, Los Angeles, CA 90013 (213-896-6031; *Fax:* 213-896-6600). *Email:* ssamuels@sidley.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara Burden. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Twelve. *Military/National Service:* US Army, 1960.

JOHN W. SANDS. *Home Address:* 2309 Hillside Drive, Corning, NY 14830-9500 (607-936-2034). *Email:* jsands@stny.rr.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Eileen Ann Halabrin Sands. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Air Force, air traffic control, Okinawa, Japan; command, Ie Shima, Japan, 1956–59; captain, US Air Force Reserve, medical service corps, Syracuse, NY, 1975–79.

Eileen and I have been blessed. We married later in life and were able to adopt two wonderful children.

Christine is a graduate of the University of New Hampshire in chemistry where she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. She went on to get a master's in education from the University of Pennsylvania. She has taught at Mercersburg Academy; The American School in London, England; Northfield Mount Hermon School; and the all-girls Buffalo Seminary. While in Buffalo, she met Matthew Vizzari, a Canadian businessman whom she married and is now living with in Niagara Falls, Ontario. She is now a stay-at-home mom with a bright nearly-three-year-old who has her mother's blue eyes.

Paul is a graduate of Elmira College, where he majored in art. Paul, who is very much a people person, held several positions working with autistic children and is now the adoption case worker for Steuben County, New York, where he has set records for placements. He seems to have found his niche in life, with a built-in empathy as an adopted child himself and having adopted his stepson. He married Jennifer Windows, a teaching assistant. They have three healthy, active children, who visit us often, since they live only fifteen miles away in Addison, New York. They are Quay (twelve), an enthusiastic skier, Cade (nine), a champion wrestler, and Carly (four), our little ballerina.

Our children and grandchildren give us great joy in our retirement. We have traveled a bit, including Scandinavia, Australia, the Trans Canada rail tour, Alaska, Russia, American national parks, and a European river cruise. I keep myself amused with woodworking, occasional supply preaching as a licensed lay minister in the United Church of Christ, reading to a blind man, and for twelve years volunteered with AARP Tax-Aide. Eileen has her father's green thumb to keep the home and garden beautiful. She also enjoys quilting and has been active with the women's association of the Lutheran Church. She continues to prove the wisdom that there is nothing like a doting grandmother with a credit card.

On our health: we both realize that we are no longer fifty. On the future: it is sad when one party offers someone who wouldn't know the truth if it bit her. The other offers a blow-hard bigot on his fourth wife. Where is *veritas*?

David L. Sanford. *Home Address:* c/o Jockey Club, 11111 Biscayne Blvd., Tower 3, Apt. 558, Miami, FL 33181 (305-895-6630; *Mobile:* 305-333-5211). *Email:* davidsanford@live.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Raquel. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy; air intelligence, Jacksonville, FL, 1958–1960.

Sirgay Sanger. *Home Address:* 14 E. 75th St., New York, NY 10021-2625 (212-288-2227; *Mobile:* 646-244-1017). *Occupation and Office Address:* Child, Adolescent, and Adult Psychiatrist; Psychoanalyst; Family Therapist. 936 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10021-2653 (212-650-9911; *Fax:* 212-650-9960). *Seasonal Address:* 115 Front St., Niagara on the Lake, Ontario LOS 1JO, Canada (905-468-6066). *Email:* dr.sanger@mac.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Judy. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* One. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army Reserve, 1962.

I was going to write a note about the speed with which time passes—"only yesterday" seventy-five in New York, and my eightieth weeks ago in Venice. However, the pace of deterioration in the world has been breathless. The latest atrocity in Paris reminded me of Kenneth Clark's observation that civilization is a thin veneer covering barbarism and chaos. We appear to be having a race to the bottom.

My life with Judy keeps me positive, and we use all the arts—music, theater, opera, museums, literature, gardening, conversation—to create joyful times despite this darkening world. We wish you all a happy Sixtieth.

HUGH A. A. SARGENT. *Home Address:* 623 Gypsy Hill Circle, Lower Gwynedd, PA 19002-1922 (215-542-8985; *Mobile:* 267-254-1651). *Email:* hsarg623@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Cheryl. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Step-grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* US Army, security agency.

I've now been retired from my law firm for thirteen years, and I've resigned from all my positions as director or officer of the various nonprofit organizations I have served. Life still seems busier than ever as I pursue my and my wife, Cheryl's, other interests.

We travel a great deal and spend most of the summer in our home in the mountains of western North Carolina. I've had both of my shoulders and one knee replaced (arthritis, all), but still hike, play tennis and golf, and walk normally. Cheryl stays in even better shape than I. I also pursue my lifelong interests in ornithology and fly fishing.

I have three daughters and Cheryl has the same. We stay in close touch with them and their nine children; they bring us much joy, and we hope we do the same for them.

I look forward to our Sixtieth Reunion, but will miss so many of our classmates who can't be there.

JONATHAN SAVILLE. *Address:* Unknown.

RICHARD A. SAVRANN. *Home Address:* 13866 Greensview Drive, Palm Beach Gardens, FL 33418-1419 (561-627-3493; *Mobile:* 617-733-5185). *Occupation and Office Address:* Semiretired Attorney. Law Offices of Richard A. Savrann, Esq., 2500 Quantum Lakes Drive, Suite 201, Boynton Beach, FL 33426-8308 (561-952-1053; *Fax:* 561-964-3520). *Email:* richardsavrann@comcast.net; rsavrann@thednsway.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Diane Barbara Savrann. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five.

ROBERT LEONARD SAXE. *Address:* 19 E. 80th St., New York, NY 10075 (212-988-6610).

ROBERT M. SCHACHT. *Home Address:* 250 Kirby Ave., Warwick, RI 02889-6721 (401-738-4327). *Email:* rmschacht250@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Joanne M. Schacht. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* One. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* US Army, 1956–58.

Very little has changed since my very comprehensive report for our Fifty-fifth Reunion. I am still the senior board member of the Boys and Girls Clubs of Providence. I am also still on the finance and investment committee of the

First Unitarian Church of Providence (which I chaired for many years), and still belong to Dodeka, a discussion group, founded about 1902, that meets at the Brown Faculty Club. My most recent presentation was on the evolution of the status of women! My biggest current project is to finish redoing the huge roof on our house. I am still involved with the Rhode Island Black Heritage Society and still belong to the Experimental Aircraft Association and its local chapter. (I built and flew my own airplane!)

GERHARD RUDOLF SCHADE JR. *Home Address:* 887 Goodale Hill Rd., Glastonbury, CT 06033-4043 (860-633-4885). *Seasonal Address:* (July–Aug.) Gouldsboro, ME. *Spouse/Partner:* Edith Royce Schade. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, 1956–59.

I'm trying to continue as normal a life as possible, considering the handicaps imposed by old age and disease. My wife and I want to stay out of an eldercare community as long as we can. My main recreations at this point are riding my bicycle and paddling my kayak—nothing too strenuous, though.

HERBERT H. SCHAUMBURG. *Home Address:* 616 King Ave., City Island Bronx, NY 10464-1111 (917-373-8627). *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor of Neurology and Neuropathology. Albert Einstein College of Medicine, 1300 Morris Park Ave., Bronx, NY 10464-1602 (718-430-2002). *Email:* herbert.schaumburg@einstein.yu.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Lucy Brown. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* Five.

Still working full-time as a clinician and teacher. Widowed six years ago, after forty-one years of marriage. Remarried five years ago to Dr. Lucy Brown, a neuroscientist at Albert Einstein.

ROBERT SCHER. *Home Address:* 8 Eaton Lane, Scarsdale, NY 10583 (415-602-3736; *Mobile:* 415-602-3736). *Occupation:* Composer;Writer. *Email:* bobscher8@gmail.com. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.bobscher.com; Facebook. *Children:* One. *Military/National Service:* US Army, France, 1952–54.

I had a successful career in computers (working with people, not computers), but my most essential work for most of my life has been composing (songs and lieder), writing (poetry, lyrics, scripts, and nonfiction books), and, early on, poetic documentary films. I left the computer industry in 2000. For reasons that seem to me almost supernatural, the period from 2000 until now has been the most creative period of my life, both in quantity and quality.

During this time, I have published three books:

- *As If the Sky Were Open: Selected Poems* (one hundred poems), blurbed by well-known writers.
- *Lightning:The Nature of Leadership*, really about life, in short utterances. Jane English gave me access to all of her stunning black-and-white photographs to accompany the words (samples on the website).

- *There's a Hole in Your Sky*, a book of "limes" (clean limericks), illustrated by Peter Szasz.

Have just now completed three other books, not yet sent out for proposed publication.

- "My Words Chill and Burn Me: The Amazing Sense of Emily Dickinson," a six-year project. This is a comprehensive study of her poetry, her spirit, and her life.
- "The Interior Language of Words: Impacts and Echoes in Poetry." The aim of this book, written for both inexperienced and accomplished readers, is to help develop further the sensitivity of our "inner ear" for poetry (of all styles). It arose out of many years of working informally with folks using some of these ideas and methods. This increased sensitivity, by itself, can bring a deeper connection with the poetic art.
- "The Colossal Sun: Essays on Mathematics and Its Meaning in the Larger World." This was written for all my cultured and intelligent friends who have shied away from this subject. It is different from but complementary to many of the excellent popular books on mathematical subjects. Instead of a problem-solving approach, the book stresses the ideas behind the work. There are thus relatively few numbers in the book. (The first chapter is a dialogue between a physics teacher and a teacher of drumming.)

I have created over one hundred piano improvisations (each roughly three to five minutes—the only editing was fading in and out.) Seven albums online at Cabby with thirty-second samples, though there are complete samples on the website. I haven't tried to market these, but many people have put them in their cars.

I composed over fifteen songs (without counting the thirty-nine songs in musicals, below). These include settings of five A. E Housman poems and "La Belle Dame sans Merci" of Keats. My style is melodic, and I keep the verse structures of the poetry intact. These are also on the website.

I wrote two musicals. The first (completed but not yet shopped): "A 31st-Century Love Story: When Progress Was a Thing of the Past." My collaborator, Sophia H. Stone, wrote the book; I wrote the music and lyrics. Currently I am working with the well-known composer Laurence Rosenthal on another show. The book and songs are done, and we have a presentation video. We're about to take the next step in this (very) lengthy process.

I cannot explain how all this has happened. Perhaps it had something to do with my attitude towards some seemingly difficult external events. For some reason that I also cannot explain, I had a positive attitude towards what were irrevocable and ultimately necessary situations. Could this attitude somehow have generated the energy necessary for this inundation of creative activity? I have no answer.

During this time, I also met my soul mate. Obviously, a positive factor. She is not living with me at present, but we are close.

I'd like to share the following extract, "Friday," "Sunday," and "Wednesday," from a new short cycle of poems: "The Very Different Days of the Week," a take on Mother Goose (also on the website). These are not great poems, but "Friday" is especially meaningful for me (though I was born on Tuesday); "Sunday," for me and perhaps only for me, is a kind of antidote to the current world situation; and "Wednesday" simply strikes me as the truth.

Friday's child is loving and giving
Friday Reverses the Telescope

Friday declined to be interviewed for this poem,
But after I importuned, she acquiesced.
She said that her absence was an act of kindness,
That love begins with a longing we cannot name.

When your last egg breaks on the kitchen floor,
And instead of the instinctive curse you remember Eternity,
And you burn with the knowing that what happened actually happened,
That's the taste of a different kind of love.
(She said I often arrange these happenings.)

Then what is a different kind of giving? I asked.
The ultimate giving, the superlative giving,
The one that all of the other givings prepared us for,
Is when everything unnecessary
Is taken away.
But the child who is born on the Sabbath Day
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.

Sunday's Secret Is Not to Be Anybody Else

Sunday is a piece of peculiar work
He's the king of his country
He spends all of his days shilly-shallying along the beach

He looks for carnelians
In washed up pebbles
He's never found anything

Sometimes he builds sandcastles
But the design is bad
The castles crumble before he finishes

He gets bruises from falling over driftwood
Because his gait
Is congenitally unsteady

He brushes away in-your-face bugs
Often massive waves arise without warning
And wash over his picnic basket

His food gets all soggy
He eats it anyway
What can he do?

When night comes he remembers
All that befalls him
Every day

Sometimes he makes up a poem
The meter's consistently uneven
If there's rhyme, it's an accident

Suddenly from the creamy whiteness of heaven
A dark demon cloud emerges
Roaring with an alien rain

Exceptionally wet
He rambles toward the palace
Circuitously

He sings through the downpour an old air
He forgets most of the words
He doesn't have a great voice

Now he needs to rest
He sits down on the soaked sand
Utterly drenched

He looks out at the rain
It falls magnetically into the sea
He's not thinking about anything

Through the mist a pelican spirals perfectly down
For a single instant he is immensely glad and he almost cries
But mostly he is full of sorrow

Funny thing, though
In this entire country
Full of factions and arguments

There has never been a single all-out war
Or even a hint of brutality
And he knows it

Wednesday's child is full of woe
Wednesday Works His Woe into a Vision

The crack in Tuesday's sky was like a vein
That Wednesday opened wider on the dark,
Encrypting in its archives each event,
Registered there outside the wraps of time.

Other beings behold our flowing folds,
Our wrinkles, and our small entanglements,
Yet see beneath these coverings who we are
And know what is to perish and remain

And know that though we brood on loss and gain,
And launder our garments over and over
(As well we should), yet still they won't withstand
The next transition darkness holds for us:

New chapters in our endless stories, blended
In cosmic song no outer ears can hear.
We're spreading in directions all at once,
Constant and moving like a living river

Ever flowing through the blessed darkness,
The sacred womb of all that ever is.
Behind our clothing that reflects the flow,
Is what we are—and what we'll undergo.

LEWIS MICHAEL SCHNEIDER. *Home Address:* 54 Ridge Rd., Waban, MA 02468 (617-332-0875; *Mobile:* 617-633-0875). *Email:* lewrail@comcast.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Josephine Kaplan Schneider. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Military/National Service:* Specialist fourth class, US Army, Fort Bliss, TX, 1956–1962; Fort Carson, CO, active duty, 1956–58.

In Psalm 90 we read the well-known words: "The days of our years are three score years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four-score years . . ." I have had the good fortune to reach eighty years, but many of my classmates have not. So it is an excellent time for self-reflection.

I have been a lucky man. I married a beautiful, talented, wonderful woman—Josephine Kaplan, a graduate of Wellesley College and the Massachusetts College of Art. We have three exceptional daughters, Lisa, Nancy, and Jackie. Each is married and has children, and each lives within thirty minutes of our house. The seven grandchildren are growing up. Indeed, two are already in college. Will they get married? I hope so, and I hope Josie and I will be there at the ceremonies.

I have had a successful career teaching and consulting in my specialized field of transportation. I taught at Harvard Business School during the 1960s and

was a management consultant at Temple Barker & Sloane (TBS) during the 1970s and 1980s. I retired from TBS as senior vice president in 1990.

As I've documented in earlier class biographies, I've enjoyed retirement to the fullest, with plenty of time devoted to family, toy trains (Hornby and Bing are my specialties), bel canto opera, religious studies, and membership on the board of the Harvard Medical Faculty Physicians at BIDMC.

Josie and I have enjoyed traveling, often incorporating our specific likes into the trips. Josie has ridden trains with me in England, Scotland, Wales, New Zealand, British Columbia, and Europe and has followed me to toy train extravaganzas in exotic locations such as York, Pennsylvania. In turn I have accompanied her to a wide variety of *plein air* locations. Other fond memories include trips to Israel, Italy (to hear operas at Pesaro), and France. We hope to visit Colorado, England, and Israel in the years to come. We can't stand the New England cold and head for Florida each winter for three months—two on Sanibel Island and one at remote Cedar Key.

We still inhabit 54 Ridge Road in Waban, Massachusetts, where we have lived for over forty years. We welcome members of the Class, particularly those who might be interested in viewing my toy train empire.

STEPHEN JORDAN SCHNEIDER. *Home Address:* 25, cours Xavier Arnozan, Bordeaux 33000, France (+33-5-56-30-00-15; *Mobile:* +33-7-77-72-04-93). *Occupation:* Writer; Translator. *Email:* klonimos@fastmail.fm; andarrios2@gmail.com; admin@klonimos.org. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

When, after some years in Cyprus, I decided that Bordeaux was the least scary city in which to resettle, I bought this flat for its high ceilings and its wall space hospitable to bookcases. That it lay two hundred meters from where I first set up as a wine merchant fifty-plus years ago should have hinted at nostrums such as "Man is a symbol-making animal," or "Watch your back." Three years later the gloomy or sarcastic connotations of this propinquity mutter put-downs such as "So your life can be described by a circle, a small one." To snide self-talk one cannot snappily retort, "Mind your own business." Most days, though, the metaphor of the paltry circle doesn't weigh sorely on the spirits. Hobbes, at about our age, gave the figurative little quarter: "The intent of metaphor is to lie," he told us, and that's that.

The windows look out on mature chestnut trees; the public garden, with its exotic species politely labeled and its talkative geese, lies a six-minute walk to the right of the front door, and the Garonne River a three-minute walk to the left. Cruise boats dock there from March to November, with names like would-be actresses: Crystal Venture, Four Seas Delight. I like it when they hoot enormously, three times, even though this rattles the salon windows; it means they are going away.

A steamship hooting farewells prompts the mention that I now live alone. If there is a stoic maxim for the fact or overtones of becoming un-married, akin to "You can't step out of the same river twice," it hasn't yet taken soothing form.

We were always, without realizing it, lit from behind; descending the hillside, one's shadow is longer.

Like most of us at our stage, I find myself in do-gooder roles—board of governors of the Jewish Cultural Centre, the Bordeaux mayor's commission on discrimination, and sundry well-intentioned meddling in and about the misfortunes of others; and, too, accosting, squawking, and pointing fingers at, and otherwise discomfiting powers-that-be, as they usurp the commons, befoul by land and by sea, and fell our rights and dignities to clear a way for their convenience.

Writing continues as the chief interest of my life. Psychological comfort from my pen name (Samuel Klonimos) sometimes pays an encouraging visit but, in the main, to order and reorder things seen, things felt, things thought, in the way of a composition, a fiction, is a necessity of its own kind.

Raritan will publish another story in their next issue, affirm the editors, and also, at year-end, University of New Mexico Press will publish *Remembering the Oppens*—Anglo-American literary memoirs with a longish chapter from me. What bothers me lately are long works paralyzed in draft. They hunch there like cadavers in Pompeii seized by lava flow. Before death or dementia stills the mind, I yearn in particular to finish a long novella about censorship, and a novel that traces the fate, circa 1965, of a low-life from Thessalonica. My insolent chattel, a grey parrot that macular degeneration conjures up when staring across the salon at the massed spines of books, has commented on such impasses in the coarsest terms.

The most writerly sentence read in the last year comes from Samuel Beckett: "The material of experience is not the material of expression."

Surely not alone among us, I wonder more and more how to understand one's lifelong craving to "become" someone (or more perilously, something) better and different than before. Is this, was this, at the cost of inner freedom "to be" in the moment, in the day? On the other hand, as we all have known since childhood, discontent animates, moves, and aspires to something. As suggests the sentence from Beckett—eternal tensions; this is not that. Last year in Granada my daughter, taking a master class in Tientos, seemed to incarnate, in a single dancing figure, both insistence toward an elusive perfection and utter un-self-consciousness—in the moment, in the hour: being.

A thousand years ago in al-Andalus, Solomon ibn Gabirol, angry with his poems and his readers, wrote, "*Ani ha-ish naphsho ma'asa lishkon besaro*"—"I am the man whose spirit scorned to dwell in his flesh."

Perhaps such tensions secretly instruct us not merely in serenity but in self-assurance in the presence of loss. If that is simple, it is deceptively simple, as the way Seferis begins a long poem: "Τα σπίτια πού είχα μου τα πήραν"—"the houses I had they took from me . . ."

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ARTHUR LASKER SCHWARZ. *Home Address:* 31 Stonehouse Rd., Scarsdale, NY 10583-2921 (914-723-3644; *Fax:* 914-723-1426; *Mobile:* 914-473-5536). *Email:* aschwarz56@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Susan T. Schwarz. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* Three.

For several weeks last fall, I wasn't myself. Tired, yes, feeling somewhat lightheaded, yes, but also more than that, with a variety of urological symptoms better left undescribed. I attributed these symptoms to creeping old age and too much weight around my middle and went on about my business as well as I could.

Then, on Sunday, November 8, all hell broke loose, sort of. I had the shakes, but no fever. My head was a mess, and I was very lightheaded and confused. I tried to make a phone call on my car remote, things like that. My wife, Susie, wanted to call 911, but no, I refused. Not necessary. This would pass. After all, it was just a bit of old-age nonsense.

The night went okay, except for the urological issues, which worsened. Still, stubborn me, no 911. I did agree to see my internist in the morning, and Susie, appropriately, insisted on driving me there. As is routine, his assistant checked my vital signs, or at least tried to. She couldn't find any blood pressure. Neither could he, and off I went to the hospital by ambulance; they did get a reading of 60/38 en route. Heart rate around 180.

On arrival, I spent a couple of hours, I guess, in the ER, where the doctor in charge told me I was a "very, very, very, very sick man." He picked the four "verys," I didn't, and if my head had been working better I would have had a coronary on the spot from fright.

The long and short of it is that I was in septic shock from a urinary tract infection that had found its way into the bloodstream and was attacking my kidneys and God knows what else. A stint in the ICU in White Plains (New York) Hospital was followed by a few days in the step-down cardiac unit, and now I'm home, taking it easy, and a hell of a lot better for the experience.

Why better? I'll tell you why. I now realize that I'm no longer twenty, forty, or even sixty. I'm not going to ignore symptoms again. I have read about septic shock, and it isn't funny, with more or less half of those contracting it dying from it. The next time I don't feel right, I'll check with the doctor and let him tell me I'm okay. You should do the same.

FRANCIS HUGH SCOLA. *Home Address:* 39 Mathewson Rd., Barrington, RI 02806-4414 (401-245-1716; *Mobile:* 401-225-2146). *Seasonal Address:* P.O. Box 24388, Christiansted, VI 00824 (340-201-3008). *Email:* scola@cox.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Patricia Sexton Scola. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Major, US Army, 1967–69.

After my wife retired at the beginning of the twenty-first century, I found that she was really enjoying retirement, so I had to give it a try. Besides, there were now fifty radiologists in the group, so, though I felt the group itself was brighter and hard-working, there was something that was lost in so large a

group. And it was time. I found different pursuits that now interest me as much as those of the previous stages in life, if not more.

We spend our winters in St. Croix and summers in Barrington, Rhode Island, and Stonehurst, Nova Scotia. For the month of August we may have from one to five of our grandchildren with us in Nova Scotia. They love the sail program in Lunenburg, and we like the fact that we can enjoy them for that month.

My wife and I are still quite healthy and active, and still traveling and enjoying life together. My regrets about what I have not accomplished have disappeared with advancing age. I think I have just forgotten them, along with many other things.

STEPHEN LONGFELLOW SEFTENBERG. *Home and Office Address:* 2765 White Wing Lane, West Palm Beach, FL 33409-2033 (561-689-7785). *Occupation:* Lawyer. *Email:* seftenberg1020@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Sarah Lauder Seftenberg. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six.

I have now lived in one house for more years than I have in any other period in my life. Primarily, this is economics: We bought in 2003, at the bottom of the housing market, and have benefited from Florida's homestead cap on real estate taxes. Over the last five years, both Sally and I have suffered from various ailments—some serious (pulmonary embolism, two cancer bouts for me and two successful cataract operations for Sally) and some simply annoying (weight gain for me).

My law practice has dwindled; I am now of counsel to an Illinois firm that pays me by the hour and am involved in elder abuse work for the Legal Aid Society of Palm Beach County. I have also taken on being a board member in our homeowners association, primarily updating a messy set of governing documents, and putting out a monthly newsletter for the Civil War Roundtable of Palm Beach County. Sally is very busy on a number of boards on our homeowners association (the architectural control and landscape committees) and what seems to be a plethora of other not-for-profit organizations.

We don't get to see our numerous offspring as often or for as long as we would like. Two of our children are married and have children. Our oldest is single. All of them are doing well at their jobs and as parents.

My dread is that our generation is not going to take seriously the need to curb global climate changes largely attributable to human action. The people who deny rising sea levels may not have to pay the piper, but their (and our) descendants will, in spades. The people elected to run the State of Florida have an agenda so foreign to mine: they want to frack for fossil fuel; divert tax money from public to for-profit charter schools, which creates blowback as the public schools get worse and worse; do everything in their power to block anything and everything President Obama tries to do, and then scold him for not "compromising."

Finally, I am going through an exercise I highly recommend to my classmates: writing an "ethical will," which might also be called a sermon to my descendants. In drafting it I have rediscovered many, many fine things I did years ago but had simply forgotten. I also have had to face mistakes and wrong turns, each of which may contain a kernel of wisdom.

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EDWARD ALAN SELTZER. *Address:* 290 Northeast Hwy. 41, Williston, FL 32696-7231.

RICHARD I. SHADER. *Address:* 10 Rogers St., Penthouse 4, Cambridge, MA 02142-1289 (617-876-5954).

BERNARD P. SHAGAN. *Home Address:* 15 Long Bay Rd., Jackson, NJ 08527-2661 (732-928-3373; *Fax:* 732-415-8773). *Occupation and Office Address:* Physician; Consultant in Endocrinology. Center for Health Education, Medicine & Dentistry, 1771 Madison Ave., Lakewood, NJ 08701-1251 (732-364-2144; *Fax:* 732-364-3559). *Email:* bshagan@optonline.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Phoebe Orange Shagan. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army, Madigan General Hospital, Tacoma, WA, 1966–68; award for distinction in improving medical records.

I am continuing to practice medicine. I am currently employed as a consultant in endocrinology by the Center for Health Education, Medicine & Dentistry in Lakewood, New Jersey, and I give the endocrinology lectures to the residents at Monmouth Medical Center in Long Branch, New Jersey, and St. Francis Medical Center in Trenton. I was fortunate to have an article I wrote with my residents accepted for poster presentation at the most recent national meeting of the American Association of Clinical Endocrinologists. I hope I can continue these activities as long as I can get around.

I am also fortunate to sing in the Masterworks Chorus of the Garden State Philharmonic orchestra. It is a transcendent experience to sing Mozart's Requiem with a symphony orchestra. This season, aside from our usual performance of *The Messiah*, we are going to be performing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It is a fascinating experience relearning *The Messiah* while attempting to learn music for the Jewish holidays.

Of course, I am most fortunate to continue to be married to the love of my life, Phoebe, who, aside from making my life complete, is working very hard as a health insurance professional with special expertise in Medicare. She recently opened her own office, and her quality and professionalism make me very proud. Of course I enjoy my children and grandchildren. My youngest son, Adam was recently married and is doing quite well. My youngest grandson is achieving exceptional grades in high school and I hope I can convince him

and Harvard that that is where he should be. My older granddaughter, Sarah, is soon to be married. Her sister, Hilary, is doing very well in information technology and her brother, Nathan, is about to graduate from George Washington University.

As the song goes, "Who could ask for anything more?"—except for continuation of reasonable health.

FREDERIC ALAN SHARF. *Home Address:* 155 Heath St., Chestnut Hill, MA 02467 (617-277-3311). *Office Address:* Sharf Marketing Group, 822 Boylston St., Chestnut Hill, MA 02467 (617-566-7070; *Fax:* 617-566-7950). *Other Address:* 100 Worth Ave., Penthouse 9, Palm Beach, FL 33480. *Email:* sharfmarketing@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Jean Strouse Sharf. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Two.

I am no longer an active businessman, but I do maintain a large office to handle my various philanthropic projects. Recent medical problems preclude overseas travel—in fact, travel of any sort other than to our homes in New York City and Palm Beach.

I continue to collect design art. I enjoy organizing exhibitions of this art in museums and public places. I spend a lot of time researching and writing. I have published many books and exhibit catalogs. I employ young scholars to help me, and help them to launch their careers. I remain busy!

My wife and I have fun giving away our money. We work together picking out places and causes where we can make a difference. For many years I was the trustee in our family, but now it is Jean. She amazes me with the energy and intelligence she devotes to her many philanthropic interests.

Recently I have become very involved in collecting and researching jewelry and fashion for the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. These departments have been able to expand their outreach as a result of my efforts. There is an endowed curatorial position at this museum that we have established, the Sharf Curator of Design. This curator handles the thousands of design drawings that we have donated and makes certain that they are accessible to the public.

My collecting interest has now expanded to include the development of airplanes. I buy original, vintage, factory design models that trace the evolution of the airplane from 1920 to the present. A significant group of these models will be donated to the MFA Boston, and another group to the Wolfsonian FIU in Miami Beach.

Jean and I have been happily married since 1961. The years have flown by. Our daughter, Lisa, has also had good luck in picking her husband, Eric Green. They have two children, a girl, Parker, who will graduate from Wesleyan this year, and a boy, Bennett, who will graduate from Loomis Chaffee this year.

I rarely look backward. I always count my blessings and my good fortune. Harvard prepared me well for a rich, rewarding life. I now look forward to the projects that remain on my radar screen.

QUINLAN SHEA. *Home Address:* 126 Manor Brook Drive, Chagrin Falls, OH 44022-4108 (440-557-5367). *Email:* quincapecod@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Hedi Stang. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Major, US Army, 1961–1972; Meritorious Service Medal (three).

I never thought I would voluntarily leave southeastern New England, but our daughter, her husband, and our five grandchildren moved to northeastern Ohio. We had an apartment here for seven years for our regular visits, but finally decided to move. This area, originally called the Western Reserve, was settled by New Englanders, and you can see it. Chagrin Falls could be anywhere in New England; Gates Mills could be on Cape Cod or in Vermont, etc. So, very little culture shock. Eventually our remains will return, but we are in no hurry. I enjoy very much being with my grandchildren, and continue to read a lot and work on my family history. My gift to my mother on her one hundredth birthday was getting into the Mayflower Society! Life is good. Best to all.

JEREMIAH JOHN SHEEHY. *Address:* 30 Summit Ave., Braintree, MA 02184-2916 (781-848-4388).

GEORGE C. SHEINBERG. *Home Address:* 226, bd. Saint-Germain, 75007 Paris, France (+33-1-45-48-62-78; *Mobile:* +33-6-69-19-59-66). *Occupation and Office Address:* Owner (art). Georges Belmont Art Association, 39, bd. Patch, Ramatuelle 83350, France. *Other Address:* 480 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022 (212-644-6923). *Email:* photogeo@mac.com. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* US Navy.

STEPHEN BYRON SHOHET. *Home Address:* 1925 Gough St., San Francisco, CA 94109-3416 (415-922-3070). *Occupation:* Hematology Consultant. *Other Address:* 9 Granston Way, Buzzards Bay, MA 02532 (508-759-3454). *Email:* sbshohet@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Geraldine Poplack Shohet. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Twelve. *Military/National Service:* US Public Health Service, National Institutes of Health, 1962–65.

There hasn't been much change in the scope of my life since I last wrote, but the rate has clearly slowed. I'm still consulting about issues in hematology and the new biology; I'm still enamored with collecting antique cameras and photographic ephemera; and I'm still appalled by the social divisions and political dysfunctions in this otherwise splendid land.

Geraldine and I still travel a good deal, including annual trips from San Francisco to Normandy, Buzzards Bay, and the hematology meetings. Jet lag duration is clearly increasing, however, and that—along with orthopedic signs from an eighty-year-old machine—has made the transit itself more of a chore.

We have an abundance of gratification from our four children and dozen grandchildren; and our home at the Cape, where most of them cavort each summer, is a center of familial bonding for which we are very grateful.

With further reference to Geraldine's comments (which you will find in the Radcliffe '56 Report), I send all my best to all of you.

GEORGE M. SHORE. *Address:* 594 Pacing Way, Westbury, NY 11590-6677 (516-868-4340).

ROY MELVYN SHULMAN. *Address:* 44 Avon Hill St., Cambridge, MA 02140-3610.

STANLEY SAXE SHUMAN. *Home Address:* 25 Sutton Pl., 12th Floor, New York, NY 10022 (212-644-1320; *Fax:* 212-644-8160). *Occupation and Office Address:* Senior Adviser. Allen & Company LLC, 711 Fifth Avenue, Ninth Floor, New York, NY 10022 (212-339-2311; *Fax:* 212-339-2305). *Spouse/Partner:* Sydney Roberts Shuman. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* Four.

I am still actively engaged full-time in my work and pro bono activities, although my status at Allen has changed since last year from managing director to senior adviser, in order to give both the firm and me more flexibility. In a few instances, I have been termed out for age(!), e.g., as trustee at Andover. But as has been written, "I would rather burn out than rust out." Hopefully we can accomplish this while maintaining a sense of dignity and relevance.

Sydney and I have had an active life of work, travel, family, and a variety of community, cultural, and governmental involvements. We spend as much time with our four sons and six grandchildren as they will permit us. Except for the predictable bumps along the way, we are reasonably healthy and fit; we will be off to ski in Vail over the holidays.

I do believe that in this complex world in which we live, never have there been more opportunities for our children and grandchildren than exist today; on the other hand, never have there been more obstacles in the way of reaching them . . . and the velocity of change is astounding. But all in all, as Warren Buffett has often said, given our time and place of birth, our generation got the lucky tickets.

I look forward to seeing many of you in May.

THEODORE ISAAC SIEGEL. *Address:* Unknown.

BAILEY SAIGER SILBERT. *Home Address:* 139 Rawson Rd., Brookline, MA 02445-4509 (617-731-3894). *Occupation:* Architect Emeritus.

Currently, as an architect with emeritus status, I now have more time to enjoy our children and grandchildren and the two other major interests with which I have always been actively involved since the early teen years, namely, photography and French studies.

LEONARD SINGER. *Address:* 18 Sparks St., Cambridge, MA 02138-4702 (617-491-5525).

DAVID KING SIROTA. *Address:* 247 Demarest Ave., Closter, NJ 07624-2410 (201-767-7330).

E. LEO SLAGGIE. *Address:* 6358 Lakewood Drive, Falls Church, VA 22041-1226 (703-256-4820).

WILLIAM WALTER SLAVINSKY JR. *Address:* 624 Sugar Pine Drive, Melbourne, FL 32901 (321-725-5608).

ANTONY CAMPBELL SMITH. *Address:* Unknown.

DONALD A. SMITH. *Home and Office Address:* 145 Methodist Drive E., Franklin, IN 46131 (*Phone and Fax:* 317-736-1583; *Mobile:* 317-679-8034). *Occupation:* Semiretired President (educational services). KidSolve Inc. *Email:* donaldsmith1426@gmail.com; don@kidsolve.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Joan Sandra Speedie Smith (died Feb. 12, 2013). *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Step-grandchildren:* Three. *Great-grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* Midshipman, US Naval Reserve, 1952–56.

Joan and I have enjoyed every Class Reunion since the Tenth. This will be the first one without my wonderful partner. The love of my life departed this earthly realm on February 12, 2013. Nothing prepared me for the loss of the love, joy, and zest for life that she brought to me and everyone around her. Enjoy each other as long as possible and let that joy sustain you until you are reunited. Our family is doing well and expanding—eight great-grandchildren so far—which gives me joy and purpose. I am still volunteering with the United Methodist Church and AARP Tax-Aide, and on the reunion committees of both Roosevelt High School and Harvard College. The last two years I have been trying to write memoirs of our life together and catalog the thousands of photographs and slides. It does keep me occupied. *Vale! Laetator redux!*

FREDERIC P. SMITH. *Home Address:* 17 Green Drake Court, Candler, NC 28715-8948 (828-418-3219). *Email:* fredericpsmith@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Vivian Lee Smith. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* One.

G. WYNN SMITH JR. *Address:* 5333 Park Highlands Blvd., Apt. 52, Concord, CA 94521-3721.

MICHAEL L. SMITH. *Home Address:* 1 Andalusia Ave., No. 417, Coral Gables, FL 33134 (305-775-7985). *Email:* fressers@gmail.com; fressers1@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Died March 3, 2012. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Naval Reserve, retired.

Currently living at The Palace at Coral Gables after losing my wife of fifty-five years. This is an active senior residence that has been rated number one in the United States.

TAYLOR JOHN SMITH. *Home Address:* 35748 Detroit Rd., Avon, OH 44011 (440-937-5516). *Email:* tjs11@centurytel.net. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.avonhistory.org. *Spouse/Partner:* Carol A. Smith. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Nine. *Great-grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* Specialist third class, US Army, Army Geospatial Center; active duty, Panama Canal Zone, 1957–58.

WINTHROP N. SMITH. *Home Address:* 315 Fort Hill Rd., Gorham, ME 04038-2244 (207-839-4556). *Spouse/Partner:* Margaret Darcy Smith. *Children:* Six. *Grandchildren:* Eight. *Military/National Service:* US Army, special service, Hardy Barracks, Tokyo.

NATHAN SNYDER. *Home Address:* 163 Parish Rd. S., New Canaan, CT 06840-4427. *Email:* naterun7@hotmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Geraldine W. Snyder. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant, US Navy, 1956–1960.

Three score years! A duration of that magnitude that follows four significant and indelible years in Cambridge calls for (a) some eloquent and poetic commentary on the passage of time, (b) a geopolitical analysis of world affairs, and (c) a pithy commentary on the metaphysical role of the individual within the infinity of the universe. Because I need more time to ponder issues of such gravity, I'll offer my succinct observations on those subjects prior to our Seventy-fifth Reunion.

On a more mundane note, it has thus far been a gratifying and enriched journey: Harvard, military service (navy), law school, the practice of law, an evolution into the fabric of corporate America, fifty-one joyful and productive years with Geraldine, my original and sole marriage partner, and a rewarding twenty-six years of retirement. Not an explosive, page-one story, but certainly worthy of a solemn affirmation of gratitude and satisfaction. Without question, Harvard's impact upon this excursion has been profound. *Veritas*!

HARVEY SOBELMAN. *Address:* Hoyt Rd., Pound Ridge, NY 10576 (914-764-4218).

RICHARD H. SOLOMON. *Home Address:* 480 Park Ave., New York, NY 10022-1613 (212-935-0847; *Mobile:* 347-613-0134). *Occupation and Office Address:* Contemporary Art Print Publisher; Art Dealer. 32 E. 57th St., New York, NY 10022 (212-421-3688). *Other Address:* 129 Fox Lane, Bedford Corners, NY 10549 (914-234-6846). *Email:* sollydad@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Ann Solomon. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Four.

It has indeed been a long time since graduation, especially when I realize that I have been involved with contemporary and primitive art for over forty-five years, and it is actually my third career. Unfortunately, that span of years has resulted in my often feeling that I am a twentieth-century person in the twenty-first century, which is less than comforting.

Ann and I have had a wonderful life together for fifty-six years, albeit we have had to weather the tragedy of losing our older son, John, to leukemia. We are, however, blessed with our younger son, James, his wife, Vanita, and his two great children, Menemsha and Lincoln. John's widow, Abby, is doing a great job as a single parent, and her two daughters, Sara and Rebecca, are a delight.

Professionally, although my prior careers at Stop & Shop and Clairol were both interesting and challenging, the past four decades have been especially stimulating if not exceedingly remunerative. I have had an opportunity to work with many of the world's most recognized artists, have established Pace Prints and Pace Primitive as leaders in their fields, and have been recognized by my peers as president of both the Art Dealers Association of America and the International Fine Print Dealers Association.

The art business has led us to become world travelers, exhibiting at art fairs in Miami, Hong Kong, and Basel, and, thanks to Ann's involvement at the Metropolitan Museum as a docent, we have taken extraordinary cultural trips to China, India, and Tibet. Unfortunately, we will miss attending this Reunion, as we will be on an exciting trip to Japan.

Hopefully we will make our Sixty-fifth, and we look forward to it.

DAVID A. SOMMER. *Home Address:* 930 Alfonso Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33146 (305-665-0592; *Fax:* 305-665-7048; *Mobile:* 786-376-5901). *Email:* silverbear@bellsouth.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Erica. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Step-grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army, First Armored Division, Fort Hood, TX, 1961–63.

After forty-eight years of practicing medicine (gastroenterology), I am now fully retired. I will miss it, but I will have to find other activities. Tennis, boating, and fishing are no longer options. However, I have *nine* grandchildren, all of whom live within walking distance, which will keep me busy. My oldest one graduated from Tufts University this year and is now going to the University of Miami Graduate School of Architecture.

I have also started taking courses at University of Miami for retired people, and this has been terrific. Traveling is another option, although my wife and I have traveled extensively over the years.

The Sixtieth Reunion (can't believe it) should be fun. It will be great to reunite with classmates, hopefully without canes, wheelchairs, or aides.

JOSEPH PETER SPANG. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 273, Deerfield, MA 01342-0273 (413-774-2337; *Mobile:* 413-768-0468). *Seasonal Address:* (mid-July–Labor Day) 285 Summer St., Manchester, MA 01944.

My life continues as before. No great complaints, other than a few age-related arthritic and hearing-loss problems. I am still involved (as a board member, etc.) at Historic Deerfield. My titles are founding curator and curator emeritus. I am rotating off various boards of historical agencies such as the Massachusetts Historical Society. I take advantage of members' trips of historical agencies to British and American destinations.

I greatly enjoy the company of extended family and friends of long standing, including, of course, members of the Class of 1956.

EVAN J. SPELFOGEL. *Home Address:* 310 E. 53d St., Apt. 18B, New York, NY 10022-5245 (212-983-2395; *Mobile:* 516-816-4141). *Occupation and Office Address:* Shareholder (law firm). Epstein Becker & Green PC, 250 Park Ave., New York, NY 10177-1211 (212-351-4539; *Fax:* 212-878-8639). *Email:* espelfogel@ebglaw.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Beverly Kolenberg Spelfogel (died Nov. 22, 2013). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six.

My past sixty years may best be summarized by focusing on three main aspects: family, career, and hobbies.

After graduation from Harvard I decided to see the world, traveled as far as New York City, met and married Beverly Kolenberg while attending Columbia Law School. We successively lived in the Washington, DC, Boston, and New York areas as I began my career in labor law, first with the US Department of Labor's Office of the Solicitor and the National Labor Relations Board, and thereafter in private practice with the New York City firms of Simpson Thacher & Bartlett; Dewey Ballantine; Fellner Rovins & Gallay; and Burns Summit Rovins & Feldesman. For the past twenty-five years, since 1991, I have been a member and shareholder of Epstein Becker & Green, PC, one of the leading employment law firms in the nation.

Throughout my entire career I have engaged primarily in the practice of labor relations, employment discrimination, wage and hours, and employee benefits law, representing management exclusively. I also serve as a neutral mediator and arbitrator in employment and commercial disputes, and lecture, teach, and frequently publish in the field, covering such topics as comparable worth and pay equity, employment discrimination, wrongful discharge, retiree health care, plant closings and reductions in work force, email and workplace privacy, union picketing and hand billing on private property, multi-employer and coordinated bargaining, the National Labor Relations Act (NLRA) and Railway Labor Act representation, unfair labor practice and grievance proceedings, the interaction of the Employee Retirement Income Security Act (ERISA), the Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA) and the NLRA, pregnancy disability, sexual harassment, and alternative dispute resolution.

For many years I served on the board of editors for two major treatises in the fields and their annual supplements, *The Developing Labor Law* and *Employee Benefits Law*, and I served for over twenty years as a member of the board of editors for a quarterly journal, *The Labor Lawyer*. Most recently I was appointed an adjunct professor at the Columbia Law School and am teaching employment law there, in addition to my full-time law practice.

I have also devoted significant time and energy to a variety of bar associations. I was a cofounder and past chair of the Labor and Employment Law Section of the New York State Bar Association and served several four-year terms on the executive council of the American Bar Association's Labor and Employment

Law Section. I served as a delegate to the House of Delegates for both bar associations. I am also a charter member of the ABA's Dispute Resolution Section and sit on the executive board of the New York State Bar Association Dispute Resolution Section executive committee. I am a fellow of the College of Labor and Employment Lawyers and am listed in various *Who's Who*s and among "The Best Labor and Employment Lawyers" in the nation.

Beverly and I would have celebrated our fifty-fifth wedding anniversary two years ago, but for her untimely death due to a recurrence of breast cancer that had been in remission for fifteen years. After a successful, ten-year teaching career, she decided my job seemed much easier than hers and became an attorney, serving for twenty-eight years as assistant regional counsel in the New York office of the US Environmental Protection Agency. Our sons became lawyers also: Scott is executive vice president and general counsel of The Davis Companies in the Boston area; Doug is a partner heading up the bankruptcy and creditors' rights department of Foley & Lardner in New York. Daughter Karen continues to teach in the Port Washington, Long Island, schools. Scott (and wife Mamie), Doug (and wife Wendy) and Karen (and husband Raj Raichoudhury) all have two children; Scott's and Doug's youngest, Danny and Alex, are a high school junior and senior respectively. Their eldest, Sara and Mike, are a college senior and sophomore at Syracuse and Stanford respectively. Karen and Raj have a twelve-year-old daughter, Sabrina, and a seven-year-old son, Ryan.

Three years ago I sold my home of forty-seven years in Great Neck and moved into a large apartment on the East Side in midtown Manhattan (about a ten-minute walk to my Park Avenue office). In addition to playing with my six grandchildren, I continue regularly to play softball and basketball with my law firm team and on Long Island with community softball teams. My knees no longer allow me to jog, but I still enjoy tennis and swimming. I have no intention of retiring from the practice of law or from playing sports. Despite having transplanted to the New York area, I remain a die-hard Red Sox fan.

The only signs of my aging (other than the parts that are wearing out) are the rapid growth in the number and size of my grandchildren and my regression to childhood interests. As previously reported, I redeveloped an old hobby, now quite serious, of collecting miniature die-cast airplanes, mostly pre-World War II, and war birds (the ones I played with as a kid). My office and home are each filled with hundreds on display, and many more are in storage. These are mostly Dinky, Hubley, Edison, Tootsie, Aero, and Corgi. I am a member of IMACS (the International Miniature Airplane Collectors Society) and one of its acknowledged worldwide experts in Dinkys. Photos of pieces in my Dinky collection have been published in anthologies.

Last year I began taking flying lessons out of Republic Airport on Long Island and now have about sixty hours in a single-engine Piper Cherokee Warrior. I look forward to obtaining my private pilot's license before our next Reunion.

With respect to governmental and societal affairs, I have probably become more conservative over the years, but still consider myself a political independent. I continue to hold myself open to a presidential draft by either major party. From what I see from the current candidates, I might be our best option. I view our economic and foreign policies and overseas entanglements as disasters. I am angered and frustrated by the degree of waste, mediocrity, and dishonesty I see in government. Through proper management, I continue to believe that government spending (and taxes) could be halved without any noticeable reduction in essential services.

Notwithstanding my cynicism toward our leaders, I continue to view life optimistically, trying always to see the best in people and circumstances. Looking back on the many forks in my path over these past sixty years, I have no regrets. I love my family and my work, and hope only that the next sixty years will be as rewarding and enjoyable as the last.

PAUL SPERRY. *Home Address:* 280 Riverside Drive, No. 8A, New York, NY 10025-4161 (212-595-3020; *Fax:* 212-580-9766; *Mobile:* 917-596-1083). *Occupation:* Adjunct Faculty (classical song repertoire and performance), Manhattan School of Music and Brooklyn College; Artistic Director, Joy In Singing. *Email:* sperryp@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Ellen Isler. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven.

I remember meeting an old man at our graduation who proudly told Jon Levy and me that he had been to every Harvard-Yale game since "aught six." I don't know how old he was at the time, but he seemed ancient yet vigorous. He can't have been much older than most of us are now, and I wonder if the world seemed as distressing to him then as it does to me now. In my last update I had a final paragraph expressing my dismay at the widening gap between rich and poor; regrettably, that has only increased. Add to that the determination of a large part of the Republican Party to move us backward in time, the rise of militant Islam, the proliferation of random terrorist attacks, and global warming, and the world we are leaving to our children doesn't seem to be in good shape.

That being said, I'm still enjoying my life thoroughly. I have enough work to keep me busy: I teach classes in classical song interpretation and performance at the Manhattan School of Music and the Brooklyn College Conservatory, and I am still artistic director of Joy In Singing, an organization dedicated to helping young singers and composers who are devoted to classical song ("artsong," as this form is called in the industry—a term, I think, that keeps people out of concert halls). I sing a concert every once in a while, almost exclusively comic songs, to prove that there is vocal life after eighty, and because singing for others is still a great joy.

When I have time, I try to get to the West Coast to see my children and grandchildren. Ethan is now a tenured full professor at Portland State University; he is director of choral activities there and also conductor of the

Oregon Repertory Singers, a pay-to-join adult chorus. His student chorus is the first to be nominated for a Grammy, and they have won international and national competitions. His wife, Siri Hoogen, is a psychologist with a healthy practice. They love being in Portland, especially for all the marvelous local food and wine. Their children will be seven and ten by the time this reaches you.

My twin sons are both in the Bay Area. Raphael is a green architecture consultant, but he took a couple of years off for a Soros Justice Fellowship. He was working on trying to get the architectural community to agree not to design buildings intended to hurt people: maximum security prisons and execution chambers. He didn't have an easy time of it, but the political pendulum seems to be swinging his way now, and we may see some of what he wanted actually come to pass. His wife, Laura Juran, is the legal director of the teachers' union of California. They have twin sons, who are eight.

Joshua is still working for Engineers and Scientists of California as an organizer and union rep. He loves the work, and the union has grown considerably since he started, in great part due to his efforts. He also plays jazz saxophone whenever he can. His wife, Ilinisa Hendrickson, has started a consulting firm with a partner devoted to capacity building for nonprofits. They have three children ages four to nine.

I am still happily with my significant other, Ellen Isler. She is still president and CEO of JBI International, the only international library of Jewish interest (broadly defined) for the blind and visually impaired. It is an affiliate of the Library of Congress. We enjoy many things in common: going to concerts, opera, theater, watching *Masterpiece Mystery*, travel, good food, etc. She has had a house in Sag Harbor for thirty-eight years, so we spend a lot of weekends and part of the summer there.

As I wrote last time, I feel blessed. I am feeling good, have a lot in my life to enjoy, and my children are all happily married, working at something they love, and raising lovely children. Of course I miss my wife, as Ellen very much misses her husband, but we feel lucky that we still have much to be grateful for, and life is still very much worth living.

DONALD ROY SPUEHLER. *Home Address:* 631 Wilcox Ave., Apt. 1C, Los Angeles, CA 90004-1114 (323-465-5753; *Mobile:* 213-503-0222). *Email:* cellospue@yahoo.com; jillrspuehler@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Jill Maria Roth Spuehler. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Specialist 6, US Army, 1958–1961.

Jill and I are continuing to enjoy Southern California, living in a quiet condo looking out on the Wilshire Country Club (free gardening and a wonderful borrowed view). My four grandchildren are all within fifteen minutes and her three are an hour away. With some heart-related fixes, our bodies are still working, though not as fast or as energetically. Altogether a good life.

The past five years have seen some satisfying travel, including a month in India, a number of times in Europe, and trips to New York for the swap we

have had for eight years with friends who have a view of Central Park. After all this, however, I, more than Jill, have become really averse to long-distance travel. Even up front, air travel is just not fun anymore. The time changes are harder, there is more hassle with baggage, and my inner curmudgeon becomes an outer sulker. Bottom line is that I realized during our last trip to Sicily that even the view from Taormina doesn't match our own bed and the joy of local activities.

We are blessed with a fine orchestra under Dudamel (and plenty of good visiting orchestras also). I continue with cello in chamber music with a regular quartet, a trio, and weekend and weekday workshops. To feed that, there are plenty of chamber music series, the odd (sometimes very) opera, and any kind of performance you could wish for. For the moment, short trips along our coast and a short visit to the hill country of Texas are plenty of travel for me.

In the middle of a satisfying retirement, we are astounded and distressed by the state of our government and the state of the world. We continue to support Planned Parenthood, Habitat for Humanity, and other organizations that are trying to make a difference, but it feels like an uphill battle. It may be that we are simply seeing the beginning of the downward drift or slide that every nation too full of itself experiences in history.

John Roderick "Rod" Stackelberg. *Home Address:* 530 W. 24th Ave., Spokane, WA 99203-1924 (509-747-2077). *Occupation:* Professor Emeritus of History. Gonzaga University. *Email:* rodstackelberg@comcast.net; stackelberg@gonzaga.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Sally Ann Winkle. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Specialist, US Army, United States Army Europe Headquarters, Heidelberg, Germany, 1958–1960; sharpshooter.

My son Emmet graduated from Harvard in 2014. My daughter Katherine von Stackelberg '88, SM '98, SD '06, retains a research affiliation with the Harvard T. H. Chan School of Public Health as a specialist in environmental risk assessment. I still grieve for my Harvard roommate Paul Russell, who died prematurely in 1996. My other roommate, Seymour Goldstaub, a criminal defense lawyer, seems to have disappeared from the face of the earth. The best guess is that he may be in a witness protection program living under a new identity. Sy, if you read this, do get in touch!

William Haynes Starbuck. *Address:* 1234 E. 21st Ave., Eugene, OR 97403 (541-343-6464).

Alan Miller Starensier. *Home and Office Address:* 63 W. Wharf Rd., Madison, CT 06443-2907 (203-245-4931; *Fax:* 203-245-6276; *Mobile:* 617-803-5165). *Occupation:* Sales. *Email:* starensier@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Margie. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Naval Reserve, 1956–59.

Last October I celebrated my eightieth birthday, and I am still working, still active, still getting around. My wife, Margie, and I live in Madison,

Connecticut—on the shoreline, seventeen miles from New Haven and one minute from Long Island Sound. We have a very active life, working, socializing, and traveling. Our days are filled. We have five wonderful grandchildren, from a college graduate to a fifth-grader. Three of our grandchildren live two miles from us. Two live in Aspen.

We had a trip of a lifetime to celebrate my eightieth. Somehow all eleven of my immediate family—from eight years old to eighty—cleared out their schedules and we spent a week together touring Israel. This was a perfect way to celebrate.

Fortunately I have been able to keep in touch with many of my Harvard friends. Sixty years later and still a beautiful bond. My wonderful memories of four years at Harvard will stay with me forever. I am so looking forward to our Sixtieth and so looking forward to seeing you.

GUNTIS STEVEN STEFENHAGENS. *Home Address:* 615 Eagle Watch Lane, Osprey, FL 34229-9378 (941-966-5164). *Other Address:* Skytop, PA. *Email:* gss612660@yahoo.com. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* US Navy.

LAURENCE ABRAHAM STEIN. *Address:* 560 Mesa Verde Drive, Cave Junction, OR 97523-9675 (541-592-4561).

JOSEPH LEVOW STEINBERG. *Home Address:* 205 Parsonage Hill Rd., Short Hills, NJ 07078-1523 (973-376-1541; *Mobile:* 201-953-9533). *Occupation and Office Address:* Career Counselor; Adjunct Professor. Seton Hall Law School, One Newark Center, Newark, NJ 07102 (973-642-8686; *Fax:* 973-642-8003). *Email:* levowj@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Vivian Steinberg. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* Specialist fourth class, National Guard, New Jersey, US Army Reserve, 1959–1964.

Little has changed in my life in the five years since the last Reunion: still of counsel at Lowenstein Sandler, where I have been for fifty-five years and counting; still married to Vivian, the best wife ever, for fifty-four years and counting; still in the same house we've been in for forty-nine years and counting; still doing career services work and teaching one course in New Jersey land use practice at Seton Hall University School of Law; still chairman of our municipality's zoning board and still sitting on the planning board. Still attending executive committee meetings of the Harvard Club of New Jersey, but with some sadness since the heart and soul of the club for over sixty years (Josh Levin '54, JD '59) succumbed some months ago after dealing for years with Parkinson's disease.

There have been some changes: two more grandchildren—now four in Massachusetts (two in Cambridge) and two in Colorado. (I'll spare you the grandfatherly boasting.)

My most recent close connection with the University came in 2012 at the Law School, when I and one other member of our Ames Moot Court team (which won the competition in 1959) organized a mini-reunion. Seven of the eight of us attended the reunion, which started in Cambridge and moved to Cape Cod for the weekend.

One of my roommates at Kirkland House, Howard Muson, and I have attended the Harvard-Yale football game each year it has been held in New Haven for a number of years. We haven't yet decided whether we will do it again this year (2015), but with the team's winning streak now at twenty-one games stretching over three seasons (and its winning streak over Yale dating back to 2007), it looks like we must keep up the tradition.

Vivian and I are looking forward to attending the Reunion, and I am grateful for the hard work and dedication of Ken Rossano, who has held us all together for lo these many years.

Richard Marshall Stenson. *Home Address:* 10 Windward Way, Red Bank, NJ 07701-2478 (732-450-9471). *Email:* s10sons@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Alice "Pat" Stenson. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Great-grandchildren:* Three.

Ralph Wesley Stephens. *Home and Office Address:* 1137 Harvey Lane, Reno, NV 89509-3528 (775-826-0925; *Mobile:* 775-846-4069). *Occupation:* Semiretired Ophthalmologist. *Email:* rwstephens34@hotmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Lois M. Stephens. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* Surgeon, US Public Health Service, Division of Air Pollution, Indian Health Service, 1962–64.

Outside of common narrative we all experience as octogenarians, I've long since outgrown "Harvard dreams" and "institutional awe," but find amusement in the HAA's dyslexic mailing addressing me as Dr. Ralph *Dyrphrnd*; probably due to dyspecksia on the keyboard.

As a product of President Conant's scholarship program to broaden the social and geographic makeup of the student body at Harvard, I claim success, but must admit failure to his aim to train national leaders.

From the top of the bell curve, it's downhill past and future, but nice to have company on our Sixtieth Reunion before we bottom out.

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Charles Franklin Stevens. *Address:* 3084 Cranbrook Court, La Jolla, CA 92037-2209 (858-452-8738, ext. 1155).

Campbell Steward. *Address:* 65 Asbury St., Topsfield, MA 01983-1501 (978-887-3901).

JACK J. STIFFLER. *Home Address:* 286 Delano Rd., Marion, MA 02738-2030 (*Phone and Fax:* 508-748-1782). *Email:* stiffler@capecod.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Sally Voris Stiffler. *Children:* One. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* Six.

I'm now fully retired but still enjoy getting involved in science and engineering activities from time to time, advising others on their entrepreneurial efforts, sporadically participating in events at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution as an honorary member of the corporation, and attending the monthly meetings of our local scientific society that we somewhat pretentiously call the Sippican Philosophical Society.

My wife, Sally, and I continue happily living here on the Buzzards Bay seashore in Marion, seeing friends, attending cultural activities in Boston, Providence, New Bedford, and, at least once a year, New York City, and traveling to various other parts of the world. Our lifestyle is changing a bit, however, because: (1) we gave our sailboat to our oldest grandson, so now sail only occasionally with friends who still have boats; and (2) Sally has decreed that, after last winter's extreme weather, we will now spend the winter months near family, including the new sailboat owner, in California. With regard to the boat, we briefly entertained the idea of sailing via the Panama Canal to Santa Cruz, but couldn't find enough crew members able to take off the time needed to complete that 5,400 nautical-mile journey, so we shipped the boat overland. We now anticipate sailing on the Pacific in the winter to make up for our lack of sailing on the Atlantic in the summer.

GEORGE ELIOT STONE. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 721, Newfoundland, PA 18445 (570-676-3249; *Mobile:* 864-208-6800). *Spouse/Partner:* Deceased. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* US Army Reserve, 1954–56.

HARRIS ELEAZER STONE. *Home Address:* 35 Channel Center, Unit 401, Boston, MA 02210 (857-277-0423; *Mobile:* 617-694-1028). *Office Address:* Cushing Properties, Wrentham, MA. *Seasonal Address:* (May–Oct.) 9 New Mill St., Nantucket, MA 02554 (508-228-5089). *Email:* hestone@mindspring.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Esta Lee. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Step-grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Specialist third class, US Army, 1956–58.

How fortunate my wife and I are to have grandchildren who are computer-adept. Without their willingness to aid us with their knowledge, we might as well be in the Dark Ages.

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S. ROBERT STONE JR. *Address:* 456 Belmont St., Apt. 7, Watertown, MA 02472-4900 (617-924-5911).

EDWARD M. STRASSER. *Address:* 155 E. 76th St., New York, NY 10021-2810 (212-249-4232).

DAVID TULL STRONG. *Home Address:* 21870 River Ridge Trail, Farmington Hills, MI 48335-4617 (248-888-9848). *Seasonal Address:* (summer) 10857 Pioneer Trail, Boyne Falls, MI 49713 (231-549-2574). *Spouse/Partner:* Marcia M. Strong. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four.

Sixty years: it doesn't seem so many since 1956, until we add our age that year and number our friends and family who are gone. However, one day in my oncologist's office, my good and wise physician said to me, "David, you are counting." I knew immediately what he was saying to me. I was counting how many more treatments, how many more procedures and tests, and how many more "somethings" before I die. It is better to welcome each day.

Yes, some of my friends are gone. We are yet alive. Now we are at the "biblical age." What surprises have we experienced? For me and for my wife, Marcia, it is amazing that we love each other so much after more than fifty years, how our yearly income still more than meets our needs and desires, that we can enjoy our two sons and their families, who live nearby, and that we have both a lake home and a city home.

I have four books of poetry published, and I just finished another book about old age and living well, published in Prague, that I titled *Finely Aged.* Marcia and I are still traveling overseas almost yearly, still walking together, still buying original art that speaks to us, still doing physical work together, still enjoying the opportunities of retirement.

I am still amazed that an ancestor, Jonathan Mitchell, brother of my direct line, was the second minister to Harvard, 1650–1668, and that my surname ancestor, Elder John Strong of Northampton, Massachusetts, contributed to Harvard College in the 1600s, not in coin but in kind—a quantity of grain.

My opportunity to sing in the Harvard Glee Club, 1952–56, in the Memorial Church Choir, and with a group called the Dunster Dunces encouraged me to set aside my father's dream for me to be a surgeon. Instead I became a minister as my profession. Yes, I would do it again! All of it.

Now I welcome more surprises in my life, as a nudge to expand my perspective and my capacity to respond well. I note a crazy world, crazy political lies and posturing, a repression of voting rights, ruthless inequalities, and stupid wars, and yet I trust that we will embrace reality one day—sooner and not too much later.

My mantra is to live as fully and deeply as I can each day, look for the blessing that reveals itself when I am sufficiently open, walk in the woods, listen to the frog's mating songs, be quiet so that we can hear the loons call across a dark lake at midnight, give to others, and trust that I will be here for another spring.

GEORGE ROBERT SUCKOW. *Address:* 773 Linda St. NE, Keizer, OR 97303 (503-390-7485).

JAMES R. O. SULLIVAN. *Address:* 3 Bridle Path Circle, Dover, MA 02030 (508-785-2396).

ROBERT L. SULLIVAN. *Home Address:* 1486 Bay Rd., Stoughton, MA 02072-3801.

Long an ardent, and so far successful, adherent to Groucho's admonition to "check the day's obituary for your own first," I decided to apply that same advice to the Class of '56 orange list of lost and missing classmates, fortunately with the same gratifying result. That particular exercise triggered the recall of one sunny Saigon day in 1968 at the Third Field Hospital. A school before the war, now a hospital, it featured a particularly hard, black-and-white tiled floor extending even to the triage area where we doctors and nurses were just preparing a wounded nineteen-year-old for surgery.

We were pretty proud of our most important selves; once a patient was medevaced to our experienced, skilled, dedicated hands, we did great work. It was simply understood: we did not lose many and we all knew it, as the team, as one, expertly rolled him off the stretcher onto the gurney, and just as expertly, the M–79 grenade appeared from under his flak jacket headed four feet to the tile floor.

The M–79 grenade was designed to be fired from a rifle, at which time the spin imparted by the fired rifle armed the grenade. Until fired, and therefore spun, the grenade could not explode. Unfortunately, the arming device employed moving parts, and therefore, rumor had it, the Vietnamese ground was littered with fired, presumably armed, but obviously unexploded M–79s. Ever able to scrounge and improvise, the grateful Vietnamese collected the littered M–79s intending to repair and restore the newly refurbished ordinance to their rightful owners. Ergo, United States soldiers were known to collect any M–79s they encountered to prevent exactly that. However, armed or not, this falling grenade demanded immediate attention.

Clearly I was too far from the grenade to catch and cradle it in my soft hands before its imminent collision with the rocky floor. Already so close to the floor, Jay Garrick and Eel O'Brian combined could not have caught it. This was a perfect job for the Man of Steel, but he was nowhere to be found. So somebody else was going to have to throw himself on the grenade, sacrificing himself, smothering the explosion and saving the others. This was Medal of Honor country—if the damn thing failed to explode. On the other hand, if it did detonate, that particular somebody would not be around to enjoy the medal ceremony or the ensuing adulation of the grateful nurses. So, specifically, that particular somebody was not going to be me, leaving a golden opportunity up for grabs. Then I noticed Peterson was in good position closer to the grenade; a good shove and it would appear that he had thrown himself, but I could tell he was already thinking of shoving me. That is the sort of person he was. I never did like him.

I checked again today, à la Groucho, and that M–79 did not explode.

PETER SUMMERS. *Address:* P.O. Box 1285, North Falmouth, MA 02556-1285 (508-563-6455).

ROBERT C. SUSSMAN. *Address:* 64 Woodside Ave., Westport, CT 06880-3030 (203-226-1681).

ROGER HOWARD SWEET. *Address:* P.O. Box 101, East Sullivan, NH 03445-0101 (603-847-3463).

STEVEN C. SWETT. *Home Address:* 20 Rip Rd., Hanover, NH 03755 (603-643-0021). *Occupation:* Self-employed Author-Publisher. *Email:* bragghill@valley.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Shiela Chanler Swett. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* US Army, counterintelligence, 1956–59.

"There is no such thing in anyone's life as an unimportant day," wrote Alexander Wolcott. In the 1,800 or so days since my last report, I have voted, paid taxes, driven hither and yon, visited with doctors, and hugged members of my family; written and published *Catharine: A Retrospective, 1911–2009*, a biography of my mother; published *Nature's Gems*, an exploration of patterns and colors in flowers by Shiela; assembled material for a biography entitled *Robert Poole and His Iron Works, 1818–1903* (Poole is best-known for casting the columns at the base of the dome of the US Capitol); encouraged Shiela with her next book, *Discovering Mushrooms*, a display of mushrooms that she photographed on our nature preserve in Sharon, Vermont; and pondered the meaning of all manner of things.

LEVON DONALD TASHJIAN. *Address:* 605 Garcia St., Santa Fe, NM 87505-2857 (505-984-2680).

ANTHONY THACHER. *Home Address:* Kendal at Hanover, Apt. 1020, 80 Lyme Rd., Hanover, NH 03755 (603-643-0455). *Seasonal Address:* Pomfret, VT; North Haven, ME. *Spouse/Partner:* Barrett Van Dyke Thacher. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* US Army, artillery, two years active duty, six years reserve.

With two days left till the deadline, I struggle to be allowed to post anything in the Harvard computer system. (Several passwords and only an occasional human voice for help are simply confusing.) Consequently, I might as well write the damn confessional and wait until tomorrow to attack the cybernetic monster once again.

Yes, I remain mostly a computer Luddite. I don't tweet or twitter. I check my email once a day (if I remember), and I distrust Google, which I must use. I shun Facebook and the like, unless a well-meaning friend sends me something of interest.

I have reached the age at which simplification of life is an imperative. An aging body hastens that effort, as I no longer teach skiing to the kids at Suicide

Six as I did for ten years. Golf became so frustrating that I abandoned it. Two travel excursions a year are out of the question. Last week I tripped going after a lob on the tennis court, requiring six stitches, and I begin to wonder when I'm going to have to abandon that pleasure. I have also given up teaching courses at the Dartmouth-affiliated adult education group, originally called ILEAD. It has now been renamed Osher after a very wealthy Californian by that name bought it for about $2 million.

My health is good but hardly great, evidencing a couple of the common morbidities (as the doctors are wont to describe them) that come with advancing age. Hearing that rumble in the near distance, Barrie and I checked into the local "God's waiting room," a.k.a. continuing care retirement community, Kendal at Hanover, a couple of years ago. It is five minutes from the center of Hanover and Dartmouth College, ten minutes from the Dartmouth-Hitchcock Hospital (our tertiary version of Boston's Mass. General Hospital), and a short drive to our house in Vermont, to which we retreat for the summer months. The inmates at Kendal are a very interesting and friendly bunch, almost entirely white members of Charles Murray's cognitive elite. When the revolution finally comes, life here may not be so merry, but that deluge is probably beyond our lifespans.

The move to Kendal also allowed us to change our legal residence to New Hampshire from Vermont. The move has all sorts of positive estate planning implications, and it also takes us a step away from the political atmosphere of the People's Republic of Vermont. From the frying pan to the fire. Kendal and academic Hanover are also hotbeds of Enlightenment socialism.

And now a word about our family. I remain wedded to Barrie, whom I married over fifty years ago. In some ways we are very different people, but the differences have added strength and interests to our relationship. We have surely had our disagreements and controversies, as occur in most marriages, but for the most part it has been a loving and enjoyable journey. We did lose one of our three daughters a few years ago, but the other two seem happily married and the three grandchildren are thriving.

As you will note from the above comment, I remain a conservative, but a moderate one on most social issues. As I wrote in a previous class confessional, I do not believe in the perfectibility of mankind or the right of any elite of whatever political persuasion to feel that they know all the answers and must impose them on others. Man and the world are imperfect and will remain so. Isaiah Berlin said it about as well as anyone. It is the role of each of us to follow the golden rule and to do what we can to help those around us to lead better lives. And, as someone I admire once said:

> It's not how long you have lived
> It's how *well* you have lived,
> How well you have *loved*,
> How well you have *learned to let go*

ALEXIS OLLIER THIELENS. *Home Address:* 2501 Commonwealth St., Houston, TX 77006-2572 (610-896-3866; *Mobile:* 610-246-8725). *Email:* thielensms@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Deceased. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* Specialist 5, US Army, security agency, 1956–59.

Second wife Maureen died. Am moving to Houston, Texas, to be near my daughter Elizabeth.

LANDON THOMAS. *Address:* P.O. Box 76 Otis Rd., Lincolnville, ME 04849 (207-789-5245).

CLIFF F. THOMPSON. *Home Address:* 4133 Nakoma Rd., Madison, WI 53711 (608-271-6569). *Occupation:* Professor Emeritus of Law. University of Wisconsin, Madison. *Email:* cfthomps@wisc.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Judith Phillips. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Two.

Warm regards to all. Fortunately, no unwarranted changes in life for Judith and me. We enjoy spending summers in Maine, where we see our children and grandchildren. In the winter we cower in Madison, Wisconsin.

In the unstable areas of Africa and the Middle East where Judith and I spent many years, we regret that much remains chaotic. I hope you join us in thoughts and prayers for change for the better.

THOR H. THORS JR. *Home Address:* 14 Sutton Pl. S., New York, NY 10022-3071 (212-752-3014). *Occupation and Office Address:* Vice Chairman, Icelandic-American Chamber of Commerce. 800 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022 (646-282-9363). *Email:* thorsjr@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Virginia Fincke. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* US Army Reserve, 1958–1964.

I continue to have the honor and privilege of serving as a delegate and adviser to the Icelandic delegation to the United Nations. I am still on the board of the American Scandinavian Foundation and find that very enjoyable.

Virginia and I spend more and more time at our house on Fishers Island, New York. We continue to have an opera subscription, attend the theater, and travel. The highlight of 2015 was our trip to Italy in June with two children and two grandchildren. Venice was wonderful.

I enjoy our 1956 lunches monthly at the Harvard Club.

JON SEBASTIAN THURNEYSEN. *Home Address:* 9918 Lindel Lane, Vienna, VA 22181-4034 (703-281-6462). *Email:* jthurney@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Louise Turner Thurneysen. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Ten. *Military/National Service:* Commander, US Navy, 1956–1978; Bronze Star.

Since my retirement in 1999 (and indeed from some time before), Louise and I have still found ourselves quite busy looking after our diverse properties (we have a mountaintop cabin in West Virginia and a farmhouse in North Carolina—Louise's childhood home, which she inherited), as

well as occasionally spending time with our widely scattered grandchildren (Tennessee, Texas, and northern Virginia).

ORVILLE MATTHES "TY" TICE. *Home Address:* 87 Virginia St., Unit 4, Seattle, WA 98101 (206-448-5673; *Fax:* 206-441-8149; *Mobile:* 206-841-5673). *Email:* tytice@me.com; omtice@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Wendy Lee Paul. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six. *Military/National Service:* Captain (retired), US Air Force, 1957–59.

Reaching the eighth decade of life is uncharted territory for males in my family. I'm very thankful that it affords me the opportunity to engage with my six grandchildren as the remarkable young adults they have become. Despite the years and miles between us, we manage to share both interests and a desire to connect for conversation and shared travel adventures. At times they've even enabled me to feel more tech-savvy than I ever imagined.

I am looking forward to our Sixtieth Reunion next year, bracketed by graduations of a niece from the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, New York, and a grandson from Westview High in San Diego.

My prevailing focus for the five years since our Fifty-fifth Class Report is the sustainability of body, mind, and spirit. The regular practice of yoga has worked wonders—improving flexibility, balance, and strength in a well-worn body. Learning to relax and live in the present has led to a sense of overall well-being. For the mind, I try to keep informed about possibilities for resolving environmental issues, especially those holding promise for ecological sustainability. As for the spirit, I seek opportunities to be with family and friends, and remain open to new experiences. My personal quest is to sample all the best handcrafted ales. This nearly always inspires stimulating conversations.

While it's impossible to fill the voids left by departed friends and relatives, John T. Maher remains on the list of our "lost and missing" classmates. He and I were termed the "gold dust twins" by our line coach Ted Schmidt. Any clues as to John's whereabouts?

Let us all be thankful for the overtime period we are afforded—and make the best of it.

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WILLIAM STEEL TOWNE. *Home Address:* 6001 Lost Maple Lane, Sugar Hill, GA 30518-8159 (*Mobile:* 919-929-2749). *Email:* willtowne@earthlink.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Patricia Greene Towne (died Sept. 15, 2012). *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

Patricia, my wonderful wife, producer of four devoted daughters, and my true love for fifty-four years, died in September of 2012 after a lengthy illness. I miss her dearly. But my four daughters and eight grandchildren stepped into the void by welcoming my frequent visits to their families and by assisting me

in my transition to life's next adventure. I have now relocated to a northeastern suburb of Atlanta, where I have regained a family and enjoy a spacious, independent apartment in my daughter Jessica's home.

During the summer of 2013, while traveling through New York City, I visited classmate H. Paul Gabriel, my roommate for two years at Dunster House as well as another year in the city while he labored at medical school and I toiled at business. At this visit we had both recently lost our wives, so we lifted each other's spirits by recalling memories from our far-distant bachelorhoods.

I have increased my activities in Freemasonry. In some ways it seems an extension of the Harvard College experience. I am a member of four lodges in North Carolina—a founding member of two—as well as one in Georgia. Veritas Lodge (how could I resist) is located in Asheville, North Carolina, a mere three-hour drive through the awe-inspiring Great Smoky Mountains from my Georgia location. What a treat!

Back in the 1970s I acquired a handsome, leather-bound 1906 edition of the Harvard Classics from a retiring minister in Sherborn, Massachusetts. This incomparable achievement of President Charles W. Eliot, who edited these works, which constituted the educated man of 1900, has followed me for forty years. I am now two volumes shy of rereading the twenty books of fiction. Then it's back to the forty-eight volumes of nonfiction for a final romp through poetry, philosophy, autobiography, etc. My recently improved vision via cataract surgery should help me pick up the pace.

I was recently reelected to the gratifyingly lofty-sounding role of executive secretary of the Towne Family Association Inc., a national genealogy group (http://www.townefolk.com). It is made up of descendants of the first William Towne, who, with his wife and several children, left the city of Great Yarmouth, East Anglia, England, in 1635 and settled into a Puritan life in Salem, Massachusetts. Unlike his fellow emigrants whose names adorn the august buildings of Harvard Yard, yeoman William's distinction comes from having fathered six children, three of whom were convicted as witches during the 1692 Salem Witch Trials. Two of them, Rebecca Towne Nurse and Mary Towne Estey, were hanged. The third, Sarah Towne Cloyes, was eventually pardoned and resettled herself in far-away Framingham. Happily, all of William's six children heeded the biblical command to be fruitful and multiply. I am a descendant of son Jacob, a brother to the unfortunate women. The witchcraft notoriety, however, is a compelling reason for amateur genealogists to discover our organization and thereby gain access to the 79,000 names in our family tree. Be humble; some of your own antecedents may be lurking among its branches.

I hope to see you in Cambridge in May 2016—weather permitting.

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HAROLD TSOUMAS. *Address:* 56 Oceanside Drive, Hull, MA 02045-3273 (781-925-4982).

JOHN B. TYLER. *Address:* 1565 Oregon St., Apt. 107, Ashland, OR 97520-5402.

MERIWETHER LEWIS CLARK TYLER. *Home Address:* 7327 Eldorado St., McLean, VA 22102-2904 (703-893-3336). *Occupation:* Consultant to Leidos. *Email:* ml.ct2@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara S. Tyler. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* US Army Reserve, 1953–1961.

When I left active duty in 1957, I went to work for the American Broadcasting Company. After three years of doing publicity for such shows as *Woody Woodpecker, Superman, Naked City*, and others, I got a contract as a lyric/comedy writer for the network radio show *Flair*, hosted by Dick Van Dyke. In 1963 I moved to Washington to work for the federal government. I started as a speech writer for Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., who was under secretary of commerce. After working as an advance man in the 1964 campaign, I received a presidential nomination to be deputy chairman of the Appalachian Regional Commission. After a stint on the White House Conference on Balanced National Growth, I worked for the Democratic National Committee, whereupon my office was one of those burglarized by the Watergate burglars in 1972.

My life changed significantly when I became a believing Christian in 1985. I began teaching Sunday school and wrote a series of fifteen musical plays that I had my Sunday school classes perform in a number of churches, nursing homes, and retirement homes. I put eight of these into a book, *Singin' in the Reign*, which was published in 2003. I am still teaching Sunday school. In between employment at a regional advertising agency and as a group vice president at Amtrak, a second life-changing event occurred seven years ago when I was asked to volunteer for a group called Romanian Christian Enterprises. This group is in the business of rescuing abandoned children in Romania and then finding them local adoptive homes. I travel to Romania each year to work

with these children at a camp in the mountains and teach them to take parts in biblical skits, acting out the parables and other biblical scenes. Being part of such a loving and grateful group, and even learning some Romanian, has been a wonderful part of my life. I even managed to teach my Sunday school class to sing some Romanian praise songs at several fundraisers for Romanian Christian Enterprises in Washington. This was possible by putting the Romanian words into phonetics . . . and my pupils were always a big hit!

The rest of my retirement is spent teaching English to a group of wives of diplomatic personnel (in the ESL program) and being the president of my 158-unit homeowners association.

I am healthy and happy and have a wonderful wife who puts up with my trips to Romania—as long as I also book cruises and trips to Europe, Israel, Costa Rica, Alaska, New Zealand, and Istanbul!

Has it really been sixty years since we graduated?

THOMAS N. URBAN. *Home Address:* 3018 County Rd. 8, Fraser, CO 80442 (970-726-2046; *Mobile:* 561-704-2737). *Additional Home Address:* 7 Par Club Circle, Village of Golf, FL 33436 (561-737-1804). *Email:* tom@tomurban.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Mary. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Nine.

We are now nineteen, including spouses and grandchildren . . . which, however, is working backwards. After a four-year stint as mayor in Des Moines a long time ago, with the SDS, Black Panthers, and Minute Men—remember Vietnam, Selma, and the Great Society programs?—I chose business over politics. Managed Pioneer Hi-Bred International for thirty-five years, working my way up from a hatchery (chickens, not corn) in Owatonna, Minnesota, as the lowest-paid graduate of the B School (I think). Mary and I moved seven times. She did not work and never complained—children of the twentieth century! Pioneer sold out to DuPont in 1998; we had sold 20 percent to DuPont earlier, so I left as chairman to teach at the B School. Two years of hard work. I found I was teaching the front end of the "me" generation; 30 percent were terrific, 30 percent were there to make contacts, and 35 percent were upset because I was not teaching them anything. I learned that teaching is really hard work, and hats off to the professors. I found that it was difficult to have seen students for three months and then not see them again. In business I had had the opportunity to watch young people grow. I found that hard to give up. Two years was enough.

I was chairman of the Carnegie Institution of Science in Washington, DC, for ten years (great science!) and also became involved in three start-ups. Two were too early and one is still barely extant—we will see. I have been involved with the National Botanical Garden (founded by Congress in 1963) in Hawaii and Florida as chairman.

I recently spent three years trying to convince the powers that be in Des Moines that poverty can be mitigated by involving the residents (twenty thousand in the center of Des Moines, 101 languages in the Des Moines school

system!); I broke my pick but may have left a residue of progress. A group of us has taken an old, rundown botanical garden on the river and turned it into a gem, $18 million later. Come see!

Iowa is in the throes of its four-year political churn. TV revenue is up 300 percent, and the *Des Moines Register* is actually selling papers. O'Malley was at my brother's home last week; he is caught between Bernie and Hillary, who is organizing like mad to avoid the rout she suffered eight years ago by Obama. Bernie is packing them in. The far right took over the Republican Party many years ago, throwing out the "Eisenhower" and "Rockefeller" folks, so you get what you get. None of the candidates are looking forward to winter in Iowa.

I garden! Plants do not talk back, they just die. We spend time at our home in Colorado—blue-collar Winter Park—and in Florida at the Country Club of Florida, Delray Beach. We do not travel. We did that for thirty years and have seen enough. I have taken the first four grandsons on trips overseas, just the two of us, and will take the fifth to Spain in March. We have been fortunate. All offspring are above average. Mary's genes are great!

I believe that two of my roommates are dead, I have lost track of a third, and the fourth has a hard life. Living in Des Moines and moving many times, and being in agriculture, have left me out of touch with many from Harvard in spite of eight years in Cambridge. Too bad, but that is how it is. I bike; I read history, politics, philosophy, and mysteries. We both walk. Mary and I are lucky to be in good health. We have gotten the most out of the twentieth century.

FRED TOWNSEND VALENTINE. *Home Address:* 370 First Ave., Apt. 6B, New York, NY 10010-4930. *Occupation:* Semiretired Research Professor of Medicine and Microbiology. New York University, School of Medicine. *Spouse/Partner:* Carol H. Valentine. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* US Public Health Service, Centers for Disease Control, Atlanta, GA, 1962–64.

My professional life proceeds at a much slower pace. I continue to teach and participate in the activities of the Infectious Diseases Division of the Department of Medicine and also teach in the microbiology course, and analyze and write up research data from previous studies. Long weekends are now the routine.

Carol and I still divide our time between Manhattan and our eighteenth-century farmhouse in northern Dutchess county. Restoring the house has been a forty-year process, and I strive to make sure the job is done before I am. We obtain great satisfaction and considerable exercise from growing most of our vegetables, maintaining flower gardens, cutting and splitting firewood, and bicycling.

Our daughter, Catherine, is an assistant professor at the Boston University School of Medicine, and is able to visit us every few weeks. We visit our son, Mark, and his family in Denver a few times each year, and we all assemble at our house each summer.

We continue to be appalled at how uninformed and gullible a large portion of our citizenry seems to be. A well-functioning democracy requires informed and thoughtful citizens who are not easily manipulated by the most recent sound bite. The educational system has failed for many people. The sense of working together for the common good, which sustained our country for many years following World War II, has been lost for many. The current huge economic gap between the richest 0.5 percent and all others, about which much has been written, if not reversed will lead our country into a dark future.

JOHN WALLACE VAN DOREN. *Home Address:* 1818 Chowkeebin Nene, Tallahassee, FL 32301-5816 (*Mobile:* 850-571-8037). *Email:* jvandore@law.fsu.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Sonia R. Crockett. *Children:* One.

I retired from more than thirty-eight years of law teaching at Florida State University College of Law at the end of 2007. However, according to my wife, Sonia, I have taught law somewhere every year until now since retirement. She is a lawyer and continues her career as a volunteer for Legal Services of North Florida and as guardian ad litem (for endangered children). She also is kind enough to remind me that she and I have been together thirty-seven years. Nice . . . thanks, Sonia. And because she is rather younger than my eighty-one years, she has offered to take care of me if and when I need assisted living. Thanks again.

Our only son, Jade, is thirty-nine and went to business school and became an entrepreneur. He had a good result from his first business and not as good from his second. So now he has become the CEO of a good, going business that provides adventurers with a website that maps out trails they may wish to hike or bike. Jade is not married.

I have taught law in a number of places, sometimes virtually as a volunteer, and I have had eight Fulbright grants. To name a few of the places I have taught: China, Africa, Syria(!), eastern Europe, and Cambodia; in short, in five of the seven continents. I have applied for the ninth Fulbright, a five-month stint in the University of the Philippines Law Faculty starting in August 2016. Wish me luck!

My main interest in law now is legal philosophy (jurisprudence)—exploring the questions of where does law come from and where do we like to pretend it comes from! If I have not lost you, I will close with this: I do most of the cooking and food shopping for myself and my wife, usually read the books on the Man Booker Prize long list that interest me, and dote on our six-year-old cat, BD, a street cat who thinks she is an Ethiopian princess, that my wife and I fell in love with when we were both teaching in Ethiopia five years ago.

Cheers.

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18 W. 70th St., No. 5A, New York, NY 10023 (212-799-6911). *Email:* hugh.van.dusen@harpercollins.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Wendy Wolf. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* US Army.

I am still working, part-time, at HarperCollins as an editor, after fifty-nine years with the firm. My new hobby is quilting, which joins painting landscapes and cooking as my most absorbing occupations. Wendy and I split our time between the New York apartment and our house in Yorktown, with two trips a year to the family house on Frenchman's Bay in Maine.

ANDY VIKSNE. *Home Address:* 3031 White Peaks Court, Castle Rock, CO 80104-7509. *Email:* acviksne@msn.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Carol Viksne. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

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DAVID CARROLL VINCENT. *Address:* Unknown.

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RALPH BOOTH VOGEL. *Home Address:* 6978 SE Golf House Drive, Hobe Sound, FL 33455 (772-546-8513; *Mobile:* 978-998-2134). *Seasonal Address:* (summer) 109 Woodland Mead, South Hamilton, MA 01982. *Email:* ralphbvog@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Mabel H. Vogel. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Nine. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, US Air Force, security officer, Ashiya Air Base, Japan.

Since our last Report, the Vogels have sold their home in Beverly Farms, where we lived for forty-six years. Our permanent home is now in Florida, where we live for ten months each year. We have been coming to the North Shore for the past several summers. Mable found a beach cottage on the Gloucester coast, very close to Good Harbor Beach, and it has proven to be an ideal choice. Our daughter, Genny Yonce, and her husband, Clay, have been both kind and hospitable, thus we have been welcome to stay in South Hamilton when we are not renting in Gloucester.

We have found that a focus of our lives remains very much on our three children, their three spouses, and our nine grandchildren. Our eldest grandchild is Sam Yonce, who will be entering Harvard as a member of the Class of 2020. Our second-eldest grandchild, Charlie Vogel, already has his sights set on Harvard, and if he were fortunate enough to gain acceptance, he would be a member of the Class of 2021. Mabel and I feel fortunate to have gotten this far. As the years roll by, the ability to enjoy each day to the fullest takes on added importance.

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JOHN HENRY VOHR II. *Address:* P.O. Box 130, Northville, NY 12134 (518-863-7056).

L. JOHN VOLKERT. *Home Address:* 393 Hill Rd., Boxborough, MA 01719-1016 (978-266-1954). *Occupation:* Construction Management. *Email:* john621@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Reisa Volkert. *Children:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army.

I continue to work full-time as an owner's project manager in Boston. This has certainly kept me fit and I enjoy rising each day with a purpose. Retirement is not in my future.

Reisa and I have enjoyed living in Boxborough, tending our gardens and watching the wildlife that make daily visits to the property. This year we had a particularly good harvest of tomatoes and are already thinking about the spring plantings.

This year, for the first time, we are involved with the Harvard Host Family Program. Reisa has made frequent trips to Cambridge to visit the young man we are hosting, who is from South Africa, and we have really enjoyed this experience.

Reisa and I have been blessed with two wonderful children. Our daughter lives in New York City and our son is proudly serving in the US Army.

WILLIAM BERNARD VOLMER. *Home Address:* 5408 Freeport Lane, Naples, FL 34119-9516 (239-431-6796; *Mobile:* 239-404-7548). *Email:* billvolmer@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Rita Volmer. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, US Army, active duty, 1957, US Army Reserve, 1957–1963.

Rita and I are closing in on twenty years of living and working in Naples, Florida. We feel very blessed to call this beautiful corner of the United States home.

As always, sports and fitness are a regular part of our daily life, with gym workouts, swimming, biking, and power walking the main activities. Also, in 2015 Rita completed another fitness triathlon. Community service in our neighborhood and volunteer work in our city and church consume a good deal of our time. Of course, children, grandchildren, and other family and friends in Philadelphia, Vermont, Maine, Virginia, and Arizona are a constant source of joy for us.

I am dismayed that over the last sixty years Harvard College has seemingly reshaped itself from the great, intellectually honest liberal arts college of the 1950s into an institution with an unabashed left-wing agenda. One has to take notice when 96 percent of the faculty donors contributed to Barack Obama. The term "liberal education" seems to have an entirely different implication in 2016 than it did in 1956.

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CHARLES WALCOTT. *Home Address:* 84 Besemer Hill Rd., Ithaca, NY 14850-9636 (607-539-7835). *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor Emeritus of Neurobiology and Behavior; University Ombudsman. Cornell University, Seely G. Mudd Hall, Ithaca, NY 14853 (607-254-4382). *Email:* cw38@cornell.edu. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.nbb.cornell.edu/walcott.shtml. *Spouse/Partner:* Jane Taylor Walcott. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

As I advise freshmen at Cornell, it seems impossible that my own freshman college experience was over sixty years ago! Living in Lionel Hall, then Winthrop House, seems like only a few years ago, and memories of struggles with organic chemistry still seem fresh. Yet now that I am officially retired and emeritus, life seems to continue on at an accelerated pace. I still do some teaching, I still do research, I still advise students, and I also serve as president of the Cornell Association of Professors Emeritus, am the university ombudsman, and participate in university ceremonies as a university marshal. In my spare time, I make short films on faculty research and serve on the boards of the United Way and the local PBS station, WSKG. Life seems as busy as it was when I was a full-time faculty member!

We still live on a wonderful rural place about a ten-minute drive to the university. Keeping up the vegetable garden, mowing the fields, and keeping the woods trails open provide a modest level of exercise.

My wife, Jane, still teaches the support course for organic chemistry and, in the summer, a one-semester course in both beginning chemistry and organic chemistry. This keeps us pretty well tied to Ithaca—no great hardship, except perhaps with all that cold, snow, and ice in the middle of winter!

Our two children are both married. Tom, our oldest, works for the government in Maryland and has produced two grandchildren. Sam has just married and has received tenure as a professor of mathematics at UC Davis. We are hoping that he might find a job in the East, closer to Ithaca.

As I look back on my college years, I find I particularly value the course in music appreciation taught by G. Wallace Woodworth and a course in poetry with Archibald McLeish. Those courses have given me great pleasure over the years. Of course, the training in basic sciences, and especially biology, was what led me into the career I followed. But I constantly push my twenty-five

biology major advisees to take some courses just for the fun of it; you simply don't know ahead of time which ones are going to make a difference in your life!

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Looking forward to the next twenty years.

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HAROLD EVERETT WALLER JR. *Address:* Unknown.

ARTHUR MANNING WARREN. *Home Address:* 154 Chestnut St., Camden, ME 04843-2224 (207-236-6709). *Children:* Two.

I continue to relish life in a small Maine town nestled among isle-studded Penobscot Bay and nearby mountains and lakes; perhaps, in Voltaire's terms, "cultivating one's garden," looking back, with some awe, on the rich and varied experiences, travels, acquaintances, joys, and challenges I've had along the way, and still eager, energetic, and expectant as I look to what the future will bring.

I am blessed with good health and continue to pursue a very active physical, outdoor life, running, hiking, skiing, climbing, biking, and swimming; contemplating and appreciating the beauty, bounty, and intricacy of the natural world (including some good geology).

In 2014 I ran the annual Mount Washington Road Race (up!) in New Hampshire for the first time, and found that my performance in that event and later, in races elsewhere, gave me concerns that something was wrong. Thus, early this year I underwent open-heart surgery to replace a failing aortic valve, but was fortunate to have an unusually rapid recovery, doing a five-mile trail race only ten weeks later. The wonders of today's medical technology and methods! Now, one of my goals is to re-run Mount Washington in 2016, hopefully to do much better than the first time. Why, I'm not totally sure!

In addition to indulging myself as above, I take pleasure in charitable support of the preservation, conservation, and enjoyment of farms, forests, shorelands, and wetlands along the coast and in interior Maine; also, the local YMCA and other organizations that are so essential to smaller communities such as mine.

I still enjoy the more remote north woods country of Maine and New Hampshire, including the Moosehead Lake area. Although divorced, Ingrid and I retain a shared ownership of our camp and land there, so both of us and our two children continue to enjoy that beautiful place, a sanctuary "far from the madding crowd."

Occasionally, I venture to Portland, Boston, Quebec City, or other more distant points. But for those of my classmates who venture in this direction, please look me up if you are here in Camden.

I wish my classmates and their families peace, good health, and happiness.

WALKER LEDYARD WATTERS. *Email:* walkerwatters@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Betti. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Eight. *Military/National Service:* Private, US Army, Korea, 1956–58.

I am blessed with a loving family. I practiced law for forty-eight years. I am retired, in good health, and enjoying life.

ALEX WEINTROB. *Home Address:* 371 Central Park West, No. 11C, New York, NY 10025-8208 (212-663-8648). *Occupation and Office Address:* Physician. 12 W. 96th St., New York, NY 10025-6509 (212-662-9513). *Spouse/Partner:* Audry. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Five. *Military/National Service:* US Army, 1962–64.

The past five years have given me (us) three more grandchildren and a stroke. I continue to practice psychiatry and enjoy my life, with its good food and wine, multiple other pleasures, and my marriage of forty-eight years. Long (ten-week) summer vacations at the Jersey Shore have added to it.

DANIEL WELLNER. *Home Address:* 121 Collins St., Apt. 13J, Hillsdale, NY 12529 (*Mobile:* 917-806-6758). *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor Emeritus of Biochemistry. Weill Cornell Medicine, 1300 York Ave., New York, NY 10065 (212-746-6409; *Fax:* 212-746-8875). *Additional Home Address:* 121 Collins St., Hillsdale, NY 12529. *Email:* dwelln@med.cornell.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Vaira Pamiljans Wellner. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* One.

After Harvard, I went to Tufts University and studied for a PhD in biochemistry. In my first year as a graduate student I lived in a house in Marblehead, which I rented with Bill Bartley (a Harvard classmate) and his younger brother. It was a beautiful house right next to the beach, but I had to commute to Boston. That's when I decided I never wanted to commute again if I could help it. The next year I moved to a room within walking distance of my lab. After getting my PhD, I spent a little more than a year on a NATO postdoctoral fellowship at the Weizmann Institute in Israel. I worked in the laboratory of Ephraim Katzir, who later became president of Israel. I returned to Boston to teach biochemistry to medical students and graduate students at Tufts Medical School. I married Vaira, who got her PhD from Tufts two years after me. In 1967 we both moved to New York City and got jobs doing research and teaching at Cornell University Medical College. We were lucky to get an apartment across the street from Cornell. I still teach there and live in the same apartment, but now the college has changed its name to Weill Cornell Medicine. I am also adjunct professor of biochemistry and molecular biology at New York Medical College. My wife is not well and is in a nursing home, where she is very well taken care of. I visit her often and she is happy there. Our son is a lawyer with his own private practice. He lives and works in Copake, New York.

Since 1980, my main hobby has been running. The course of the New York City Marathon runs right by my house, and I was watching in awe

the thousands of runners running by every fall. I had never run before, but I wondered why I could not do that. After all, all you have to do to run is put one foot in front of the other. So I tried it. First, I just ran around the block. At first I could not do it without taking many walk breaks. After a few tries, I succeeded in running continuously the whole way. Then I tried to run around two blocks, and that was very difficult, but now running around one block was easy. And I kept progressing. Eventually I could run three miles and I decided to enter a three-mile race in Central Park. I was very nervous, because I thought that people would laugh at me because they could see that I was not a runner and I would be the last to finish. Neither of these two things happened. It took two years before I tried running a marathon. By that time, I had run several eighteen-mile practice runs and I knew I could do that, but I still didn't know if I could run a marathon (26.2 miles). Well, I was lucky. We had very good weather for my first marathon. I finished in 4:28:44. My last marathon was run on November 1, 2015. It was my thirty-second New York City Marathon and my fifty-first marathon altogether. My fastest marathon was my first. I finally decided that a marathon is a crazy distance to run and I will not do it again. However, I will continue running half marathons and shorter distances.

And now, I have to tell you about the happiest event of my life: the birth of my granddaughter, Isabella Wellner, on July 2, 2013. She is almost two and a half years old, and she is the cutest little girl I have ever seen.

ALBERT B. WELLS. *Address:* 7570 Forswall Rd., Belgrade, MT 59714-8654.

WELLINGTON "PETER" WELLS. *Home Address:* 82 Garland Way, Peterborough, NH 03458 (603-924-8417). *Email:* pwbeemer@gmail.com; oilpnt@gmail.com. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.facebook.com/peter.wells.3914. *Spouse/Partner:* Karin Christensen Wells. *Children:* Four. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Step-grandchildren:* Two.

Karin and I are enjoying life here in rural New Hampshire, nestled next to a private K–8 school. We can partake of ice hockey shinny games on their pond in the winter. Other winter activities are cross-country skiing and snowshoeing. We sold the snowmobile a few years ago (and the ATV). Our heavy snows give me a chance to use our 1949 Ford 8N tractor (a restored family heirloom) to plow the driveway. Please refer to the Facebook URL for photographs.

Karin is still painting and publishing. Her latest oil portrait was of a professor recently retired from Keene State College. Karin is also publishing ebooks in the art field, and has been busy with her painting blogs. See her Facebook page via mine. Also: http://www.karinwells.blogspot.com.

Karin and I are celebrating our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary this year. Recently we went up to Yarmouth, Maine, for Grandparents' Day at North Yarmouth Academy.

JACK S. WELTNER. *Home Address:* 8 Crown Way, Marblehead, MA 01945-2740 (781-631-8581). *Occupation:* Psychiatrist. *Email:* jackweltner@gmail.com. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.safe-harbor.cc. *Spouse/Partner:* Linda Weltner. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army, 1964–66.

My new projects for the year: first, I'm reading Tarot again, and this time I'm serious. I have new business cards, fliers, and my readings cost one hundred dollars, all of which is donated to charity. Second, I have written up the history of our land in Vermont with photos. This summer I made a map that now hangs in our cabin and includes such highlights as Raccoon Corner and Salamander Stream. I continue to practice half-time in my office and still lead the group at the Salem Mission, which provides a meal to folks once a month. I do not, however, under any condition, especially pressure from my wife, practice on my tuba, and still play the same three songs.

Our home continues to be full of guests: the many artists who perform at the Me&Thee Coffeehouse, visiting friends, and we have a regular boarder, Mark Wagner, a psychologist at Lynn Community Health Center, who stays with us Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday nights.

Some things never change. We spend two weeks camping in Vermont, where Linda paints and I chop wood. I'm still golfing lots, we are in church every Sunday, and especially love our 9 AM Sunday seminar, where Linda and I are frequent presenters on spiritual and economic issues. It has been a hard year at church, with the death of five special friends and a few more coming. We spent a lot of time at hospice this fall, visiting a friend who died with such grace and gratitude for the life she had been given that she taught all of us a new, inspiring way of facing death.

I continue to live peacefully with my prostate cancer. Each summer I go off my testosterone inhibitor so my golf shots will go a few yards longer, and my cells get all excited and raise my PSA to twenty; but every fall I go back on Lupron and the cells go back to sleep for the winter. Still, Laura and I go clamming every freezing low-tide day we get.

It seems I will be with you all for a while. I'm half retired and enjoying the relaxed pace, but at eighty-one I feel older, less steady, and even more forgetful. I can feel my death watching me carefully.

N. RICHARD WERTHAMER. *Home Address:* 38 Cedar Point Lane, Sag Harbor, NY 11963-1518 (631-537-7167; *Mobile:* 212-929-1178). *Spouse/Partner:* Susan Bloom. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Two.

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STEPHEN DUMAS WEST. *Home and Office Address:* 1284 River Rd., Fisher, WV 26818 (304-538-2605). *Occupation:* Owner of Winery. *Email:* winery@hardynet.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Lucy Fisher West. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* US Marine Corps.

First, and most important, Lucy and I continue in our enduring and devoted marriage, and we are in excellent health for our age. I continue to manage the winery, though I have reduced my hours and have passed off the winemaking operation to my nephew. A succession plan has been developed. I like to think I now function as the "strategic thinker."

As I get misty-eyed with nostalgia, I look back at my years at Harvard and realize that Harvard provided an uncertain, small-town Kansas boy with the academic tools and a sense of confidence that I most likely would never have received elsewhere. This has resulted in my achieving what I wanted to achieve with my life. I could not have asked more from Harvard.

J. JEREMY T. WHATMOUGH. *Home Address:* 8131 Fieldside Drive, Lakewood Ranch, FL 34240-8533 (941-907-6786; *Fax:* 941-907-9147; *Mobile:* 941-228-8576). *Email:* jjtwhat@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Myrna. *Children:* Two. *Military/National Service:* First lieutenant, US Army National Guard, Michigan, Fort Leonard Wood, MO, Fort Bliss, TX, 1957–1963.

Myrna and I continue to enjoy life and good health. Since our last Report we have sold one house and built a new one here on our property at the Sarasota Polo Club. Myrna continues to be very active in the Airedale Terrier Clubs of America and Florida. She plans to have a new litter early next year! We currently have five airedales and an Australian sheepdog. I continue to be active in Sarasota County government affairs.

Although not too successful, I try to get to Cambridge each spring for the lecture that my mother endowed in honor of my father, who was a professor of linguistics and longtime chair of the department.

It is hard to realize that we graduated sixty years ago! How time flies.

ROBERT C. WHEELER. *Home Address:* 81 Leroy St., Potsdam, NY 13676-1614 (315-261-4788). *Email:* rcwheel@roadrunner.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Carol J. Hastings Wheeler. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Nine. *Great-grandchildren:* Four. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant commander, US Naval Reserve, Naval Air Station North Island, San Diego, CA; Anacostia MD, 1956–1962.

Life has been good to me and my family. Except for the aches and pains and a memory that fails most of the time whenever I walk through a door to get something! Our Roadtrek continues to take us to places we've never been. Our children and their offspring, ages seven to fifty-eight, too often test our vision and sensibilities with experiences beyond our ken. We will ever tell the story of eventually finding Harvard College. Never owning a car, I asked my brother-in-law to drive us to Harvard. So, off to Harvard, Massachusetts, we went! "You'll have to drive a bit farther south to Cambridge."

Thanks to Bruce Downey for including me in his retirement journeys with Internet technology as he reminisces and explores what life is really about; for the infrequent but expected exchanges with Clint Ching and Fritz Kussin; and the lasting memories of Art Painter, George McCauley, and Fred Nickerson.

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Another five years gone by. This is getting stressful. I have always said that fifty was the big one and now our three children are all over fifty and we are over eighty! We are luckily still in fairly good health but are slowing down somewhat.

We continue living in Rome for three months every year, still a great city to live in regardless of its chaotic politics; or, for us, maybe, even because of its chaotic politics. It is a nice escape from the political situation here. I hate to think of another Clinton/Bush presidential election, but if it comes to that, let us at least elect our first female president.

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Thanksgiving has just come and gone, a reminder to be grateful for family and the survival of good friends (and you know who you are). Since I last burdened these pages with my ramblings, there has been at least one major change for me. (Bear with me—you know it's customary for us elderly to greet each other upon meeting with a catalog of ills, aches, and pains.) Hemodialysis is my new hobby, and thanks to Medicare, Melinda and I team up to perform the rituals at home. She prepares the medications and performs the needle sticks; I sit obediently and submit to the electric Dracula. Since Massachusetts has an abundant supply of dialysis centers near Cambridge, we expect to find our way to the Tree Spread in May and hope to find you inside the tent. Octogenarians, to your stations!

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"Creativity is intelligence having fun."

The first forty years were formative; the second forty and beyond, creative fun time. The golden age of innovation in international marketing and advertising happened between 1960 and 2000.

I am lucky to have lived and worked in several different countries and cultures over the years. It has led to many exciting adventures and a better understanding of people and the world.

Besides family, my main passions include flying, soaring, marketing, creative writing, Roxbury Latin, Vermont, and English springer spaniels.

I am a latinized Yankee. Moving to Latin America was a grand awakening . . . but my roots remain in New England.

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THOMAS EDWARD WILLIAMS. *Home Address:* 9446 E. Nacoma Drive, Sun Lakes, AZ 85248-7434 (*Mobile:* 602-820-8102). *Seasonal Address:* (May 1–Sept. 30) 3 Connemara Court, Saratoga Springs, NY 12866 (518-580-9760). *Email:* olivette1@juno.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Olivette Irene Williams. *Children:* Five. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Ten. *Step-grandchildren:* Two.

We have now reached the point in our lives where we are in the process of downsizing. It is much more difficult, both emotionally and physically, than we had anticipated. The accumulation of stuff, even after several prior moves, is almost overwhelming.

The good news and a big part of "why now?" is that we are doing it together. Another significant consideration is that the home/yard/et al. has become more than we can keep up with, even with all the paid "helpers." Even so, we will miss our beautiful home, with its desert mountain views and three mature fruit trees. We will particularly miss the Texas red grapefruit!

Moving on to happier news, I had totally successful back surgery at 7:30 AM on September 11, 2015. After over two years of sciatic nerve pain, I had been diagnosed with spondylolisthesis (L5-S1). A top Phoenix neurosurgeon performed a lumbar laminectomy that included screws, fusion, and bone

grafting. I am still not allowed to play golf but hope to be able to get back on the course before Christmas. However, I can walk, pain-free, better than I have been able to for the last several years.

Golf has been and will continue to be a big part of our lives. We are active separately and together in both Arizona and New York. In addition, we belong to a seniors group that holds tournaments all over the United States and several foreign countries. Recently we have enjoyed The Greenbrier in West Virginia, Mount Washington in New Hampshire, and also several courses in Palm Springs, California, and Arizona.

We are also active in several club teams and associations. My wife plays on the ladies' teams in New York and Arizona and has been both team captain and overall team captain in Arizona. I am a board member and two-term past president of the Arizona Senior Golfers Association and chairman of the men's senior group at our club in Arizona. My wife must be the better golfer—she has four holes-in-one to my two.

We still enjoy traveling, although not as often or as far-ranging as we enjoyed before retirement. Some highlights since the Fifty-fifth Reunion include a twenty-fifth anniversary trip to Hawaii (we were married in Kauai), a visit to the Masters in 2012 (bucket list!), attendance at a Bill O'Reilly/Dennis Miller VIP program (including picture), taking granddaughter Katie and family to a Harvard-Princeton game (an interview with the lacrosse coach was arranged by Bill Cleary), visits in Florida and at the Princeton game with classmate Will Lorry and wife Bobbi, and a visit to Epcot Center and other friends and family in Florida.

We remain active, busy, and, for the most part, healthy. We greatly enjoyed a recent visit to Ireland along with some friends. We joined a small tour group led by a well-known (in New York) Irish singer-guitarist. In essence, we toured most of the periphery of the island, starting and ending in Dublin. We went to the Titanic Museum in Belfast and saw the many murals depicting the Troubles in this previously divided city. We then went to Donegal (birthplace of my wife's grandmother) and on to County Cork and Blarney Castle. Everywhere, the people were welcoming and friendly, the food and "pints" awesome, and the scenery fantastic. We did not realize how rural the country is—sheep, cows, and farms separated by piled stone fences dominated the landscape. I am sure that the farm animal population far exceeded the six million people. Highlights of our return to Dublin included a visit to the Guinness storehouse for a tour and free pint, a tour of Trinity College and Book of Kells displays, and a visit to the General Post Office (site of the 1916 Easter Rising). All signers of the declaration of independence were either shot or hanged by the British. The post office and several nearby memorials show evidence of bullet holes.

We greatly look forward to the Sixtieth Reunion and the opportunity to see and visit with classmates.

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WILLIAM EDWARD WILSON III. *Home Address:* 205 Kirkwood Drive, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919-869-7147; *Mobile:* 303-519-0105). *Email:* williamwilson514@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Katherine M. Wilson. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Lieutenant (junior grade), US Navy, Recruit Training Command, Great Lakes Naval Training Station, 1956–58.

In our Fifty-fifth Anniversary Report, I noted that Kathie and I planned to move to North Carolina in 2011. That plan came to fruition, and we have enjoyed our four years in Chapel Hill. Of course, it is great to be within twenty minutes of our daughter and her family, including a just-turned-teenage grandson. Another important feature for us is the proximity of excellent medical facilities. In addition, however, there is an abundance of theater, concerts, lectures, museums, etc., to choose from. Furthermore, we are a half day's drive from both the Appalachians and the Outer Banks. Although we miss many aspects of our small-town life in the Colorado Rockies, for us this has been the right move at the right time.

We downsized to a smaller home, a one-story townhouse in a charming neighborhood, with a homeowners association that takes care of all exterior maintenance of buildings and grounds. We feel that we would like to stay in this home for as long as possible, but, as a backup, we are on waiting lists at three continuing care retirement communities in the area.

A major factor in considering our long-term plans is the rate of progression of my Parkinson's. It has been eight years since diagnosis; the principal symptom has been an active tremor, and the progress has been relatively gradual, so I am still able to lead a reasonably active life, just at a slower pace. (My friends always said that someday I would be a "mover and shaker"—I just did not know that this is the form it would take!) Of course, like many of my classmates, I have passed the eightieth-birthday milestone; do you suppose that quite possibly aging has also contributed to a slower and quieter lifestyle?

I continue to enjoy writing, and this year Historic Georgetown Inc. published my *Guide to Historic Sites in Georgetown, Colorado*. Recently I started writing some form of memoir, or anecdotal history, the organization and content of which evolve as I write. I use the computer program Dragon, which means that I dictate directly to the computer, thereby avoiding the frequent typos that my tremor creates when I try to type on the keyboard.

We continue to travel periodically to new places and old haunts, though we have probably made our last overseas trip. In recent years we have particularly

enjoyed Road Scholar programs, including one this September that toured the Maritime Provinces. A trip to Cambridge in May 2016 is certainly a possibility, but we cannot plan that far ahead. In the meantime, I look forward to reading the accounts of fellow classmates in the Sixtieth Anniversary Report (can you believe it?).

JAMES BLASS WITKER II. *Home Address:* P.O. Box 2610, Southampton, NY 11969-2610 (631-204-0096). *Occupation:* Artist. *Email:* jimwitkerny@yahoo.com. *Web/Social Media:* Facebook. *Spouse/Partner:* Christine Sullivan Witker. *Children:* Two. *Military/National Service:* Specialist third class, US Army, 44th Mobile Surgical Hospital (MASH), Demilitarized Zone, Korea, 1954–56; Good Conduct Medal, Korea Medal of Freedom.

A few things.

I'm doing fine, despite some difficulties with arthritis. I had a hip replaced last year and am now walking with a cane, but this doesn't keep me from being active.

My two children (forty and thirty-five) are busy with their lives and careers, but we all stay very close, and this is my greatest joy.

Although I'm pretty much retired from my entrepreneurial and consulting activities, I continue to pursue my lifelong passion for abstract painting, printmaking, and constructing mobiles. During this past year my work has been exhibited at various venues in Long Island and New York City, and, thanks to my daughter, I'm also displayed on Facebook, with a website soon to follow.

I worry about the 2016 election. I'm hoping, however, that most of the American people will have the common sense to reject the demagoguery, bigotry, and negativism being spewed around by the right wing. I'm particularly impressed with the pragmatism of our young millennial generation and trust that they will make wise choices.

Sadly, our whole political system has become dysfunctional under the stress of secret special-interest money, runaway gerrymandering, congressional obstructionism, and other ills. Lawrence Lessig of Harvard makes a good point: after the election, we should call for a constitutional convention to rethink the whole structure and make adjustments to fit the real needs of this changing nation.

I believe that climate change is the greatest challenge facing the world. We are very close to having the technology to alleviate it. What we need is the unity and will power to get it done. Why are we the only industrial nation with politicians who continue to deny it altogether?

I'm excited by the remarkable progress being made in so many areas of science. Just a comparatively few years ago, we didn't know how the human genome could ever be decoded; we didn't know if other solar systems existed; we didn't know that a sophisticated ceremonial "city," seven thousand years older than the pyramids, lay buried in a Turkish hillside; we didn't know about the power of "big data."

The discoveries keep rolling in. Old theories are toppling. Textbooks are being rewritten. This exhilarating stuff will be the real theme of the twenty-first century. I'd like to stick around for a while to see how it all unfolds.

In one of his poems, Constantine Cavafy wrote:

> As you set out for Ithaka
> hope your road is a long one,
> full of adventure, full of discovery.

The voyage has indeed been all that and more. And to Harvard, for believing in me and welcoming me back after my two-year army stint in Korea: you opened my eyes to such realms of ideas and possibilities. I am profoundly grateful.

And now for "true confessions." Let me finally answer a question I've been asked so many times over the years and have generally evaded: Were you really "Johnny Harvard," the football mascot in that silly pilgrim costume? Yes, I was—against my better judgment. I was on the field with the Princeton tiger; received a handwritten proposal of marriage from a lady I never met; and got tackled by a bunch of drunks in the middle of the Yale Bowl, in front of fifteen thousand screaming onlookers. We lost most of our games. It was crazy.

Still, whenever I see a picture of John Harvard's statue in the Yard, I smile. Maybe I should write a memoir.

GEORGE H. WOLKON. *Home Address:* 1271 El Hito Circle, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272-2334 (310-459-2671). *Email:* wolkon@verizon.net. *Web/Social Media:* http://www.georgewolkon.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Barbara (died, 2008). *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Great-grandchildren:* One. *Military/National Service:* Captain, US Army Reserve, six months active duty, seven and a half years reserve.

I married while in Boston, had two children, moved to Cleveland, was on the faculty at Case Western Reserve University (social work and sociology), and was research director of a rehabilitation center for persons with chronic mental illness. After eight cloudy but happy years, I asked a recruiter from the California State Department of Mental Health, "Could I play tennis outdoors for twelve months a year in California?" He replied *yes* to this most crucial and professional query. We relocated to sunny Los Angeles.

We moved happily to Pacific Palisades (between Santa Monica and Malibu), with a view of the ocean. Things were going extremely well—too well. After six months in a wonderful job and buying a house, Governor Reagan cut the mental health budget. I and all recent hires received a layoff notice for six months from then.

Luckily, I had met a number of professionals in my short stay in Los Angeles. I accepted a tenured faculty appointment at the University of Southern California and simultaneously became a member of the Los Angeles County Department of Mental Health. After several exciting and rewarding years, I became a deputy director in the County Department of Mental Health. The

challenges were great. Most of them were resolved successfully. I published about sixty articles, was coeditor, a member of the editorial board, or reader/evaluator of several journals. I was elected a fellow of the American Psychological Association. Now I am an emeritus clinical professor of psychiatry and the behavioral sciences at the University of Southern California. How much of my professional career can be attributed to the Harvard College depends on who is making the attribution and evaluating my career.

Now I am playing a lot of tennis—four times a week (doubles, of course)—tutoring kids in elementary school, volunteering for various other good causes, and benefiting from my two children and their families. Despite being widowed after fifty years of marriage, I am enjoying a very comfortable and rewarding retirement.

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The life of a physician never quiets, whether the early days of a young intern or the approach of so-called retirement. In the past five years I've continued to practice medicine and codirect our clinic in downtown Oakland with my wife, Jackie. Our home sits on the little island of Alameda, a quaint city affording easy access to San Francisco, Napa wine country, and the other many pleasures of Bay Area living.

Very recently—2015 in fact—I was forced to face my mortality when I had open-heart surgery to replace a stenotic aortic valve. The technical aspects of the surgery went well; however, there were a few postoperative problems. Though I have always considered myself (and still do) a compassionate physician, being hospitalized for sixteen days produced a level of empathy for the patient that I had never before possessed. The experience certainly tested my ability to be mindful, a way of life that has been central to my core philosophy for many years. When one is confined to a hospital bed, one may resist in misery or surrender to the present moment and its gifts. As it turns out, even a seasoned physician still has something to learn.

As a reward for persevering through surgery and its aftermath, my fantastic wife, Jackie, arranged for us to take a trip to Paris and Chartres. In a testament to life's persistence, six months after cardiac rehabilitation I walked among the arrondissements of Paris, along the Seine, and even up and down the Metro steps. I can truthfully say I haven't felt this good in years.

Although I am entering the last part of the final quartile of my life, I intend to continue to enjoy the journey. In the Buddhist tradition, "This body will die and I am not beyond death. All things near and dear to me will be separated from me." It is through recognizing and accepting the precious transience of life that I have become the doctor and man I am today.

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Since our Fifty-fifth, five additional grandchildren have joined our family—now totaling ten. Our oldest grandchild, Jacob, has just entered Yale as a member of the class of 2019. All of our children and grandchildren join Burgi as dual Swiss and American citizens. We all retain our interest in Switzerland and things Swiss.

Burgi and I celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary in October 2014. We are blessed with our family and are happy to have them all within four hours' driving time. We remain active in providing free transport to medical appointments in our area. Our major focus remains our extended family, our church, and our local community. Our health remains reasonably good, if not perfect, and we are thankful for our modest blessings.

Too many serious world problems persist, with unsettled conditions likely over the next few decades. We are waiting for positive new leaders and movements to emerge to turn things in a more positive direction for the benefit of all mankind.

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LAWRENCE S. ZIVIN. *Home Address:* Portland, OR. *Email:* lzivin@coho.net; kzivin@coho.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Karen L. Zivin. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Step-grandchildren:* Three.

It is now our Sixtieth Reunion. How many more five-year Reports will there be?

Although challenging and probably politically incorrect, I wish to raise a topic that has bothered me for many years, which relates to thousands of years of human interaction: namely, the fact that the predominance of violent, destructive behavior, in *all* areas of human activity, is perpetrated by males.

There are all sorts of excuses: it's what animals do, it's tradition, sanctified by religious tenets, necessitated by socioeconomic considerations, it's due to the natural weakness and maternal obligations of females, etc., ad infinitem. But the realities are that (at least in the present world) this mayhem is constructed in ideas and execution by males, ages ten to forty-five. The victims are innocents of any age, gender, or capability. Perpetrators are murdering on the streets, shooting up schools and other public forums. Those engaging in ethnic or religion-based terrorism proudly decorate and celebrate their unspeakable violent acts, while preaching and encouraging multiple ways of destroying civilization (including its relics), encouraging torture and death to those in nonagreement with the subjects or beliefs of their fantasies. It may be that there is some natural mitigation of these miscreant behaviors after age forty-five—although the incitements by elder teachers seem to continue. The issues are complex, as would (or will) be any mitigating efforts.

For whatever reasons, it seems to be too politically or emotionally charged a topic for society to recognize the biological underpinning of these horrors. But it would seem that possibly genetically based predispositions, imbalance of neurotransmitters, or "faulty hard/software interfaces" lead some individuals (particularly males) into destructive, antisocial, misogynistic, angry excesses far beyond the realm of natural variation within the central distributions of the bell-shaped curve. Instead, "psychological" excuses are offered: poverty, inadequate parenting or schooling, childhood abuse, disaffection with how one's life is going, not being given a chance, etc., all providing some vague, acceptable, rationalizing convenience, but in fact not addressing the murderous brutality that has taken place. It may be difficult to study, evaluate, and understand, but there must be a connection between the biological physiology and chemistry of brain function and the environmental stimuli that eventuate in an inordinately large and growing population of males who have not learned, understood, or accepted the meaning and obligations in the concepts of good and evil. This is not mental illness, but opportunism amongst the "angry and disaffected" to express and execute evil deeds against innocent targets in the settings in which permissive societies and religions have provided the excuses (even in circumstances in which the killer is not religious). Unfortunately, this has led and will lead to the more widespread mentality of "kill or be killed"; the numbers of actual and potential miscreants is more than enough in the United States and worldwide to occupy any restraining efforts for many scores of years.

In this day of scientific and technological achievement, the questions raised should be pursued for edification and subjected to careful evaluation, with unbiased support from political, legal, religious, educational, sociological, and scientific (including medical) communities. This is a problem begging for attention and solution; it will take a long time and much effort. The earth's population needs protection from the conceptualizers and effectors of the incredible violence that has occurred and continues to occur—now even worse, due to modern communications and destructive technologies. In the

process, discoveries about the makeup of persons within or seeking positions of power might also emerge. There is no question that much of anyone's life is the result of luck, or being in the right place at the right time, rather than necessarily due simply to one's own hard work and dedication. By the same token it is important to look at hard questions, try to find answers, and perhaps prolong the goodness among mankind.

Harvard: the world is waiting.

Call me a crackpot if you desire; at this juncture in my life I can take it.

Otherwise I'm lucky to be alive and kicking, doing most of the things I've enjoyed most of my life. My wife, kids, and grandchildren are wonderful treasures; I fear for them in the next sixty or more years.

Best wishes to all for whatever remains.

Widows of the Class

Doris Mack Amory (Thomas Carhart Amory). *Home Address:* 804 Kametto Lane, Santa Barbara, CA 93108 (805-969-6783). *E-mail:* dmamory@aol.com. *Stepchildren:* Three. *Step-grandchildren:* Two.

Tom's middle daughter, Gillian, had a horseback-riding accident after his death. She was jumping and flew over the horse's head, and is now a paraplegic living in Florida. She has adjusted, but has round-the-clock care. The other two daughters, Renée and Caroline, are well and living in Greenwich and Sarasota. I see them often. My grandchildren, Lisa and Saunders, are living and working in New York City.

I am still residing in Santa Barbara in our home. My activities include tennis, duplicate bridge, travel, and social events.

Mary L. Barley (George M. Barley Jr.). *Home Address:* 11 Deleon Ave., Islamorada, FL 33036 (305-664-5598). *E-mail:* mbarley@marybarley.com.

The Everglades Foundation Inc., the organization founded by George in 1994, has become the leader in the Everglades ecosystem restoration. It was the first to recognize that piecemeal projects were not working and that restoration would only be accomplished on an ecosystem-wide basis; many organizations now duplicate our restoration strategies. In October 2015, at the White House, the foundation announced the historic establishment of the $10 million George Barley Science Prize, to source viable solutions and innovative technologies that lead the way in the removal of phosphorus from polluted freshwater bodies across the globe. I served as the foundation's chairman for ten years and continue as a member of the board.

Constance A. Bodiker (David Henry Bodiker). *Home Address:* 191 N. Ardmore Rd., Columbus, OH 43209 (614-252-2206). *E-mail:* cabodiker@yahoo.com. *Children:* One. *Step-grandchildren:* Two.

In the last five years, I have been fortunate to see with some regularity David's classmates and friends: John and Lanah Miller, Bill and Gloria Riggs, Ken and Eleanor Hubbard, and Sandy and Bill Schreiber. And through the wonders of the Internet, I have been in contact with many more!

In August 2015 we celebrated the marriage of our daughter, Amy, to Jeremy Baskes, a professor of Latin American history at Ohio Wesleyan University. They are very happy, which makes all of us happy to be around. Together, they parent his two sons (my step-grandsons).

The Bodiker Lecture on Criminal Justice at the Ohio State University's Moritz College of Law continues annually—a great tribute to David's life's work. Recent speakers have included advocates in the field such as Bryan

Stevenson, Stephen Bright, and Barry Scheck. Each year we are humbled by the quality of the lectures and the packed attendance of law students and dear friends. David would be speechless at the tribute—a rare feat indeed.

LAURA BOUDREAU (FRANCIS HELIER BOUDREAU). *Home Address:* 4 Pleasant St., Dover, MA 02030 (508-785-1336). *Children:* Nine. *Grandchildren:* Twenty-five.

TERRY CHARLES PEET (PETER HULIN BRIDGE). *Home Address:* 5 Riverside Drive, Apt. 1106, Binghamton, NY 13905 (607-723-4491). *E-mail:* bridgepeet@stny.rr.com.

Since the Fiftieth Report, Peter and I, after forty-one years and five months together, were able to be married. The ceremony took place at the home of friends in Valley Center, San Diego County, California, in early September 2008; we honeymooned at Lake Tahoe and Great Basin National Park. Our last trip abroad, in 2009, took us to Berlin, London, and Edinburgh. In early March 2011, Peter was diagnosed with oral cancer, and he passed away January 24, 2012. Throughout his illness, despite immense suffering, he was fairly active and never uttered a word of complaint. I am unspeakably proud of him.

In 2008, all of Peter's papers related to his musical compositions (drafts, sketches, manuscripts, printed) were accepted into the Library of Congress's Division of Performing Arts. A second set (printed copies only) was accepted by the library of Binghamton University, near where we live. Peter's father, Morton Levi Bridge, was a commercial artist, and all the works Peter had from his father, along with some one hundred works of art we collected over our forty-five years together, were donated to the Binghamton University Art Museum, accompanied by an endowment for their conservation and exhibition.

As for me, I continue to function as a deacon in my church and carry on genealogical research. In 2013, the third edition of the Peet Family genealogy, dedicated to Peter, was published by Penobscot Press.

Throughout our life together, Peter and I never took anything for granted. We considered ourselves to be massively blessed. We thanked the Lord for everyone and everything. "Great are You, O Lord, and marvelous are Your works" (Revelation 15:3), and no word suffices to celebrate Your wonder. O Lord, it is good to be here!

MURIEL ELVIN CANTERBURY (BRADFORD CANTERBURY). *Home Address:* 57 Shattuck Rd., Sturbridge, MA 01566 (508-347-3942). *E-mail:* mcanterbury@charter.net. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four.

MARGARET LANGAN CIMINO (JOSEPH ANTHONY CIMINO). *Home Address:* 137 Dodgingtown Rd., Bethel, CT 06801. *E-mail:* mmjacimino@gmail.com. *Children:* Seven. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

We lost Joe to complications of prostate cancer in July 2007, only a year after attending the Fiftieth Reunion and just weeks shy of our forty-ninth wedding anniversary. As the ensuing years have passed, his memory remains a strong presence in the lives of our family. He was beloved by our seven children and eight grandchildren, and his words of advice and inspiration are still quoted and remembered with great affection at our family gatherings.

I have split my time in recent years between Manhattan and Connecticut and have enjoyed escaping to warmer climates, visiting my siblings during the coldest of the winter months. I recently returned from a pilgrimage to Ireland that included visits with relatives in my parents' hometowns.

Our children and grandchildren are thriving. The oldest of the grandchildren are graduating from college and so far have chosen to stay in the New York metropolitan area. I watch them with the pride that Joe and I always shared in their accomplishments and good works, and am happy to report that they embody the good character and love of family that we always strove to share with them.

Patricia A. Sullivan-Evarts (Jasper Morgan Evarts). *Home Phone:* 617-605-1669. *E-mail:* 2evarts1@gmail.com.

Ann W. Dixon (John Grozier). *Home Address:* 67 Warrington Court, Lake Bluff, IL 60044 (847-234-6222). *E-mail:* annwdixon@gmail.com. *Children:* One. *Stepchildren:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six.

Greetings from Illinois. I hope to see you in Cambridge in May to celebrate your Sixtieth Reunion!

After John died in 1994, I remained in our New York City apartment until I married Stewart Dixon (also widowed) in 1997. Left New York City for good in 2005 and moved to Lake Bluff, Illinois—thirty miles north of Chicago on Lake Michigan. Stewart died in 2014, but thankfully my life here is full and rewarding.

John and I have six grandchildren. Cecilia Laguarda, the oldest, is at Harvard in the Class of 2017. John's next-oldest granddaughter, Sofia Laguarda, is now applying to colleges. She and her younger brother and sister live in Washington, DC. The youngest is three months old, and she lives in Berlin with our son, Ted Grozier '99, his British wife, Kate, and Matilda (three).

I send my warm regards.

Eleanor Gallagher Herlihy (David Edward Herlihy). *Home Address:* 70 Bay Shore Rd., Hyannis, MA 02601 (508-775-3055). *E-mail:* nonnie.herlihy@yahoo.com. *Children:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Seventeen.

The last five years have been full. I continue to live in the same house on the Cape that Dave and I bought in 1970. It is especially busy in the summer, as two of my daughters have summer homes nearby and my youngest daughter, Julie, and her four children leave their home in California and join me for the summer. It is a constant swirl of grandchildren, which I love.

In the winter, I take classes and stay busy. Four of my children are in the Boston area, so I am up there often, and I escape our winters with occasional trips to California and Florida. Our grandchildren continue to flourish, and I wish Dave could be here to see them. Five of the seventeen are in college now. It is fun to see the people that they are becoming.

Dave loved his Harvard Reunions and time spent with his classmates, so he will be at Reunion in spirit. Best to all in the Class of 1956.

JOSEPHINE LEA ISELIN (JOHN JAY ISELIN). *Home Address:* 49 E. 96th St., New York, NY 10128 (212-369-5235). *E-mail:* leaiselin@gmail.com. *Children:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Thirteen.

Since Jay's death, in May 2008, I have tried to honor his memory in several ways, most importantly by trying to help and enjoy our children and grandchildren. In addition, in 2010 I wrote a book giving an account of the medical care Jay received during the last five years of his life, which included a number of medical catastrophes that led to much suffering on his part. The book, privately published, has continued to receive a fair amount of interest from professionals engaged in health care reform, and has been used recently for teaching purposes at the Columbia School of Public Health and the Brown University Medical School.

I have also been involved in a series of lectures given periodically at the Cooper Union, underwritten by the John Jay Iselin Fund for the Great Hall, created when Jay stepped down as president of Cooper Union. (A number of his '56 classmates were generous contributors.) Among the recent lectures was a moving, nine-part series on the Bill of Rights by New York University Law School professor Burt Neuborne, which served as the framework for his recently published book *Madison's Music*, a must-read for today's thinking citizen. This past spring, Zephyr Teachout, the Fordham Law School professor who ran a super campaign against Andrew Cuomo last year for the Democratic nomination for New York State governor, gave a bang-up Iselin lecture on the current danger of monopolies to our republic.

Aside from these activities, I have kept up our 240-plus-acre farm in the Hudson River Valley, and am working to put a conservation easement on the entire farm this fall. For the past nine years I have been an active member of the board of the Grolier Club, a tax-exempt organization devoted to the "study, collecting, and appreciation of books and works on paper, their art, history, production, and commerce." I find delight in the club, whose members include a great variety of folk, such as curators and directors of the great libraries in this country and abroad, collectors, art historians, and the like. For the past twenty-five years, I have collected illustrated books of satire and humor from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and I am scheduled to put on an exhibition at the club next year of French satire published during the reign of Louis Philippe (1830–1848). Lastly, I am on the legal advisory council for

Sanctuary for Families, an amazingly effective New York City organization protecting and promoting the rights of victims of domestic violence, including victims of sex trafficking and of international parental kidnapping.

I so wish that Jay could be here to celebrate with his wonderful Class of 1956. Cheers to all.

Bette Ann Kessler (Robert Richard Kessler). *Home Address:* 5 Tournament Blvd., Palm Beach Gardens, FL 33418 (*Mobile:* 617-710-4580). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* One.

One thing I know is that Robert loved Harvard. He loved everything about it, from the academics to the sports to his friends. He truly loved it all. As a matter of fact, I remember the night we were married; it was a double-ring ceremony, and when I went to put the ring on his finger, guess what: yes, he had his Harvard class ring on. What do you think that meant!

We were married fifty-five wonderful years. We raised our three children in Newton, Massachusetts. Gary, an attorney, is married to Erika, a teacher, and they live in Waitsfield, Vermont. They have two children: Emma, a senior at Roanoke College, and Caleb, a sophomore at St. Lawrence.

Andrew owns a school photography business (Coffee Pond Photography, in Natick, Massachusetts). He is married to Betsy, a real estate broker, and they live in Wellesley. Emily broke her grandfather's heart by going to Brown, and Jackson is just beginning to look at colleges.

Then there's Susan, the apple of her father's eye, married to a wonderful guy, Howard Sankel. They live in Denver, Colorado. She is in human resources, and they have a son, Ben, who is fourteen.

Robert retired from the tire business and became a board member of Coffee Pond Photography, providing sales and consulting advice until only a few weeks before his passing. We lived in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida, for the last twenty years, playing golf, bridge, and being with friends.

As some of you may remember, Robert was a southpaw pitcher for Harvard, and when Emily was on the softball team, he gave her a bit of baseball knowledge. I quote: "Either you come up with the ball or come up with a bloody nose."

He was a great dad, a great grandfather, and a wonderful husband. He turned eighty in January of 2015 and passed away on February 7, after a two-and-a-half-year battle with cancer. He is, and will always be, missed.

Jacqueline S. Klein (Myer Mark Klein). *Home Address:* 72 Heineberg Rd., Apt. 200, Burlington, VT 05408 (802-660-2626). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six.

Sally N. Lovett (Robert Fillmore Lovett Jr.). *Home Address:* 18 Mount Diablo Circle, San Rafael, CA 94903 (415-444-0445). *E-mail:* sallysaralovett@aol.com. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five.

JULIA "JUDY" HOWARD MACY (ROBERT MILLER MACY JR.). *Home Address:* 601 Foothill Rd., Ojai, CA 93023 (805-646-0968). *E-mail:* ojaispirit@sbcglobal.net. *Children:* Three. *Step-grandchildren:* One.

My husband of fifty-five years, your classmate, Bob, died in March of 2012 of a massive stroke. A few days preceding the stroke he had been operated on for parotid gland cancer and was still in the hospital when the stroke occurred. Scans indicated that 75 percent of his left brain was dead, which made taking him off life support a bit easier. We brought him home, where he died several days later. I have long worked with hospice, so I knew the protocol, the vocabulary, and the people doing his care. He died much as he lived—quickly and efficiently. I will be forever grateful for his life and his ability to die peacefully at home.

It takes quite a while to adjust, when your energies have been entwined for fifty-five years, but one takes advantage of change and moves towards a new life with time. I have a wonderful community of friends, and my days are filled with tennis, book club, hiking, yoga, and volunteer work here in Ojai, California. I have recently reconnected with a former neighbor from our New York days who had lost his spouse. Although we live in different states, we communicate and visit one another. It is a joy to open one's heart to this newness. Life is good.

HARRIET R. MAYER (RICHARD L. MAYER). *Home Address:* 55 East End Ave., Apt. 6A, New York, NY 10028 (212-737-9625). *E-mail:* harriet_mayer@yahoo.com. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

Richard died in July 2010 from complications of multiple myeloma. Though officially retired, he had continued to work at his office, completing the fourth edition of his German language text on American patent law: *Das US-Patent.* It was published in early 2012.

I am very lucky that both my daughters live in New York City and I can share in their lives and activities, and enjoy spending time with my grandsons. Liz '96 is a hospital administrator at Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center. My son-in-law, Jason Cooper '96, is an attorney specializing in entertainment law. He currently serves as the business affairs executive in the theater department at Creative Artists Agency, representing actors and other theater artists. Tori is an assistant professor in the Department of Population Health Science and Policy and the Division of General Internal Medicine at the Icahn School of Medicine at Mount Sinai, working in the areas of food insecurity and diabetes.

New York is an ideal place to be retired. I take classes, mostly in the area of New York history and New York architecture. I am involved with several local genealogy groups, doing research and also volunteering on projects converting many kinds of information to digital formats. I take advantage of the many cultural offerings available—theater, museums, lectures, and music.

We continue our family tradition of traveling together, and over the last several years have enjoyed visiting London and Costa Rica. We still have our lake house in northern Westchester and spend many summer weekends there.

Kathleen McIntyre Kelly (DonVirgil McIntyre). *Home Address:* 1105 Wood Spur Circle, Prescott, AZ 86303 (928-778-7103). *E-mail:* jandkkelly@cableone.net.

Demaris K. Neilson (Winthrop C. Neilson III). *Home Address:* 475 Eaton Way, West Chester, PA 19380 (610-692-7624). *E-mail:* demineilson@pa.net. *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* Three.

Win lived life to the fullest until he passed away on October 2, 2014, from metastatic melanoma. He was lovingly remembered by all five children at a memorial service held for family and friends later that month. Win loved his family and pursued his interests, playing tennis, wintering in Naples, Florida, spending summers in the Adirondack Mountains, and writing two novels. Happy Reunion!

Ann Dwyer O'Donnell (John Emmett O'Donnell). *Home Address:* 577 Belmont St., Belmont, MA 02478 (617-484-8931). *E-mail:* 6mimsy@gmail.com. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Seven.

To celebrate my entrance into the octogenarian decade of life, tired of birthday candles, cake, and ice cream, I decided to take my children and grandsons (ages seven to fifteen—I have no granddaughters) on safari last summer. Knowing that boys like big wild animals, and never having been to Africa myself, I took them to Cape Town (Robben Island, Stellenbosch, and tours of the city), Zimbabwe (Victoria Falls), and finally Botswana, where the first of our three safaris began and continued back into South Africa.

It was an unforgettable trip! The power, the grandeur, and the wonder of nature as well as the circle of life witnessed were unimaginable until seen. It is so amazing that this part of our wonderful world truly exists. Jack was cheering us on!

Harolyn Perkins (Francis William Perkins Jr.). *Home Address:* 970 Aurora Ave, No. A305, Boulder, CO 80302.

Cynthia Provost (Robert A. Provost Jr.). *Home Address:* 229 Worthen Rd. E., Lexington, MA 02421 (781-862-1208). *E-mail:* ciplex@aol.com. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Ten.

Bob died three years ago and, although we all continue to miss him, the children and their families are doing well. The ten grandchildren are busy with colleges (five have graduated), and the oldest was married this summer on Martha's Vineyard.

I miss Bob terribly, but still enjoy our children and my memories.

Virginia Louise Pearson Rice (Jackson Maurice Rice Jr.). *Home Address:* 1252 Butztown Rd., Bethlehem, PA 18017 (616-861-8897). *E-mail:* vlrice1010@hotmail.com. *Children:* Three.

CYNTHIA S. ROSENTHAL (PAUL STEPHEN ROSENTHAL). *Home Address:* 280 Boylston St., No. 315, Chestnut Hill, MA 02467 (617-969-0560). *E-mail:* cmsrosenthal@gmail.com. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Six.

Paul passed away on February 19, 2015. We have wonderful memories with friends at Harvard '56 Reunions, events, and athletic activities.

NINA ROYCE (DAVID ROYCE). *Home Address:* 387 Main St., Westport, CT 06880 (203-227-2333). *E-mail:* ninaroyce@gmail.com. *Children:* Three.

[The following was submitted for publication by Zachary Royce—Ed.]

David Royce died, with his usual iconoclastic determination, of euthanasia on April 4, 2014, after a painful battle with lymphatic cancer turned hopeless. He was eighty-two and lived in Westport, Connecticut. He reported proudly in the last Class Report that he was still hitting high numbers in the Army Physical Fitness Test, ever his benchmark of good health, and bragged confidently until nearly the end that he would live to be 120.

He will be remembered by those who knew him as a quixotic figure who always set out to achieve great things, but who almost never accomplished them, and who yet achieved an accidental greatness in the gratuitous beauty of his ill-fated attempts. He was the grandson of the Harvard professor and idealist philosopher Josiah Royce, and the son of composer and professor of music Edward Royce (Class of 1907), and had perhaps more crimson in his blood than is healthy for an impressionable young mind.

He failed out of Harvard his first year and enlisted in the army, where, as a meddling headquarters private, he assumed the spurious, self-proclaimed rank of "acting brigadier general" during the Korean War. Suitably impressed by the fine and apparently reformed figure he cut in uniform, Harvard graciously readmitted him after his discharge. He neglected his coursework with impunity, instead spending his days and nights chasing Radcliffe women, whom he very seldom caught. He achieved notoriety as the first stealer of the Thresky Ibis and was a regular cartoonist for the *Crimson*. He hung around Cambridge for several years after (incredibly) graduating, often sleeping in the *Crimson* building, and continued to write occasional humor pieces for that publication, whose editors dubbed him "Harvard's most impoverished graduate." He continued to make biennial pilgrimages to Harvard, and his caricatures of *Crimson* presidents, spanning more than half a century, still hang on the *Crimson* walls.

His first ambition was to be a political cartoonist. His amazingly expressive and archly hilarious drawings were published in the *Boston Globe* and other newspapers, but his personality was such that he never secured a permanent position—anywhere, all his life. He wrote a hysterically funny and tenderhearted, if slightly misogynistic, book about dating (copiously illustrated, of course) but failed to find a publisher. His artistic and literary dreams crushed, he then aspired to be the first to cross the Atlantic—and, he hoped, the world—in

a balloon. He spent years constructing a two-hundred-foot gas balloon at Lakehurst Naval Air Station, living illegally in the vaulted rafters of Hangar No. 1. The balloon, named *Gulliver*, never got off the ground. He had met the patiently loving Nina Marcus, a recent graduate of the Yale fine arts program, and become happily "tied down."

They purchased a tiny, one-bedroom farm shack on a piece of overgrown land bisected by Willowbrook Creek in 1969. David had plans to build his dream home there. He built on a floodplain, thumbing his nose at zoning, conservation, and building departments—even being so insolent as to dam the creek! At his death, forty-five years later, the house remained unfinished, though he did complete a preposterously arrogant architectural treatise entitled "How to Build the Perfect House" (also never published). In town he was known, sometimes affectionately, as a gadfly. He practiced civil disobedience and fired off letters and editorials as profusely as people text nowadays. He rarely got far in his attempts to bend the government, the courts, and public opinion to his peculiar ideas about how they ought to be, but he made a strong impression on people and, when he passed, he was mourned like a small-town Socrates.

Though he never received the recognition he thought due his genius, nor achieved the professional success expected of a Harvard graduate, his long and colorful life was crowned by the greatest achievement of all: the enduring love of his wife, Nina, to whom he expressed at the end his thankfulness that *Gulliver* never got off the ground, for he would have most likely died in the Atlantic and not spent his life with her; and the love of his three children (his "pink roses"), Zachary, Peter, and Cassandra.

Elaine Hoffman Scott (Isaac A. Scott Jr.). *Home Address:* 621 N. Pine St., Little Rock, AR 72205 (501-664-3210). *E-mail:* elainescott8@me.com. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* One.

I appreciate so much that you are including widows in the Reunion book. Since Ike died six years ago, other friends have passed away, and I have lost touch with some. I would be very happy to hear from anyone who remembers him or me.

Ike and I met on a blind date arranged by friends at both schools in the spring of my freshman year at Wellesley, his sophomore year at Harvard. My father used to joke that I should petition Harvard for a degree, since I spent more time there than at Wellesley. Our daughter is Melissa Scott '81, who keeps me up with her generation's doings. My brother, Mark Hoffman '59, and two of his sons graduated from the College and from the Business School, so I hear a lot about Harvard and continue to feel connected.

Denise DeLeeuw Snodgrass (Rex Jackson Snodgrass). *Home Address:* 40 Dover St., Asheville, NC 28804 (828-273-0822). *E-mail:* denisesnodgrass@gmail.com. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

CAROLYN STEIN (JOSEPH JEROME STEIN). *Home Address:* 11 Garden Drive, Lynbrook, NY 11563 (516-599-6155). *E-mail:* jsteincs@verizon.net. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four.

Joe was a gentle, sensitive man. He knew how to balance all aspects of his life: family, friends, his career, and philanthropic work. He courageously dealt with cancer in the last year of his life, carrying on with his activities as best he could. He remained upbeat to the last, and was truly grateful for having reached eighty. He leaves a legacy of his honesty, kindness, steadfastness, and strength.

The loss of one's life companion and love is a harsh reality. I am trying to rebuild my life. Fortunately, I am blessed with many wonderful, caring friends. I paint in watercolor and am very involved in the life of our temple. My favorite endeavor is being part of a team that cooks four hundred meals each week for a homeless mission.

Proximity to Manhattan (forty minutes by commuter train) allows easy access to the cultural gems of the city. I attend the Philharmonic and opera on a regular basis. Our children and grandchildren live close enough that I see them often and can attend their sporting events and concerts. They are our legacy and our joy.

We have enjoyed a sixty-year friendship with Margie and Alan Starensier '56. Recently, I reconnected with Nora and Guy Barron '56.

I look forward to the Reunion in May. Meanwhile, stay healthy and enjoy each day.

JANE BEAUCHEMIN SUGHRUE (OLIVER STEVENS SUGHRUE JR.). *Home Address:* 10 Canterbury Rd., Winchester, MA 01890 (781-729-9137). *E-mail:* janesughrue@aol.com. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

BETSY C. SWAN (KENNETH G. SWAN). *Home Address:* 666 Longview Rd., South Orange, NJ 07079 (973-763-5832). *E-mail:* betsyswan666@yahoo.com. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven.

Ken died of a heart attack on March 22, 2014. The month before his death, Ken and I were teaching medical students in Machu Picchu, Peru, and skiing black diamonds with family in Park City, Utah. Ken, a professor of surgery, was still working at Rutgers New Jersey Medical School (NJMS) at the time of his death. One of Ken's great passions was teaching students and surgical residents. Posthumously, he was recognized with numerous academic awards, including the New Jersey Medical School Lifetime Achievement Award. Rutgers NJMS has also honored Ken by creating the Swan Surgical Library in the medical school. After thirty years of service and unwavering patriotism, Colonel Kenneth G. Swan was buried with a twenty-one-gun salute in Arlington National Cemetery on June 14, 2014.

Ken and I had planned to celebrate our fiftieth wedding anniversary by taking our children and grandchildren on an Alaskan cruise. I carried on,

and all fourteen family members sailed off on July Fourth. Every grandchild thought the bald eagles flying overhead were a sign that "Poppa" was still watching over the family.

MARIA COOPER WARD (E. GRAHAM WARD). *Home Address:* P.O. Box 329, Falmouth, MA 02541 (508-548-1837). *E-mail:* gward@cape.com. *Children:* Two. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Step-grandchildren:* Four.

LORETTA LEVECK WEITZEL (WILLIAM CONRAD WEITZEL JR.). *Home Address:* 231 Platt Rd., Cornish, NH 03745 (603-675-6066). *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Six.

In Memoriam

★ *Reported deceased since last Anniversary Report*

Benjamin Dunkin Adams
★ Dellson Shalit Alberts
Lawrence Robert Ambush
Thomas Carhart Amory
Peter Moritz Andersen
George Van Angelis
Robert Eugene Ausnit
David Axelrod
James Bellamy Ayres
Jeremy Richard Azrael
Francis Lyman Bacon
★ Peter Myron Balboni
Charles Rashleigh Ball Jr.
George M. Barley Jr.
Gordon Donald Barnes
William Warren Bartley III
Richard Charles Bateson
David C. Baum
★ Ralph Goode Beckett Jr.
★ Palmer Alan Beebe
Gordon Richardson Beggs
Charles Allison Behr
Edward Rowell Benton
Richard Lewis Berkman
Eugene Christian Bernhard
G. Barry Bingham Jr.
★ Robert Henry Binstock
★ Robert Grady Blake
Alonzo O. Bliss III
David Henry Bodiker
★ Francis Helier Boudreau
Robert Samuel Bourke
★ Joshua Brackett
★ Carl Denny Brandt
★ Richard Braverman
★ Harry Ellis Brawley
Oliver Giddens Brazier
Thurman W. Bretz
★ Peter Hulin Bridge
Charles Pugh Brown Jr.
J. Carter Brown
Philip Cabot Brown
Norman Bruck
Gordon Pritchard Bugbee
Russell Edwin Burgess
Robert Hy Byrd
Frank W. A. Caldwell
★ Paul Francis Edward Canney
★ John Dyson Cannon
★ Bradford Canterbury
Mario Joseph Celi
Colin Robert Chase
Marion Adolphus Cheek III
Gerald Y. Chin
Edward "Pete" Churchill
Joseph Anthony Cimino
Paul Spencer Clapp Jr.
Richard West Clarkson
Robert Sidney Coe
John Marston Connors
★ Richard Charles Cook
John Washburn Coolidge Jr.
Warren Keith Cooper
Carl Butterfield Cordes
Paul James Cormack
David Baer Cotton
W. Walker Cowen
★ John Joseph Craven Jr.
★ Carleton Douglas Creelman
Joseph Frederick Crehore
William Francis Crowley
Michael William Curran

★ Frederick Ames Cushing
Vincent John Cuzziere
Judson Gilbert Damon
John Henry Davis
Donald Jay Dawidoff
★ Christopher Theodore Del Sesto
Georges Lannes de Montebello
William Donner Denckla
Lawrence Harkness De Voe
★ Warren Matthew Dillon
John Stephen Disher
Eugene Merrick Dodd
Richard Gibbons Doherr
Walter Donlan
Henry Dormitzer II
Robert McIntyre Doty
Sterling Dow III
John Alan Dreyfuss
Harold Norman Dubin
James Harrison Durand
★ James Eldridge Durrell Jr.
Roy Sarles Durstine Jr.
★ Laurence Raymond Dutton
★ William Theodore Eccles
Earle Marsh Edgerton II
Charles R. Edison
Howard O. Edmonds
William A. Elander
Henry Elkins
Arthur Berry Ellison
Stephen F. Ells
Milton Engel
★ Phillip Holt Estes Jr.
Clive Eustace
★ Robert Remington Evans
★ Jasper Morgan Evarts
Landon Evarts
Boyd N. Everett Jr.
★ Frank Conger Fawcett
James Harris Fay
David R. J. Feeherry
George W. Felcyn
Edgar Conway Felton
David Lee Ferguson
Robert Hudson Fetner Jr.
★ Robert Alden Fish
Daniel Joseph FitzPatrick Jr.
Donald H. Flaxman
Bernard Francis Flynn Jr.
Charles Bartholomew Flynn
Gordon Hubert Folk
Clair Edwin Folsome
William D. T. Fordyce
Benito Formichella
Rector Kerry Fox III
★ Jonathan Saul Franks
James Bernard Frazer
George Marsh Fredrickson
Alden French Jr.
Joseph Donald French
Thomas Bell Frost
Edward P. Frothingham
★ Robert Hing Piu Fung
★ Edward Elliott Furash
Leandro Suarez Galban Jr.
Walter Francis Gannon Jr.
Sheldon Gardner
Robert M. Gargill
★ Stephen Squires Garmey
Thomas Sovereign Gates Jr.
★ Nathaniel Lee Geary
John Joseph Genewicz Jr.
William Henry Gerety Jr.
John S. Getch
★ Joseph John Giampa
Ruben Foster Gittes
David Samuel Gloss
★ Theodore Jackson Goldman
Gordon George Goles
Robert Victor Goode
Melvin Emerson Govig Jr.
John Edward Grady Jr.
Arthur Edwards Grannis III
John Burgess Gray
★ Walton Atwater Green Jr.
Roger Lounsberry Gregg
Gareth Glenn Griffin
Robert M. Grindell

Robert Stone Grinnell Jr.
John Grozier
Martin Henry Gurley III
William Martin Gurton
John Bela Hadik
Kalman S. Haitinger
Lawrence Stephen Halpern
James William Hambleton
Robert William Haney
★ Michael West Hannegan
David Adams Hanson
Charles Lewis Harding III
Thomas George Hardy Jr.
Robert Nelson Harrington
★ Joseph Harrison III
Warren Blair Harshman
John E. Harvey
Michael Harwood
Victor Cephas Harwood III
Richard Foster Haskell
Henry Nugent Head III
★ Hamilton Heard Jr.
Roger William Hearne
Bruce Allyn Heck
Ragan A. Henry
★ John Handy Henshaw Jr.
Gary Norman Herbert
David Edward Herlihy
Philip Manuel Herrera
★ John Covell Hiebert
Prescott Frederick Hill
★ Robert Webber Hill Jr.
John Allen Holland
Jay Michael Hollander
★ Richard Paul Holleran
Dwight Leigh Holloway
F. Stacy Holmes II
Edward Mant Hood Jr.
William Weston Hooker
Hume Horan
John Joseph Hornung
Gerald Talmadge Horton
John Hall Howard
John Calder Howland Jr.
James Lebert Howse Jr.
John William Hoxie
C. Wayne Hunter
John William Hurst
Ronald E. S. Iavazzo
John Jay Iselin
Philip Paul Januszkiewicz
John Knox Jessup Jr.
J. Gus Johnson
Thomas Firth Jones II
James Peter Jorgensen
Thomas Allin Kahrl
Geoffrey M. Kalmus
Matthew C. Kartch
★ Thomas Michael Kearns
★ John Henry Keenan Jr.
Thomas Andrew Kelley Jr.
William Booker Kelly
★ Robert Richard Kessler
Stephen Henry Kessler
★ Everett Duane Kiefer Jr.
★ Harmon Elwood Kirby
Francis Patrick Kirk Jr.
★ Parker Vorland Kirk
Henry Kite
Myer Mark Klein
Darrell Arthur Klemme
David H. Knutson
David Korff
Manuel Michael Kulukundis
★ Joseph Alfred LaMontagne
★ Charles Southwick LaMonte
Jacob C. Landau
Brett Elliot Langstaff
John Andrews Leermakers Jr.
Roger Julian Lehr
Robert Sproule Letteney
★ Jonathan Frederick Levy
Jefferson Stewart Lewis
L. Thomas Linden
★ Samuel Harvey Lindenbaum
William Ezra Lingelbach III
John Charles Livingston
John Morgan Livingston

Oliver C. J. Lobkowicz
Robert Fillmore Lovett Jr.
Thomas Mark Lownes
Peter Coe Ludwig
★ Fitz Otis Lufkin Jr.
Lawrence Arthur Lundgren
Milton Tenney MacDonald Jr.
John Lorne MacDougall Jr.
Newell Brackett Mack
Bruce Barclay Macomber
Charles Christie Macomber
Kenneth Ellis Mactear
★ Robert Miller Macy Jr.
★ Theodore Manazir
★ Russell Elliott Manoog
Douglas Marr Mansfield
William George Markos
John Terrence Marsh
Robert Duane Martin
Richard Tebeau Mather
James Kessler Matter
Peter A. H. Mattson
Richard L. Mayer
George Anthony McCauley
★ William Daniel McCoy Jr.
★ Bruce Michael McDonald
★ David Sumner McElwain
Douglas Pierce McGandy
Don Virgil McIntyre
Thomas Warren McNealy
James Felton Meeker
William Marshall Meigs
Craig Morris Merrihue
Alan Merson
Elliott Cairns Miller
★ Robert Henry Miltenberger II
James Macdonald Minifie Jr.
★ Alexander Peter Misheff
★ Donald Victor Morano
Richard Marchie Morante
★ Maxwell Alan Morfield
★ Peter Foster Morrison
Robert Edwin Morrison
★ Gordon Bristol Munson
Percy Musgrave III
George Norton Nager
Paul George Nathans
★ Winthrop Cunningham Neilson III
Arnold Neistadt
Charles Lawrence Nesbitt
Roger W. Newman
Fred Everson Nickerson
★ John Joseph Nicoloro
Robert Edwin Niebuhr
George Nobbe Jr.
★ James Richard Nolen
★ Daniel J. O'Connell
★ Eric Oddleifson
John Emmett O'Donnell
John Richard Ohring
Robert Williamson Oliver
Warren Culver O'Shea
James Alan Ostreicher
Jaime Roberto Padilla
Arthur Charles Painter Jr.
John Lambert Palmer
Thaddeus Joseph Palys
Benjamin Willard Papermaster
★ Donald Eugene Parrott
★ Wayne C. Paton
Bruce B. Paul
★ Francis William Perkins Jr.
John Calvin Perkins
Fred Cumens Perlmutter
James Petrides
George Benjamin Pettee
John Oscar Pettiford Jr.
Burton Ross Pierce
★ Daniel Pierce
★ Robert S Pirie
★ Peter Ignatius Piston
Edward Parker Pitts
Lee Pollak
Bernard Portis
Clarkson Potter II
James Alan Powers
Lawrence M. Prescott

★ Robert A. Provost Jr.
Olaf Herbert Prufer
Samuel Frederick Quartarone
★ Benigno Francisco Quintana
Leo Ferrero Raditsa
★ Philippe Daniel Radley
Norman Traill Rae
Robert Douglas Reid
Charles Lester Rex
Jackson Maurice Rice Jr.
Ray B. Roberts
Dean W. Rogers Jr.
Robert Bryan Rosenberger
Norman Rosenblum
★ Paul Stephen Rosenthal
William Leo Ross Jr.
★ Richard Julius Peter Rottenstein
★ David Royce
★ Charles William Rusch
Paul L. Russell
Thomas Cummock Russell
★ William Barclay Russell
Lawrence C. Sack
Eric Sackheim
★ William Abdelnour Samaha
Joel Robert Sandler
★ Herbert Edward Sawin II
Frederick Clauss Sawyer
Paul Winslow Sawyer
Harley Edward Schear
John Forby Schereschewsky Jr.
Ronald Herbert Scherr
Charles Richard Schine
★ Lawrence Charles Schine
Harold Roy Scholnick
Isaac A. Scott Jr.
William Henry Sebrell III
Walter Stimpson Sechriest Jr.
★ George Easton Senkler II
★ Richard Sens
Joseph Kolar Serhant
Loyall Farragut Sewall Jr.
★ George James Shaka
Thomas E. P. Shea
Edward M. Sheehy
Harold Shoenig
Robert Alden Showalter
★ Julian David Shuchter
★ Arthur Grant Siler
★ Peter Simoglou
David Robert Simon
Troy Gordon Sitter
★ Robert Franklin Skidmore
Kilby Page Smith III
★ Noble Smith
Arthur George Snapper
★ Rex Jackson Snodgrass
Bradley Winthrop Stark
John Murray Steele Jr.
★ Joseph Jerome Stein
David Michael Steinberg
★ Daniel Norman Stern
Charles Douglas Steuart
Paul Jennings Steveken
Edward Watts Stimpson
J. Brock Stokes
Edward Sarber Stotler
Harold Scott Strasser
Oliver Stevens Sughrue Jr.
William Leavitt Sullivan Jr.
★ Kenneth Girvan Swan
Rush W. Taylor Jr.
Raymond Thorne Temple
★ Robert Atherton Thayer
Charles Howard Thomas II
Vernon Burdette Thomas Jr.
★ Arthur Wattles Ticknor
David Anson Titus
David Sidney Toland
Leigh B. Trevor
Godfrey Grosvenor Truslow
Robert Rutherford Tyler
Frederick E. Ungeheuer
Giancarlo Uzielli

John Flagler Vail
Peter Van Gerbig
Gordon Scott Vinson
James William Walsh
★ Edgar Graham Ward
★ Oliver Ostergren Ward
William Bradford Warren
Stephen Warshall
Robert Henry Washer
Brown Ayres Watson
Jack Daniel Watson
Richard W. Weatherhead
★ William Conrad Weitzel Jr.
Brian Welch
Donald Ross Westman
Mathew J. Whelan Jr.
★ Thomas Conover White
★ David Whitney
James Paget Whittall Jr.
Donald E. Widmann
Calvin Eugene Wilcox Jr.
Elliott Douglas Wilder
Bruce Gilbert Williams
William L. Williams Jr.
★ Kenneth Lee Williamson
Robert Brady Williamson
★ Frederick Willman
★ Kenneth Geddes Wilson
Roger Wolcott-Behnke
Brierly Siordet Woodhouse
Robert Arnold Woodruff Jr.
Ian Michael Wright
★ Richard Michael Wylie
Joseph Barron Yeaton
Laurence Dickson Yont Jr.
Robert James Zenowich
Irving K. Zola
Alan Jacob Zuch

Obituaries

Dellson Shalit Alberts died of cancer December 23, 2012, in Boston, Massachusetts. The son of Emmanuel V. Alberts and Adelle Shalit Alberts, he was born October 10, 1934, in Boston, and prepared at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts. He was a resident of Kirkland House while at Harvard, an ROTC student, and a member of the yearbook staff, the Glee Club, and the Hasty Pudding. He received his AB, cum laude in English, in 1956. After serving in the US Air Force he returned to Harvard, completing his MBA studies in 1963. He began a career in advertising, first working at McCann Erickson in New York. In 1970 he joined the advertising sales department of the *Boston Globe*, eventually rising to become the manager of the sales promotion team before retiring in 1995. Known for his frugal advertising strategies, he did voiceover work for some of the *Globe*'s radio commercials and appeared in a Boston-filmed television commercial for Folger's coffee. He loved opera, classical music, and everything French. He was survived by his partner of seventeen years, Terence Mendis.

Peter Myron Balboni died May 3, 2013, in Jacksonville, Florida. He was born September 22, 1934, in Boston. At Harvard he was a member of Dudley House and received his AB in 1956. The Class has no further information on his career or surviving family members.

Ralph Goode Beckett Jr. died of cancer April 9, 2011, in Naples, Florida. The son of Ralph Beckett, MBA '31, and Patricia Beckett, he was born March 22, 1934, in Kansas City, Missouri, and prepared at Belmont Hill School in Belmont, Massachusetts. At Harvard he was a resident of Winthrop House and a member of the Hasty Pudding and Pi Eta; he received his AB in 1956. After graduation he entered the Naval Officer Candidate School in Newport, Rhode Island, was commissioned as an ensign, and served in the US Navy for three years. He attended Harvard Business School for one year, then went to work for IBM, spending twenty-six years in sales and marketing before leaving for an administrative role in the Massachusetts Golf Association. A lover of the sport, he continued to serve in this capacity part-time, spending summers in New Hampshire and winters in Florida, until retiring in 1997. He was survived by his wife of forty-one years, Ann (Overholt); two daughters, Alison Lockitt and Emily; a brother, William '62; and three grandchildren.

Palmer Alan Beebe Jr. died May 25, 2014, in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The son of Palmer A. and Louise Beebe, he was born May 10, 1933, in Battle Creek, Michigan, and graduated from Battle Creek High School. At Harvard he was a

resident of Winthrop House and an ROTC student, and he received his AB in history in 1956. Following graduation he received his commission to the US Army as a second lieutenant and served for several years. Upon his discharge he joined his family's retail shoe business in Michigan and helped his mother operate two shoe stores. Later he joined Red Wing Shoes, where he worked for eighteen years and founded an international division. In 1988 he founded his own firm, Team America, to represent shoe sellers who were seeking international distribution. An active member of Grace Episcopal Church in Sheboygan, in his spare time he enjoyed gardening and woodworking. He was survived by his wife, Jane "Polly" (Polhemus); two daughters, Ann and Jane; four sons, Palmer, Matthew, Adam, and Luke; a sister, Jean Hayman; and five grandchildren.

Robert Henry Binstock of Beachwood, Ohio, died of cancer November 22, 2011. The son of Rabbi Louis Binstock and Ruth Atlas Binstock, he was born December 6, 1935, in New Orleans, Louisiana, and graduated from Senn High School in Chicago, Illinois. At Harvard he was a resident of Eliot House and was involved with WHRB and the Bridge Club. After receiving his AB, cum laude, in 1956, he continued his education at Harvard, earning his PhD in 1965. He taught at Brandeis for a number of years before becoming a professor of aging, health, and society at Case Western Reserve University in 1985. He became one of the leading gerontologists in the country, writing many books and hundreds of articles. He served as president of the Gerontological Society of America and director of President Lyndon Johnson's Task Force on Older Americans. He enjoyed backgammon and tennis. His first marriage, to Jutta Hager, ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife, Martha (Burns), and a daughter, Jennifer.

Robert Grady Blake died July 24, 2015, in Elon, North Carolina. The son of John Clarence Blake and Esma Rogers Blake, he was born March 6, 1934, in Charlotte, North Carolina. At Harvard he lived in Kirkland House and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa. In 1956 he received his AB, cum laude in English. He continued his education at Duke University, earning both an MA and a PhD in English. He taught at the college level in Florida and West Virginia before becoming the William S. Long Professor of English at Elon College, where he taught for forty years. Eventually rising to chair the English department, he was also director of a study abroad program in London. He was survived by his wife of fifty years, Carol (Cobb); a daughter, Jennifer Boggs; a son, Jonathan; two grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Francis Helier Boudreau died March 7, 2015, in Dover, Massachusetts. The son of Odina and Fabiola Boudreau, he was born August 29, 1934, in Cambridge. At Harvard he was an ROTC student and a member of St. Paul Church and Dudley House. He received his AB in applied sciences in 1956

and then served in the US Navy, where he met his future wife. Following his discharge, he received his MD from Boston University in 1962 and started a career in obstetrics and gynecology that spanned almost fifty years. Initially interested in infertility treatment, he established a private practice in Brookline and was on the staff of several Boston hospitals. He also taught at Harvard and Tufts for three decades. A chairman of the ob-gyn department at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, he also served as the secretary of the Women's Health and Education Organization Inc. At home he cultivated a bountiful vegetable garden. He was survived by his wife, Laura "Larry" (O'Brien); five daughters, Laura (JD '94), Renee, Nicole, Micheline, and Danielle; four sons, Francis, Jacques, Jean Paul, and Andre; a sister, Denise Hendrigan; and twenty-three grandchildren.

JOSHUA BRACKETT died April 26, 2012, in Rockport, Massachusetts. The son of Anthony Hicks Brackett and Katharine Conner Brackett, he was born December 29, 1934, in Boston, and prepared at Milton Academy. At Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House and a member of Speakers Club and the Lowell House Opera Group. He received his AB in economics in 1956. After serving in the US Army National Guard, he earned an MAT from Harvard in 1964. He went on to hold a number of different jobs in different fields. For some time, he worked as an advertising copywriter. Then he taught English at the Englewood School for Boys in New Jersey, the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, and a middle-school program for non-native English-speakers in Gloucester, Massachusetts. He and his wife taught in Ethiopia with the Peace Corps. Later he was a writer and editor for a software and trade book publisher and also worked for technology marketing and consulting companies. He had a deep love of music, playing guitar and bagpipes, and in later years he performed in a folk trio. A community activist and conservation advocate, he led water-saving and recycling efforts and protested the construction of the Seabrook Nuclear Power Plant. He was survived by his wife of forty-nine years, Babette (Amberger); a daughter, Anna; a son, Nathan; and four grandchildren.

CARL DENNY BRANDT died August 13, 2013, in Rhinebeck, New York. The son of Carl E. Brandt and Carol Denny Brandt, he was born October 16, 1935, in New York City and prepared at Phillips Exeter Academy. At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House, and received his AB in 1956. After graduation he worked at *Look* magazine before joining the literary agency founded by his father, Brandt & Brandt (now Brandt & Hochman). After his father's death he became the agency's president and remained in the business for more than fifty years. A first marriage, to Suzanne (Waldo), ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife, Clare (Scott) '56; a daughter, Diana; two sons, Cameron and Colin; and eight grandchildren.

RICHARD BRAVERMAN died June 29, 2013, in Newton, Massachusetts. The son of Benjamin and Celia Braverman, he was born March 7, 1934, in Boston.

At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House and a member of Phi Beta Kappa; he received his AB, magna cum laude in government, in 1956. He went on to earn his LLB from Harvard in 1959. He spent his legal career with the ITT Sheraton Corporation, where he was vice president and assistant general counsel. He was survived by a daughter, Jane Hirschhorn; a brother, Melvin, who died in 2014; and two grandchildren. His wife, Jane (Tribeman), died in 1966.

Harry Ellis Brawley Jr. died of cancer on April 5, 2014, in Hall Quarry on Mount Desert Island, Maine. The son of Harry E. Brawley and Mary Paige Plumley Brawley, he was born April 22, 1934, in Hagerstown, Maryland, and prepared at the McDonogh School in Owings Mills, Maryland. At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House and received his AB in 1956. He was an electrical engineer and entrepreneur. Two notable efforts were the founding of a company that produced smoke monitors and the creation of a software firm called Sigea Systems, which he ran with his wife. A devotee to physical fitness, he took up uechi-ryu karate as a young man and practiced daily for over fifty years. He also loved cooking, sailing, and classical music, especially Wagner operas. He was survived by his wife of thirty-two years, Ellen (Thorndike), MBA '80; three sons, Harry III, Richard, and Daniel; a stepdaughter, Margaret Jay; a stepson, Jonathan Rice; a brother, Richard; twelve grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Peter Hulin Bridge died of cancer January 24, 2012, in Binghamton, New York. He was born December 23, 1933, in Chicago, Illinois, as the only child of Morton Levi Bridge and Evelyn Grace Hulin. After graduating from Walnut Hills High School in Cincinnati, Ohio, he arrived at Harvard, where he resided at Lowell House and was an ROTC student. He received his AB, cum laude in classics, in 1956. Following graduation he served in the US Army and later for eight years in the army reserve, retiring with the rank of captain. In 1960 he received an MLS from Columbia and entered an internship program at the Library of Congress. He ended up spending his entire professional career at the library, much of it as the head of its exchange and gift division. He retired in 1997. He loved classical music performance and composition, and his original works are preserved in the library's performing arts archive. He was survived by his partner of forty-five years, Terry Peet.

Paul Francis Edward Canney died February 25, 2012, in New Bern, North Carolina. He was born October 6, 1929, in Boston, to John F. Canney and Helen Renberg Canney. After graduating from Stoneham (Massachusetts) High School, he joined the US Army and served in the signal corps. Following his discharge he enrolled at Harvard and received his AB in economics in 1956. He then began a career with the State Department that lasted thirty-four years, taking him to posts in many countries, including Iceland, Finland, Peru, Guatemala, and Mozambique. During his service he earned an MA in

international affairs from George Washington University and studied at the National Defense University. After returning stateside, he took a position as director of the board of examiners for the US Foreign Service; he remained there until he retired in 1990, although he continued as a consultant to the State Department for another eleven years. He was survived by his wife of fifty-nine years, Ada (Hughes); two daughters, Jennifer Miller and Michelle; a son, Christopher; and five grandchildren.

JOHN DYSON CANNON died November 5, 2014, in Providence, Rhode Island. He was born January 1, 1934, in St. Albans, England, and for safety was sent to the United States during World War II. He prepared at Mount Hermon School in Gill, Massachusetts. At Harvard he was a resident of Eliot House and received his AB, cum laude in English, in 1956. He attended Union Theological Seminary, in New York City, and was ordained a priest in the Episcopal Church. After serving at various churches in the city, he was appointed as the university chaplain at Columbia University, a role that he held for several years in the 1960s. He approached the position with a progressive view, protesting the Vietnam War, helping to found a gay students' alliance, and starting a coffeehouse in the basement of the chapel. Later he became a teacher and the chaplain at St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire. He was survived by a daughter, Joanna; three sons, Douglas, Jeffrey, and Christopher; four grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

BRADFORD CANTERBURY died April 19, 2014, in Sturbridge, Massachusetts. He was born July 26, 1933, in Worcester, Massachusetts. A Dunster House resident, he was a member of the Hasty Pudding Club and Phillips Brooks House and earned an AB in psychology and social relations. The Class has no further information regarding his career. He was survived by his wife, Muriel (Elvin) '58; a daughter, Carolyn; a son, William '88; and four grandchildren.

RICHARD CHARLES COOK II died June 10, 2014, in New York, New York. The son of Russell Mackenzie Cook and Janet Simpson Scott, he was born July 4, 1934, in East Orange, New Jersey, and prepared at Phillips Exeter Academy. At Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House and a member of the D. U. Club and the Hasty Pudding. He received his AB in English in 1956. Afterwards he enrolled at the University of Maine in Orono and earned a master's degree in 1959. An artist in many media, he wrote plays and poetry, played music, and painted. For many years he lived at the Hotel Chelsea. He was survived by his wife of fifty-six years, Helen (Locke); a daughter, Heather '85; two sons, William and Peter; and nine grandchildren. A third son, Douglas '82, died in 2015.

JOHN JOSEPH CRAVEN JR. died November 22, 2011, in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, from complications of Lewy body dementia. The oldest son of John J. Craven and Katherine Kane Craven, he was born February 27, 1935,

in Boston, where he prepared at Roxbury Latin School. At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House and a member of St. Paul Church. He received his AB in 1956, earned a law degree from what is now New England Law | Boston, and served in the US Army. Upon returning to civilian life, he started a long legal career in the Massachusetts area. He served the commonwealth as an assistant attorney general, and in 1973 was appointed clerk of the Boston Municipal Court by Governor Francis Sargent. Nine years later, Governor Edward King appointed him to be a judge in the Boston Juvenile Court, and he served in this capacity for twenty-three years, retiring in 2005. He was a member of the Boston School Committee and the Massachusetts Governor's Council. He was survived by his wife of forty-one years, Patricia (McCarthy); two daughters, Patricia Mary and Katherine Craven Kryzanski '94; a son, John; five sisters, Barbara Broderick, Sheila Middleton, Kathleen Passanisi, Patricia Ross, and Maureen Slade; two brothers, Brendan and Timothy; and six grandchildren.

Carleton Douglas Creelman of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, died February 9, 2014, a month after slipping on ice and sustaining a traumatic brain injury. He was born July 27, 1933. At Harvard he was a resident of Kirkland House and a member of WHRB, and he received his AB, cum laude in social relations, in 1956. He continued his education at the University of Michigan, earning an MA and then a PhD in psychology in 1961. After graduation he spent short stints doing research at Johns Hopkins University and heading a research institute in California. Later he joined the faculty of the University of Toronto, where he taught in the psychology department for fifty years. An avid sailor, he traveled all over North America as a judge for sailing races. He also volunteered as a docent at the Art Gallery of Ontario and performed with the Hart House Singers. His first marriage, to Carol Lewis, ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife, Lynne Beal; a daughter, Monica Creelman-O'Donahue; a son, Brenton; a sister, Katherine Skrobella; and a brother, Stewart. Another son, Peter, died in 2001.

Frederick Ames Cushing died November 15, 2013, in Newport, Rhode Island. The son of Howard Gardiner Cushing and Mary Ames Cushing, he was born April 6, 1934, in New York City. At Harvard he was a resident of Eliot House, a member of Hasty Pudding and the A. D. Club, and received his AB with the Class in 1956. After graduation he pursued a career in banking and finance. First joining J. P. Morgan as a commercial banker, he then moved to Lehman Brothers, where he focused on international finance and worked in the firm's Paris office. He returned to the United States upon retiring, and he and his wife founded a video production company that produced content for museums, tourist attractions, and nonprofits. Although he never received formal art training, he developed a love for painting. His specialty was landscapes and seascapes in oils and watercolors; in 2011 thirty of his paintings were exhibited at the Isherwood Gallery in Newport. Two marriages, to Natalie Fell and Jan

Golding, ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife, Caterine (Milinaire); a daughter, Cassandra; a son, John; and a stepdaughter, Serafine Klarwein.

CHRISTOPHER THEODORE DEL SESTO died January 10, 2012, in Cranston, Rhode Island. He was born October 9, 1935, in Providence, Rhode Island, to Christopher and Lola Del Sesto, and graduated from Classical High School in Providence. A resident of Adams House at Harvard, he received his AB in 1956. He continued his education at the Law School, earning a JD in 1959. Returning to Cranston, he served in local government as assistant city solicitor, city councilman, and member of the zoning board. In 1976 he became general counsel for Johnson & Wales College, and went on to serve as treasurer, manager of the school's endowment, and member of the board of directors. Previous marriages, to Marie-Hélène Dognin and Carol Valentine, ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife of twenty-nine years, Donna Lee; three daughters, Gabrielle Lesser '81 (MBA '88), Karen, and Amy; three sons, Geoffrey, Eric, and Christopher Mark; two brothers, Ronald and Gregory; two stepsons, Tom Funk and James Lee; eight grandchildren; and five step-grandchildren.

WARREN MATTHEW DILLON died July 13, 2011, in Boston. Born March 5, 1933, in Boston, to Schuyler Dillon and Constance Warren Dillon, he prepared at Noble and Greenough School in Dedham, Massachusetts. At Harvard he was a resident of Adams House, a member of the Glee Club, and an ROTC student. After receiving his AB in government in 1956 he served in the US Navy. He completed an MPA at Syracuse University in 1960. For thirty-five years he worked for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in the departments of tourism and economic development departments. He was survived by a daughter, Kathryn Dillon-Schwarz; two sons, Charles and James; and six grandchildren. His wife, Margaret (Marshall), died in 1988.

JAMES ELDRIDGE DURRELL JR. of Cincinnati, Ohio, died suddenly on April 17, 2012, while hiking in the Smoky Mountains. The son of James E. Durrell and Pauline Osborne Durrell, he was born August 13, 1934, and graduated from Walnut Hills High School in Cincinnati. A resident of Eliot House and a member of Crimson Key at Harvard, he received his AB in history in 1956. He later did graduate study at Ohio University and earned an MFA in photography and art history. He taught in the photography program at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore, at Radford College in Virginia, and at the Rochester Institute of Technology, but his main focus was on his own photography. His work captured both architecture and nature; one of his favorite subjects, to which he returned again and again, was the Sleeping Bear Dunes National Lakeshore in Michigan. He was a lover of the great outdoors and a longtime member of the Sierra Club. He was survived by his wife of nineteen years, Elizabeth (Newcomer), and a sister, Virginia deRohan.

Laurence Raymond Dutton died February 19, 2015, in Chesapeake, Virginia. The son of Raymond Dutton and Lee MacAllister Dutton, he was born November 26, 1932, in Lowell, Massachusetts. He left Harvard after freshman year and attended Northeastern University. Then he served in the US Army for four years before returning to graduate from the University of Massachusetts at Amherst with a BS in physics. He was one of the first civilians hired by the federal government to work at the Norfolk Naval Shipyard in Portsmouth, Virginia. Over the course of a career that spanned more than forty years, his efforts helped transform Norfolk into the navy's premier shipyard. He held the position of chief design engineer for twenty-five of those years, shaping practices that were adopted by all of the navy's shipyards. His work was recognized with many awards, including the Harold E. Saunders Award, a lifetime achievement award for naval engineering, and the US Navy's Distinguished Civilian Service Award, the highest honor a civilian can receive from the navy. He was very active in his local church, St. Christopher's Episcopal Church in Portsmouth, Virginia. He was survived by his wife, Betty (Watson); a daughter, Laurie Olson; a son, Jeffrey; two sisters, Karen Petersen and Donna; a brother, Bruce; and four grandchildren.

William Theodore Eccles died October 8, 2013, in Wallingford, Connecticut. The son of Thomas G. Eccles and Ann Prendergast Eccles, he was born May 16, 1934, in Boston, and prepared at Boston Latin School. At Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House, a member of St. Paul Church, and an ROTC student. After receiving his AB in applied sciences in 1956, he served in the US Air Force for five years, reaching the rank of captain. He returned to Harvard for his MBA, completed in 1963. He joined IBM as a systems engineer and worked there for thirty years, witnessing a great deal of technological change. During his retirement he volunteered for many years at his local senior center, teaching computer classes. He was survived by his wife of fifty-five years, Eileen (Fitzgerald); three sons, Thomas, Robert, and David; a brother, Thomas; and three grandchildren.

Phillip Holt Estes Jr. died of cancer July 4, 2015, in West Richland, Washington. The son of Phillip and Rose Estes, he was born January 15, 1934, in Rutherford, New Jersey. He attended Nott Terrace High School, in Schenectady, New York. He lived in Dunster House at Harvard and completed his AB in applied sciences in 1956. He married his wife, Judy, three years later; together they had a son and a daughter. After graduation he enlisted in the US Navy and specialized in atomic radiation. A nuclear physicist, he later worked at Westinghouse Hanford, an electric and nuclear energy company. The Class has no information about his surviving family.

Robert Remington Evans of Miami, Florida died October 8, 2009. He was born February 17, 1934, in Newburyport, Massachusetts. He was a resident of

Kirkland House but did not graduate with the Class. The Class has no further information regarding his career or surviving family.

JASPER MORGAN EVARTS died July 13, 2015, in Hingham, Massachusetts. He was born May 16, 1934, in New York, New York, and prepared at St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire. At Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House, an ROTC student, and a member of the Iroquois Club; he received his AB in 1956. He became a successful financial manager in Massachusetts, working as a partner at Baker Weeks & Company and a portfolio manager at a number of other firms. He also served as governor of the Boston Stock Exchange. He enjoyed gardening and travel to Nantucket and the Caribbean, and was a member of the New Bedford Yacht Club. He was survived by his wife of eleven years, Patricia Sullivan-Evarts; four sons, Edwin '80, George, Jeremiah, and Nathaniel; a sister, Katharine Merck; and ten grandchildren. His first wife, Wendy (Hammond), died in 2004.

FRANK CONGER FAWCETT died February 17, 2012, in Mill Valley, California. The son of William Fawcett and Barbara Conger Fawcett, he was born April 16, 1934, in Newton, Massachusetts, and prepared at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts. While at Harvard he was a member of the Krokodiloes, the Hasty Pudding, the D. U. Club, and Lincoln's Inn. A resident of Lowell House, he received his AB, cum laude, in 1956. For three years, he served in the US Navy before returning to Harvard to earn his LLB. He then joined the private workforce with the San Francisco law firm of Graham & James. Advancing to become a partner and later a managing partner, he remained with the firm until 1989, when he established his own practice. Early in his career he served as court-appointed counsel representing an accused criminal, and argued before the Supreme Court, where the case became part of the *Miranda* decision. He was also involved in an advisory capacity with a winery. Outside of work he enjoyed gardening, theater, and choral singing. A first marriage to Margaret Goldsmith ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife, Jean (McQuown) Fawcett; a daughter, Katharine Cunningham; a son, Peter; a stepdaughter, Lynn Kellogg; a stepson, Peter Goch; and five grandchildren.

ROBERT ALDEN FISH died May 5, 2013, in Aptos, California. He was born March 12, 1935, in New York, New York, and graduated from Tucson (Arizona) Senior High School. At Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House and a member of the *Crimson* staff; he received his AB, cum laude in chemistry, in 1956. Continuing his studies at the University of Chicago, he earned both an MSc and a PhD. He pursued a wide-ranging career in which he worked as an astronomy researcher, contributed to feasibility studies for the Commerce Department during the Kennedy administration, and cofounded both Right Associates, a career and management consulting firm, and Aptos Academy, a private K–8 school. On his own he also started a company that helped the

airline industry improve efficiency through computer simulations. After he retired he used his broad experience to help others as a volunteer in public-service programs. He was survived by his third wife, Susan "Sunny" (Beville); a son, Peter; a stepdaughter, Shea Pase; two stepsons, John and Robert; a sister, Connie Arnosti; and six grandchildren.

Jonathan Saul Franks died July 18, 2012, in New York, New York. Born June 12, 1934, in Providence, Rhode Island, he prepared at the Providence Country Day School. At Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House and a member of the yearbook staff. He received his AB in government in 1956, and after serving in the US Army in Korea, he began a business career. He worked for Bloomingdale's and later moved to J. C. Penney, eventually becoming the national buyer for home furnishings. He was also president of Bedford Marketing Corporation. Throughout his life, he loved the outdoors and world travel, particularly to Africa and the Galápagos. He was previously married to Susan Adler. He was survived by his wife of forty-two years, Suzanne (Volpin); a daughter, Emily Nissan; a son, David; and two grandchildren.

Robert Hing Piu Fung died March 6, 2009, in Hong Kong, China. The son of Kenneth P. Fung, he was born December 29, 1935, in Hong Kong, and prepared at Fountain Valley School in Colorado Springs, Colorado. A resident of Leverett House and a member of the Glee Club while at Harvard, he received his AB in 1956. Four years later he completed an MD at McGill University. His medical training then continued at the Montreal Children's Hospital, the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal, and at Boston Children's Hospital. Returning to his hometown, he joined the faculty of the University of Hong Kong. Two years later he established a private pediatric practice, but he remained a part-time faculty member at the university throughout his life. He was a tireless advocate for the health and rights of children, serving as founding chairman of the Hong Kong Committee for UNICEF and working with several other organizations and foundations. He was survived by his wife of forty-six years, Irene (Chan); two daughters, Lena '91 and Robyn; two sons, Robert and Derek; two brothers, Kenneth '59 and Cyril '61; and one grandchild.

Edward Elliott Furash of Alexandria, Virginia, died January 10, 2012. He was born October 31, 1934, in Boston, and graduated from Sharon (Massachusetts) High School. He was a resident of Adams House while at Harvard and received his AB, magna cum laude in social relations, in 1956. He completed an MBA at the University of Pennsylvania in 1958. He worked as a management consultant for much of his career, specializing in the financial services industry. Motivated by an entrepreneurial spirit, he formed his own consulting company and engaged in a number of banking and financial ventures. He was survived by his wife of fifty-three years, Elizabeth (Wilson)

'58; a daughter, Jennifer Schneider; two sons, Jonathan and James; a brother, Richard; and eight grandchildren.

STEPHEN SQUIRES GARMEY died October 4, 2012, in New York, New York. He was born April 24, 1933, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and prepared at the Kent School in Kent, Connecticut. While at Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House and a member of the Glee Club, the Organ Society, and the Signet Society. He received his AB in English in 1956 and went on to earn advanced degrees from the General Theological Seminary and Columbia's Graduate School of Architecture, Planning and Preservation. In 1972 he became the vicar of Calvary Episcopal Church in Manhattan's Gramercy Park neighborhood, where he served until his retirement in 2005. During this time he was the official archivist of Gramercy Park and wrote a book on its history, *Gramercy Park: An Illustrated History of a New York Neighborhood*, which was published in 1984. He also collaborated on a 1972 translation of the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke's *Duino Elegies*. He had a strong interest in Russian art and architecture, particularly avant-garde designs from the early twentieth century. He collected such works, as well as thousands of books on the subject. An artist himself, he created metal and wood sculptures, and also played piano and organ. He was survived by his wife of forty-six years, Jane (Gibson); a son, Edward '89; a brother, Ronald '60 (LLB '63); and one grandchild.

NATHANIEL LEE GEARY died July 5, 2011, in Washington, DC. The son of Charles Stephen Geary and Mary Bell Triplett, he was born July 31, 1934, in Washington. Growing up in the city, he attended Dunbar High School and enrolled at Harvard, where he was a resident of Eliot House. He received his AB in 1956. After serving in the US Army, he worked for the Food and Drug Administration. He was survived by his wife of fifty-two years, Eleanor (Norris); a daughter, Vivian Gibson; a son, Stephen; and two sisters, Inez Dixon and Lois Tyler; another son, Christopher, died in 2008.

JOSEPH JOHN GIAMPA of Hampton, New Hampshire, died March 28, 2012. He was born October 7, 1934. An Adams House resident and a member of St. Paul Church while at Harvard, he received his AB in psychology and social relations in 1956. He completed an MBA at Boston University in 1966. His professional career spanned a variety of roles, including manufacturing management and manager of public relations and training for AT&T, director of a community college learning center, and head of his own human resources consulting company. He was survived by his wife, Sylvia (DiPiro); three sons, John, James, and Jeffrey; and four grandchildren.

THEODORE JACKSON GOLDMAN of Mililani, Hawaii, died October 23, 2010. Born July 30, 1934, in Boston, he prepared at the Cambridge School in Weston. At Harvard he was a resident of Adams House and received his AB in 1956.

Continuing his education, he earned his MEd from Northeastern University and a PhD in psychology from the University of Oregon. First working in Washington, he moved to Hawaii to further his career as a psychologist. There he worked for mental health agencies before establishing his own practice. Throughout his career he was involved in the treatment of addiction. Before retiring in 1998, he also worked for the state of Hawaii, first with developmentally delayed people and then treating children and adolescents. His marriages to Margaret Artinian and Carolyn Moore ended in divorce; the Class has no information about his surviving family.

Walton Atwater Green Jr. died November 8, 2014. Born May 10, 1934, he was a member of Dudley House and the Hasty Pudding while at Harvard, and he received his AB in Romance languages and literature in 1956. He pursued a career as a journalist and a publisher at Van Nostrand Reinhold and Macmillan. Later he took on independent projects and was involved in film finance and production. He and his wife were among the founders of one of the first Montessori schools in the United States, in Brooklyn, New York; he also spent nineteen years on the board of trustees of St. Ann's School, also in Brooklyn. His first marriage, to Martha Manheim, ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife, Nancy (Newman); two daughters, Eliza and Kate; four sons, Geoffrey, Tobias, Walton III '98, and Christopher.

Michael West Hannegan died November 4, 2013, in Hilton Head Island, South Carolina. The son of John Michael Hannegan and Thurley Williams Hannegan, he was born November 8, 1934, in Columbia, Missouri, and prepared at St. Louis (Missouri) Country Day School. At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House and received his AB in biology in 1956. He continued his studies at the University of Missouri, Columbia, earning his MD in 1960. He served as a pathologist in the US Army Medical Corps for twenty-two years, working in the Department of Defense and at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research. He retired as a colonel and the associate director of medical education at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington, DC. In civilian life he worked as a pathologist at hospitals in Philadelphia and New Jersey and was an associate professor pathology at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. He was survived by his wife of fifty-five years, Arlene (Malecki); two daughters, Kelley and Susan; a son, Michael Jr.; a sister, Mary McMillan; and four grandchildren.

Joseph Harrison III died June 5, 2014, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was born March 23, 1934, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and prepared at the Haverford School. At Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House and a member of the Hasty Pudding and the Phoenix Club; he received his AB in economics in 1956. Starting out as a banker in Philadelphia, he moved to New Hampshire and became the president of two banking institutions.

He also created Energy Conscious Homes, which constructed more than sixty environmentally friendly houses under his supervision, and advocated for affordable housing through local nonprofits. He was survived by his wife, Ellie; three daughters, Lucretia Kender, Sarah Steele, and Jennifer Adkisson; two stepsons, Niels Zellers and Andrew Zellers; and six grandchildren.

HAMILTON EATON HEARD JR. died November 30, 2011, in Dedham, Massachusetts. The son of Hamilton E. Heard '28 (MBA '32) and Katherine Adams Heard, he was born February 7, 1933, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and prepared at the Groton School. He was a member of Dudley House, the hockey team, and the Fox Club while at Harvard, and he received his AB in 1956. During his career he worked as an insurance agent and a real estate broker. He and his family moved to Nantucket full-time in 1977, and he became active in the Chamber of Commerce. He was also a longtime member of the Nantucket Yacht Club and served as its commodore. He was survived by his wife of fifty-eight years, Virginia "Ginger" (Scott); three daughters, Virginia Landis, Elizabeth Laffey, and Susan; and three grandchildren.

JOHN HANDY HENSHAW JR. died March 19, 2013, in Brunswick, Maine. The son of John H. Henshaw '31 and Anita Stevens Henshaw, he was born March 28, 1934, in New York, New York, and prepared at the Millbrook School, in Millbrook, New York. While at Harvard he was a resident of Eliot House, an ROTC student, and a member of the Delphic Club, the Hasty Pudding, and the lightweight crew. He received his AB in geology in 1956. First serving in the US Navy, he worked as an engineer and a manufacturing manager before entering the lumber business. He settled in Maine, where he started a wholesale lumber company. He loved sailing and fishing, and his fishing trips with family and friends took him to destinations throughout North America as well as the Bahamas and, especially in recent years, Patagonia. His marriage to Elisabeth (Briant) ended in divorce. He was survived by two daughters, Elisabeth and Anne; a son, John III; a brother, Weld '59; and three grandchildren.

JOHN COVELL HIEBERT died March 26, 2014, in Edmond, Oklahoma. The son of Bernard Nickel Hiebert and Ellen Covell Hiebert, he was born August 18, 1934, in Mountain Lake, Minnesota, and graduated from Mountain Lake High School. A resident of Adams House at Harvard, he was an ROTC student and a member of the Glee Club, the Lowell House Opera Group, and Phi Beta Kappa. He received his AB, magna cum laude in physics, in 1956. After serving in the US Navy as a gunnery officer, he continued his education at Yale, completing an MS and a PhD in physics. He joined the faculty of Texas A&M University and taught for more than thirty years. He was survived by his wife of fifty-two years, Doris (Hodgson); two daughters, Susan Lindstrom and Helen; a sister, Mary Ellen Mewes; and four grandchildren.

Robert Webber Hill Jr. died January 28, 2014, in Weybridge, Vermont. Born January 21, 1934, in Wilmington, Delaware, he prepared at Westminster School in Simsbury, Connecticut. At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House, an ROTC student, and a member of the Hasty Pudding, the Phoenix Club, and the track team. He concentrated in English and received his AB, magna cum laude, in 1956. After serving for two years in the US Navy aboard a minesweeper, he returned to Harvard to complete a PhD in English. He then embarked on a career as an educator, first for three years at Amherst College and then for forty-one years at Middlebury College. In addition to literature, he had a lifelong interest in quantum mechanics and astronomy, and supplemented many literary lessons with teaching about black holes or evolutionary theory. He was the editor of a Norton Critical Edition of the poetry of Alfred Lord Tennyson, and he retired as the Henry Norman Hudson Professor Emeritus of English at Middlebury College. As a resident of Starksboro, Vermont, for seventeen years, he grew peas and asparagus, kept bees, and took great pleasure in card games. He was survived by his third wife, Martha (Munford); three daughters, Catherine, Ruth, and Lisa Nel; a son, Robert III; and five grandchildren.

Richard Paul Holleran died June 18, 2012, in Greenwich, Connecticut. The son of Francis Joseph Holleran '22 and Helen Silleck Holleran, he was born January 10, 1935, in New York, New York, and prepared at St. George's School in Middletown, Rhode Island. He left the Class after freshman year, attended Lawrence College in Appleton, Wisconsin, and later graduated from the Technical University of Berlin with a degree as a master brewer. For some time he worked for the US State Department as a German interpreter. Upon returning to the US, he settled back in Greenwich, where he served for two decades in the representative town meeting. He was a passionate advocate for the preservation of significant buildings. His marriage to Katherine Jones ended in divorce. He was survived by a sister, Glenna Ottley, and a brother, Romer '65.

Thomas Michael Kearns died March 16, 2014, in Houston, Texas. He was born August 30, 1933. A resident of Adams House while at Harvard, he received his AB, cum laude, in 1956. After serving in the US Navy he returned to Harvard and completed a MArch in 1962. During his career he designed buildings for the military, NASA, and educational and religious institutions; his memorial service was held in a chapel of his design. He was survived by his wife, Joann (Muhns); two daughters, Katharine and Amy; and three sisters, Mary Burgess, Ann, and Joan.

John Henry Keenan Jr. died March 1, 2015, in San Antonio, Texas. He was born August 12, 1934, in Boston. At Harvard he was an ROTC student, and a member of St. Paul Church and Dudley House. He received his AB

in history in 1956 and entered the US Air Force's intelligence service. For twenty-two years, he served in Europe, Vietnam, and the United States, eventually attaining the rank of lieutenant colonel. He completed an MBA at Pepperdine University in Malibu, California. An active father, he was involved as a scoutmaster for the Boy Scouts and a coach for youth sports teams. He was a longtime, devoted member of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church in Heliotes, Texas. He was survived by his wife of fifty-nine years, Kathleen (Huber); a daughter, Kristine; two sons, John III and Mark; five grandchildren; and one great-grandchild. Another son, Richard, died in 2008.

ROBERT RICHARD KESSLER died of cancer February 7, 2015, in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida. The son of Albert and Winnie Kessler, he was born January 16, 1935, in Brookline, Massachusetts, and prepared at Lawrence Academy in Groton, Massachusetts. At Harvard he was a resident of Winthrop House and a member of the Hasty Pudding, Pi Eta Club, and golf and baseball teams; a southpaw, he pitched a no-hitter against Columbia in sophomore year, earning the Wingate Trophy. He received his AB in economics in 1956. He went on to complete his MBA at Columbia and had a lengthy business career. Later in life, after retiring, he joined his son's photography business. He maintained a lifelong love of baseball and coached both his sons through Little League. He was survived by his wife of fifty-five years, Bette Ann (Slotnick); a daughter, Susan Sankel; two sons, Gary and Andrew; a sister, Gloria LaPerle; and five grandchildren.

EVERETT DUANE KIEFER died October 6, 2015, in Orleans, Massachusetts. Born December 20, 1933, in Boston, he prepared at Noble and Greenough School in Dedham, Massachusetts, before coming to Harvard. An Adams House resident, he received an AB in government in 1956. He served with the US Army in Korea before returning home to pursue a legal career. For twenty-six years, he practiced law in Chatham, Massachusetts. A staunch defender of the environment, he was a member of the Orleans Conservation Commission in the 1970s. After retirement he worked for the Association to Preserve Cape Cod and supported several other environmental causes. He also kept active by playing in the Cape Cod Old Timers Softball League. He was survived by three daughters, Nicole, Jennifer Thomas, and Karen Wilson, and three sisters, Joan Maschkan, Ann Battarel, and Lynne Hartell.

HARMON ELWOOD KIRBY died of cancer on May 21, 2014, in Washington, DC. He was born January 27, 1934, in Hamilton, Ohio. At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House and a member of Phi Beta Kappa; he received his AB, magna cum laude in government, in 1956. Following two years of service in the US Army, he continued his education at George Washington University, earning an MA in international relations, and launched a career as a foreign service officer. During his thirty-five years of government service, his postings

included Morocco, Sudan, Belgium, India, and Switzerland. Ultimately he rose to become the US ambassador to Togo. After retiring he worked as a contractor in the State Department's Office of the Historian. He was survived by his wife of fifty years, Françoise (Chatelain); a daughter, Caroline; a son, Christopher; and four grandchildren.

Parker Vorland Kirk died August 1, 2013, in Boston, Massachusetts. The son of Justin and Vagner Kirk, he was born January 26, 1935, in New York City. He enrolled at Harvard in 1952 but did not graduate with the Class. In his professional life, he was a writer and worked in advertising for Harold Cabot & Company of Boston. No further information is available regarding his career. He was survived by his wife of forty years, Carol (DiPietro); three daughters, Laura, Justine, and Valerie; a brother, Lawrence; and four grandchildren.

Joseph Alfred LaMontagne died January 22, 2015, in Andover, Massachusetts. The son of Hermanguilde and Cora LaMontagne, he was born December 28, 1923, in New Bedford, Massachusetts. After graduating from high school, he served in the US Army in World War II and received a Purple Heart. Landing in the second wave at Normandy, he marched with his division across Europe, fighting in the Battle of the Bulge and freeing prisoners of concentration camps. He served in occupied Germany for a year before returning home to become a metalworker. Deciding to further his education, he entered Harvard in his early thirties and was a member of Dudley House. He helped finance his college education by doing engravings at night, and received his AB in philosophy in 1956. In his professional life, he founded and ran a company that developed coatings for optical lenses; one of these lenses was used in the Hubble Space Telescope. He enjoyed working with his hands and was a skilled woodworker and builder. He was survived by his wife of fifty-seven years, Sheila (Geary); two daughters, Abigail O'Hara and Jessica; two sons, Michael and Russell; two sisters, Myra Hart and Claire Williams; and eight grandchildren.

Charles Southwick Lamonte died June 24, 2014, in New York, New York, from complications of a stroke. He was born September 4, 1934. At Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House and a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and he received his AB, magna cum laude in social relations, in 1956. He remained at Harvard to attend medical school, receiving his MD in 1960. He went on to practice medicine at the Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center and the Mid-Hudson Medical Group. He was survived by his wife, Josephine (Wardman); two daughters, Karen and Hilary; and one grandchild.

Jonathan Frederick Levy died of congestive heart failure January 22, 2013, in Patterson, New York. The son of Milton Levy and Sylvia Narins Levy, he was born February 20, 1935, in New York City, and prepared at the Ethical

Culture Fieldston School in the Bronx. At Harvard he was a resident of Eliot House and a member of the Glee Club and the Signet Society, receiving his AB, cum laude in history and literature, in 1956. He went on to graduate studies in comparative literature at Columbia, earning an MA in 1959 and a PhD in 1966. A playwright and a theater educator, he created works for both adults and children; these plays were performed at the Lincoln Center, the Manhattan Theatre Club (where he was playwright-in-residence), and the Brooklyn Academy of Music, among other venues. In addition, he led the development of the theater arts component of the International Baccalaureate. He taught at Columbia and was a distinguished professor of theater arts at the State University of New York, Stony Brook, for nearly three decades. He was also a past member of the advisory committee for the Office of the Arts at Harvard. He was survived by his partner, Anne Singer; a daughter, Catherine Levy Barnard; and one grandchild. His wife, Geraldine (Carro), died in 1984.

SAMUEL HARVEY "SANDY" LINDENBAUM died of cancer August 16, 2012, in East Hampton, New York. The son of Abraham M. and Belle Lindenbaum, he was born March 29, 1935, in Brooklyn, and graduated from Erasmus Hall High School in Brooklyn. At Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House, and received his AB, cum laude in government, in 1956. Three years later he completed a JD at the Law School. After spending a year in Oslo, Norway, on a Fulbright Fellowship, he returned to New York and began working for his father's law firm. He moved on to serve as counsel to two other prominent law firms, first Rosenman Colin Kaye Petschek Freund & Emil and then Kramer Levin Naftalis & Frankel. He became an expert in real estate law, particularly regarding land use and zoning; his thorough knowledge of New York's code of zoning guidelines was instrumental in the development of many of Manhattan's signature buildings. As a philanthropist he was a member of the New York State Council on the Arts and served as a trustee of many of the city's cultural and civic organizations. He was a board member of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which honored him by naming two galleries after him and his wife. He was survived by his wife of fifty-five years, Linda (Lewis); two daughters, Erica Tishman (MArch '85) and Laurie '85; and six grandchildren.

FITZ OTIS LUFKIN JR. died October 10, 2011, in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Born in Gloucester on October 24, 1934, he was the son of Fitz Otis Lufkin and Edna Perry Lufkin. A graduate of Gloucester High School, he was a Naval ROTC student at Harvard. He lived in Winthrop House and was a member of the Pi Eta Club. After graduating in 1956 he served in the US Navy for three years. By the time of his retirement from the naval reserve twenty years later, he had attained the rank of captain. He was a real estate broker in Gloucester for more than four decades, cofounding the Lufkin & Brown agency. He was survived by his wife of fifty-four years, Marianne (Forrest); a daughter, Fay Sims; two sons, Fitz III and Dean '92; and four grandchildren.

Robert Miller Macy Jr. died March 24, 2012, in Ojai, California. The son of Robert M. Macy (PhD '38) and Deborah K. Macy, he was born August 3, 1934, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and attended schools in Switzerland, France, and Washington, DC. At Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House and a member of the Hasty Pudding; he received his AB in government in 1956. He served in the US Navy and completed an MBA at George Washington University in 1967. For twenty-six years, he worked in investment banking. In his retirement he was a teacher in an adult education program. He loved tennis and helped organize the Ojai Tennis Tournament, the nation's oldest amateur tennis tournament. He was also an enthusiastic hiker, and in his fifties he earned his pilot's license. He spent many happy days with his family in the Adirondack region of New York State, where the family owned a home. He was survived by his wife of fifty-five years, Julia "Judy" (Howard); a daughter, Deborah Burke; two sons, Peter and Michael; and a sister, Claudia Riche.

Theodore Manazir died October 8, 2013, in Williston, Vermont. The son of Tawfik Manazir and Flora Sabino Manazir, he was born October 19, 1934, in Boston, and prepared at Boston Latin School. At Harvard he was a member of Dudley House and received his AB in biology in 1956. He completed an MEd degree from the University of Vermont in 1973 and worked as a chemist and toxicologist for Vermont's state department of health for forty-two years. He also served on the school board of the town of South Burlington for nearly three decades. His hobbies included photography, and he was a lifelong Boston Red Sox fan. He was survived by his wife of fifty-four years, Ann (McKee); two daughters, Heather Devenbeck and Kristin; two sons, Theodore and Gregg; a brother, Charles; and six grandchildren.

Russell Elliott Manoog died May 24, 2015, in Worcester, Massachusetts. The son of Charles Manoog and Elizabeth Johnson Manoog, he was born July 23, 1934, in Worcester, and prepared at Worcester Academy. At Harvard he was a resident of Winthrop House and a member of the *Lampoon* staff; he received his AB in social relations in 1956. He went on to complete an MBA at Boston University. For three years, he served in the US Army and was stationed in Tokyo, Japan. Upon being discharged, he joined his father's plumbing supply business, assuming operating responsibilities after his father's retirement and remaining for more than forty years. He also took control of another endeavor started by his father, the American Sanitary Plumbing Museum, and guided its collection. He was a former president of the Worcester Club, a lifelong member of his local church, and an active part of the Harvard Clubs of Worcester and Boston. He was survived by his wife of fifty-two years, Bettejane (Bockoven); a daughter, Sarah; a son, Charles '92; and three grandchildren.

William Daniel McCoy Jr. died January 15, 2015, in Riverside, Rhode Island. The son of William D. McCoy and Ruby Jordan McCoy, he was born

July 10, 1934, in Boston. At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House and received his AB, cum laude, in 1956. An accomplished writer and a former national editor at the *Washington Post*, later in his life he worked as a financial analyst. He was survived by his wife of thirty-three years, Virginia (Wayland), and three sisters, Jean Herring, Joanne Haussermann, and Joyce Hupper.

BRUCE MICHAEL MCDONALD of Quincy, Massachusetts, died July 16, 2013. The son of Rex McDonald and Arlene Callan McDonald, he was born March 30, 1934, in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and graduated from Quincy (Massachusetts) High School. At Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House and received his AB, magna cum laude in English, in 1956. He completed an MEd at Northeastern University ten years later. In 1960 he returned to Quincy High School to teach English, which he did for the next forty-two years, serving as chairman of the English department for three decades. He loved movies and the symphony and was a longtime season ticket holder of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He was survived by a brother, Rex Jr.

DAVID SUMNER MCELWAIN died of complications of Alzheimer's disease April 29, 2015, in Rye, New Hampshire. The son of Donald M. McElwain and Charlotte Richardson Smith, he was born October 5, 1934, in Boston, and prepared at Milton Academy. At Harvard he was a resident of Adams House and an ROTC student, and he received his AB, cum laude in classics, in 1956. After serving in the US Army he went to work in publishing at Houghton Mifflin, where he remained for his entire career. He maintained a keen, lifelong interest in history and Romance languages and traveled throughout Europe and the Americas. He was survived by a brother, Robert.

ROBERT HENRY MILTENBERGER II died February 1, 2012, in Lexington, Virginia. He was born October 10, 1934, in Dayton, Ohio, the son of Robert and Connie Miltenberger, and graduated from Fairmont High School in Kettering, Ohio. At Harvard he was a resident of Kirkland House and received his AB, cum laude in history, in 1956. He earned a JD from the University of Michigan in 1959 and later served with the US Army National Guard as an officer in the judge advocate general's corps. For four decades he practiced law in the areas of Buffalo, New York, and Fort Lauderdale, Florida. He was very active in community affairs in Fort Lauderdale, serving as chairman of the chamber of commerce and director of the economic development fund of Broward County. He also taught in the MBA program and served on the advisory board at Nova University. His first marriage, to Helen Skenderian, ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife, Joyce (Kelsey); two sons, Robert III and Timothy; and three grandchildren.

ALEXANDER PETER MISHEFF died August 5, 2012, in Chicago, Illinois. He was born February 15, 1934, in Red Wing, Minnesota, and graduated from

Red Wing Central High School. While at the College he was a resident of Adams House and a member of the Harvard Band. After receiving his AB in government in 1956, he continued his studies at the Law School, earning an LLB in 1959. He served in the US Army and then began a law career. For more than thirty years, he worked at Continental Bank, rising to associate general counsel for trusts and estates before establishing a private practice. A highly regarded authority on trusts, he served on a number of committees, was dean of Chicago's Trust Administration Bar, and was employed by the American Bar Association as an adviser on trust law. A patron of the arts, he enjoyed theater, opera, and symphony performances and traveled widely. He left no survivors and was predeceased by his partner, Smith Brand.

Donald Victor Morano died January 9, 2015, in Chicago, Illinois. The son of Rocco J. Morano and Rose DeCaro Morano, he was born July 17, 1934, in Worcester, Massachusetts, and graduated from North High School in Worcester. He left Harvard after freshman year and finished his undergraduate degree St. John's Seminary in Brighton, Massachusetts. He also completed an MA from Georgetown University and a PhD from Northwestern University. He taught philosophy at the University of Tennessee, the University of Notre Dame, Loyola University, and UCLA. Publications included the book *Existential Guilt: A Phenomenological Study* and articles in law and philosophy journals. After obtaining a JD from the University of California, Los Angeles, he became a criminal defense attorney in Illinois, first at the firm of Stone, McGuire & Benjamin and then in solo practice. Notably he defended James Lewis, accused of the 1982 Tylenol poisonings; in the end the defendant was convicted only of extortion, for demanding $1 million from Johnson & Johnson, the makers of Tylenol. He was survived by a brother, Rocco.

Maxwell Alan Morfield, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, died October 22, 2011. The son of Harry and Sadie Morfield, he was born December 19, 1934, in Boston, and prepared at the Boston Latin School. While at Harvard he was a member of Dudley House and received his AB in 1956. He went on to earn his MA and PhD from Princeton. Working as a psychologist, he was employed by MIT early in his career at the Lincoln Laboratory in Lexington, Massachusetts. His marriage to Sheila Wernick ended in divorce. He was survived by his sister, Barbara Ostroff.

Peter Foster Morrison died October 30, 2014, in Kennebunk, Maine. The son of Gordon M. Morrison and Alice Blodgett Morrison, he was born April 24, 1934, in Boston, and prepared at the Choate School in Wallingford, Connecticut. At Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House, an ROTC student, and a member of the Fox Club and the Hasty Pudding. He received his AB in government in 1956. For four years after graduating, he served in the US Air Force. Starting out in the fields of collegiate development and fundraising,

he moved to the investment security sector. He worked as a broker for A. G. Edwards & Sons, ultimately rising to become branch manager in Hanover, New Hampshire. Outside the office, he was a former president of the Hanover Rotary Club and a warden at St. Philip's-by-the-Sea Episcopal Church, in Fortunes Rocks, Maine. In 2006, he moved with his wife to the Maine coast. He was survived by his wife of fifty years, Leta "Bunny" (Downing); three daughters, Beth McCarthy, Jennifer, and Heather; a brother, Gordon Jr.; and five grandchildren.

GORDON BRISTOL MUNSON died July 22, 2013, in Carlisle, Massachusetts. The son of Thornton Munson and Gladys Hanny Munson, he was born March 29, 1933, in Boston, and graduated from Westwood (Massachusetts) High School. At Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House and received his AB in history in 1956. He continued his education in the area, earning an MBA from Northeastern University. For more than three decades, he worked in the commercial credit departments of three Boston-based financial institutions, and he was vice president of his department at State Street Bank. During his career, he conducted seminars on commercial credit analysis and loan structuring to bankers across the country. He enjoyed many outdoor activities, especially canoeing and tennis, and was an enthusiastic piano player. He was survived by his wife, Hannelore (Haufe); two daughters, Christal Bjork and Renate Gundermann '87; a brother, Harthon; and five grandchildren.

WINTHROP CUNNINGHAM NEILSON III died of cancer October 3, 2014, in West Chester, Pennsylvania. The son of Winthrop C. Neilson Jr. and Frances Fullerton Jones, he was born January 7, 1934, in New York City and prepared at the Kent School in Kent, Connecticut. At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House and a member of the D. U. Club and the Hasty Pudding; in 1956 he received his AB in English. He served in the US Army and was stationed in Stuttgart, Germany for two years. Upon returning to civilian life, he entered the field of investment consulting, becoming a principal at Georgeson & Company and later a vice president at D. F. King & Company. In 1991 he joined with his wife to found a consulting firm, which the couple ran for fourteen years. A voluminous writer on investor topics, he was a board member of the National Investor Relations Institute. He also served as an adjunct professor for New York University. His first marriage, to Ilse Rossenbeck, ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife of thirty years, Demaris (King); three daughters, Luise, Victoria, and Whitney; a stepdaughter, Demaris Hetrick; a stepson, Norman Hetrick; two sisters, Kaleen Fullilove and Eclipse; and seven grandchildren.

JOHN JOSEPH NICOLORO died June 4, 2015, in Baldwin Park, California. The son of Michael J. Nicoloro and Mary Sebelia Nicoloro, he was born July 21, 1933, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He left Harvard after freshman year. In

his professional life, he had a lengthy career with the City of Los Angeles, California, as a construction inspector and rose to a supervisory role. He retired in 1995; nine years later, he was elected to the town council serving three local communities. He remained a member of the council until his death. He was a Little League coach and religious education teacher in his church, and he volunteered in the role of Santa Claus at community events for many years. He was survived by his wife of fifty-three years, Lucy; two daughters, Christina and Nancy; two sons, Michael and John; two brothers, Paul and Michael; and eight grandchildren.

James Richard Nolen died September 21, 2011, in Ware, Massachusetts. The son of James Nolen and Katherine Dillon Nolen, he was born April 17, 1933, in Holyoke, Massachusetts, and prepared at Deerfield Academy. A resident of Kirkland House and a member of Pi Eta at Harvard, he received his AB in 1956. He went on to earn an MS from Columbia in 1958 and an LLB from Portia Law School (now New England Law | Boston) in 1965. For many years he had a solo legal practice in Ware; he also served as a state representative in the Massachusetts legislature for two decades. He enjoyed travel and sports. He was survived by his wife, Janet (LaLiberte); six sons, Patrick, Michael, Andrew, Robert, Timothy, and Christopher; two sisters, Judith Crimmins and Mary McGrath; and one grandchild. His first wife, Katherine McNerney, died in 1975.

Daniel Joseph O'Connell died of Alzheimer's disease on October 26, 2015, in Framingham, Massachusetts. The son of Daniel O'Connell and Edith Kennedy O'Connell, he was born November 29, 1933, in Lowell, Massachusetts, and spent his childhood in Boston. He left Harvard after freshman year to transfer to the US Naval Academy. After graduation he served as a surface warfare officer on destroyers across the world. He was also stationed at the Pentagon on several occasions. He earned a master's in computer science from the Navy Postgraduate School in 1969 and later helped introduce computer integration systems to the joint warfare commands in Vietnam. He received a Navy Commendation Medal and a Joint Service Commendation Medal. Ultimately he returned to the US Naval Academy to serve as the assistant director of management. He remained active in retirement, working at Harvard Business School, Wang Labs, and the Massachusetts Department of Transportation. He was survived by his wife, Sheila (O'Connor); two daughters, Carole and Ellen; four sons, Daniel, William, Richard, and Mark; and eight grandchildren.

Eric Oddleifson died June 19, 2011, in Cohasset, Massachusetts. He was born April 16, 1935, in Rochester, New York, and prepared at St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire. While at Harvard he was a resident of Kirkland House and a member of the Bach Society, the Fly Club, and the Hasty Pudding. He received his AB, cum laude, in 1956. Later he returned to Harvard and completed an MBA in 1963. For several decades, he pursued a career in

asset management. He was an early proponent of investment in sustainable timber businesses, an outgrowth of his experience researching agricultural development at Arthur D. Little, a consulting firm. A passionate supporter of arts education, and especially music education, he was a longtime trustee of the Walnut Hill School for the Arts in Natick, Massachusetts, and cofounded Arts | Learning, a local nonprofit. He was himself an accomplished clarinetist and played in a number of local ensembles. He was survived by his wife of fifty years, Janna (Martin); two daughters, Katrin Robertson and Christina; a son, Eric; a brother, Peter; and five grandchildren.

DONALD EUGENE PARROTT of Thousand Oaks, California, died May 14, 2011. He was born February 11, 1933, in Dayton, Ohio. As a student at Harvard, he was a member of Dudley House before earning his AB. He completed an MBA at Pace University in 1972. He worked for General Electric Company early in his career, and at his retirement he was manager of aerospace business operation systems at Hughes Aircraft Company. The Class has no information as to his surviving family; in the Fortieth Report he listed a wife of forty-one years, Mary (Crouch).

WAYNE C. PATON died January 1, 2014. He was born June 25, 1936. At Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House, a member of the Glee Club, and a founding member of the Gilbert and Sullivan Players. He received his AB, cum laude in classics with the Class in 1956. After completing an MA at Columbia in 1960, he moved to London to research Henry James. In 1963 he appointed to the faculty at the University of Leeds, and he taught there for nearly four decades before retiring in 1998. Fluent in French and literate in Italian, German, and Russian, he possessed a broad comparative knowledge and taught multiple areas of literature. The Class has no information on his surviving family.

FRANCIS WILLIAM "RIP" PERKINS died of Parkinson's disease July 26, 2014, in Boulder, Colorado. He was born June 27, 1934, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and prepared at the Loomis School, in Windsor, Connecticut. (The nickname Rip came from a boyhood affinity for sleeping in. It was short for Rip Van Winkle.) At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House and a member of St. Paul Church, the Hasty Pudding, the Phoenix Club, and the yearbook staff. He received his AB, cum laude in physics, in 1956. Afterwards he continued his education at Cornell, earning his PhD in 1964. His distinguished career included a lengthy tenure at the Princeton Plasma Physics Laboratory (PPPL), which conducted work on fusion theory. During his career at PPPL, he was head of the theory department; leader of a team responsible for the initial design of ITER, an international nuclear fusion research project based in France; and a member of the so-called JASON group of scientists, which advises the US government on security issues. He was survived by his wife, Harolyn (King); a daughter, Katherine '92; two sons, John '85 and Thomas '89; a sister; and six grandchildren.

Daniel Pierce died July 4, 2014, in Bar Harbor, Maine. The son of Roger and Ruth Eliot Pierce, and the great-grandson of Harvard president Charles William Eliot, he was born March 18, 1934, in Boston, and prepared at Milton Academy. At Harvard he was a resident of Winthrop House, a member of the hockey team, the *Crimson*, the Hasty Pudding, and the A. D. Club. He received his AB in 1956 and began a career with the investment firm Scudder, Stevens & Clark. For forty years, he rose through the company ranks, eventually becoming chairman. A generous philanthropist, he devoted time to many causes, especially education and conservation projects, and often offered financial advice. He enjoyed sailing, raising chickens, and hand-lining for cod with his children. In retirement he moved year-round to the family summer home of many years on Mount Desert Island, in Maine. He was survived by his wife of fifty-nine years, May "Polly" (Harding); a daughter, Sara; three sons, Daniel Jr., Matthew '83, and Samuel '90; and eleven grandchildren.

Robert S Pirie died of a stroke on January 15, 2015, in New York, New York. The son of Robert Skirving Pirie and Mary Elizabeth Borden Pirie, he was born May 8, 1934, in Chicago, Illinois, and prepared at the Hotchkiss School, in Lakeville, Connecticut. At Harvard he was a member of Dudley House, an ROTC student, and a member of the Signet Society and Lincoln's Inn. He received his AB in 1956. After serving in the US Army he returned to Harvard and completed his LLB in 1962. His work in corporate law, specifically mergers and acquisitions, led to his selection as the president and chief executive of the Rothschild investment bank in 1982. Later he became senior managing director of Bear Stearns & Company. He was an active supporter of the Democratic Party and served as deputy campaign manager for Senator Eugene McCarthy's 1968 presidential bid; this experience, and later political activity, landed him on President Richard Nixon's so-called enemies list. As an undergraduate, he became enamored of Elizabethan literature and poetry at the Houghton Library, and he began acquiring his own rare volumes while in the US Army in Europe. He eventually amassed a collection numbering in the thousands, containing such works as a Shakespeare's Second Folio, one of three known copies of Francis Bacon's *Essays*, and many rare publications by John Donne. His marriage to Deirdre Howard '59 ended in divorce in 2000. He was survived by a daughter, Sophie '83; a son, John; a sister, Joan Leclerc (EdM '75); and four grandchildren. Another daughter, Amanda, died in 1997.

Peter Ignatius Piston died January 24, 2012, in Farmingdale, Maine. The son of Anthony Piston and Florence LaPerch Piston, he was born May 17, 1932, in Norwood, Massachusetts, and prepared at Boston College High School. He left the Class after one year and attended Boston College, later training as a draftsman. He was a veteran of the US Army, having served in the Korean War. In 1968 he moved from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Waldoboro, Maine,

to run his family's farm and work at Marine Colloids Inc. He was an avid photographer who also loved the ocean and boats, and he took great pleasure in sailing on Penobscot Bay. He was survived by two daughters, Gretchen Ogden and Rebecca; two sisters, Florence Craig and Leona Hatfield; and a brother, Thomas.

ROBERT ALEXANDER PROVOST JR. died of pulmonary complications on December 15, 2012, in Boston, Massachusetts. Born May 11, 1934, in Medford, Massachusetts, he graduated from Arlington (Massachusetts) High School. At Harvard he was a member of Dudley House and St. Paul Church. In 1956 he received his AB in biochemistry. He attended medical school at Tufts University, and earned his MD in 1960. During the Vietnam War he served in a surgical unit of the US Army. He practiced medicine as an orthopedic surgeon for decades, in the town of Lexington, where he lived, and at Mount Auburn Hospital in Cambridge. A pioneer in the use of arthroscopic knee surgery in the Boston area, he served as team doctor for many of the sports teams at Lexington High School. He loved to play tennis and won Lexington's town tournament several times. He and his family had a special affection for Martha's Vineyard, where they had a second home. He was survived by his wife of fifty-four years, Cynthia (Hutchinson); a daughter, Michelle Gelnaw; two sons, Robert III and David; two sisters, Nancy Collins and Margaret Dwyer; two brothers, Neil and David; and ten grandchildren.

BENIGNO FRANCISCO QUINTANA died March 29, 2005, in Puerto Rico. He was born January 7, 1935. At Harvard he lived in Adams House and was a member of St. Paul Church. He received his AB, magna cum laude in government, in 1956. Continuing his education at the University of Puerto Rico, he completed his MD in 1960. He went on to practice medicine in Puerto Rico. The Class has no further information regarding his career or surviving family.

PHILIPPE DANIEL RADLEY died November 17, 2015, in Danbury, Connecticut. Born March 14, 1935, in Paris, France, he was the son of Les Radley and the fashion designer Pauline Trigère. At Harvard he lived in Eliot House and was involved with Friends of Hillel; he received his AB, magna cum laude in Slavic languages and literatures, in 1956. He remained at Harvard to complete an MA in 1959 and a PhD in 1965. For some time he pursued a career in corporate law. He was survived by his wife, Melanie; a daughter, Karen Jeanne; and a brother, Jean Pierre.

PAUL STEPHEN ROSENTHAL died February 19, 2015, in Newton, Massachusetts. He was born in March 10, 1935, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. At Harvard he was a resident of Leverett House and a member of the track team, receiving his AB in applied sciences in 1956. The Class has no information on his career. He was survived by his wife, Cynthia "Shae" (Shepatin); two daughters, Deborah and Marjorie '89; a son, James '85; a sister, Jane Stein; a brother, David '59; and six grandchildren.

Richard Julius Peter Rottenstein died October 25, 2013, in Coronado, California. He was born October 3, 1935, in Mexico City and while at Harvard was a resident of Leverett House. The Class has no information regarding his career. He was survived by his wife, Joyleen (Schnitzer); a daughter, Alissa; and a son, Max.

David Royce died of cancer April 4, 2014, in Greenwich, Connecticut. The son of Edward Royce and Nancy Reyna, he was born July 18, 1931, in Rochester, New York. While at Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House and a member of the Lowell House Opera Group. His undergraduate studies interrupted by army service in the Korean War, he nonetheless received his AB in government with the Class in 1956. A gifted artist, he was also a cartoonist for the *Crimson*, and subsequently drew caricatures of every *Crimson* president; these portraits now hang on the walls of the newsroom. As an undergraduate, he earned a measure of notoriety by scaling the *Lampoon*'s building and stealing the copper ibis from its roof; in a stab at Cold War diplomacy, *Crimson* editors later presented the metallic bird to the Soviet Union's deputy ambassador to the United States. A well-known figure in the town of Westport, Connecticut, where he lived for forty-five years, he was a vocal participant at town hall meetings, an energetic letter writer, and a frequent activist at weekly peace vigils. For some time, he also wrote a column for the local paper. In the 1970s he persuaded the town to repurpose a closed school as the new town hall. He was survived by his wife of forty-six years, Nina (Marcus); a daughter, Cassandra Lall; two sons, Zachary and Peter; a brother, Fred Todd; a sister, Nan Lowden; and one grandchild.

Charles William Rusch died September 10, 2015. The son of John and Hazel Rusch, he was born January 24, 1934, in Dixon, Illinois, and prepared at Middlesex School in Concord, Massachusetts. A resident of Lowell House at Harvard, he was an ROTC student and a member of the Hasty Pudding and Bat Club. He earned an AB in social relations in 1956. After graduation he served with the US Navy as an aviator. Later he enrolled at the University of California, Berkeley, School of Architecture and earned a BArch and an MArch. He then joined the faculty of the School of Architecture and Urban Planning at the University of California, Los Angeles. In 1971 he initiated a project called Mobile Open Classrooms that sought to teach students by taking them off campus to places like newspaper headquarters, fish-packing plants, and nearby deserts. Seven years later, he moved to the University of Oregon, where he pioneered the use of computers in architecture design studios. A firm supporter of sustainability, he hiked and biked throughout the world. He was also a skilled photographer; among other memories and mementoes, he left behind an extensive collection of family and nature photos. He was survived by his wife, Juvata (Black); two daughters, Laren and Leslie; a sister, Rachel; a brother, John; and six grandchildren. A son, Jeff, died in February 2015.

WILLIAM BARCLAY RUSSELL died March 18, 2011, in Falmouth, Maine. He was born August 27, 1933, in Newton, Massachusetts, to Gordon and Virginia Luce Russell; he prepared at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts. While at Harvard he lived in Eliot House and was an ROTC student. He belonged to the Hasty Pudding and the Spee Club and received his AB in 1956. After graduation he then launched a business career that spanned more than four decades. He worked in commercial lending at State Street Bank and rose to become president and CEO of both Fifty Associates, the oldest real estate trust in the nation, and New England Cablevision. He loved to travel and also devoted himself to numerous organizations related to education, conservation, and financial empowerment. He was survived by his wife of forty-seven years, Anne (Hildreth); two daughters, Jennifer Mahoney and Sarah Reynolds; a son, William Jr.; and seven grandchildren.

WILLIAM ABDELNOUR SAMAHA died January 16, 2013, in Lawrence, Massachusetts. The son of Abdelnour and Madeline Samaha, he was born July 9, 1932, in Plymouth, New Hampshire, and attended Plymouth High School and Worcester Academy. He left Harvard to enlist in the US Army and serve in the Korean War. After his discharge he attended the University of Vermont and embarked on a business career in the footwear industry. First working at his father-in-law's shoe business in Haverhill, Massachusetts, he came to operate several of his own small companies, including one that produced materials used in US military combat boots. He was an avid fly fisherman all his life. He was survived by his wife of fifty-one years, Margaret (Arakelian); two sons, Peter and Mark; a sister, Victoria Ames; and four grandchildren.

HERBERT EDWARD SAWIN II, of Traverse City, Michigan, died August 27, 2013. The son of Edward A. Sawin and Ethel Sawin Comfort, he was born August 1, 1934, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and prepared at Choate School in Wallingford, Connecticut. A resident of Dunster House while at Harvard, he was a member of the track and cross-country teams and the Glee Club. In 1956 he received his AB in Romance languages and literature. He completed an MBA at the University of Pennsylvania in 1961. During his business career he worked as a certified public accountant and later as a stockbroker. He enjoyed an active retirement, spending time on Michigan's Torch Lake. He loved singing and was in many choral groups throughout his life. He was a longtime, devoted supporter of Alcoholics Anonymous and felt a special dedication to helping others in the program as a sponsor. A first marriage, to Susan Comstock, ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife of twenty-four years, Patricia (Comins); a daughter, Susan Hamilton; three sons, Herbert III, David, and Gregory; two stepdaughters, Kimberley Fornof and Tamara Byrnes; a stepson, Scott Byrnes; a sister, Barbara Kasch Stickley; a stepbrother, David Comfort; and five grandchildren.

Lawrence Charles Schine of Delray Beach, Florida, died April 21, 2013. He was born September 12, 1934, in Bridgeport, Connecticut. While at Harvard he was a resident of Winthrop House, a member of the Pi Eta Club, and a biology concentrator; he received his AB in 1956. He attended medical school at the University of Vermont, completing his MD in 1960. After a lengthy career in medicine as an internist in private practice, he retired to the Berkshire region of Massachusetts. He was a passionate golfer. He was survived by three children, Peter, Denise, and Andy; a sister, Susan Angelico; and four grandchildren.

George Easton Senkler II died of cancer on January 16, 2014, in Carlisle, Massachusetts. The son of Albert E. and Susan W. Senkler, he was born August 9, 1934, in St. Paul, Minnesota, and prepared at the Middlesex School in Concord, Massachusetts. While at Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House and a member of the yearbook staff, the D. U. Club, and the Hasty Pudding. He received his AB in economics in 1956. For three years he served in the US Army's counterintelligence unit in Germany. He and his wife settled in Carlisle for the next thirty-two years. In 1963 he joined Concord Lumber, his stepfather's lumber and hardware company. He led the business through decades of sustained growth, and, before retiring in 2001, he established an employee ownership structure that transferred ownership of the company to its 130 employees. A lover of travel, he journeyed with his wife to many parts of the world, especially enjoying the Mediterranean and the Alps. During retirement, he deepened a passion for opera and also spent many days at a vacation property in central Vermont, where he loved to hike, ski, and build a model railroad with his grandson. He was active in community organizations and served as president of the Rotary Club and chamber of commerce in Carlisle. He was survived by his wife, Brigitte (Laubvogel); four daughters, Susan, Elisabeth, Heidi, and Jennifer; and one grandchild. A son, George III, predeceased him.

George James Shaka died September 7, 2015, in Goffstown, New Hampshire. The son of James J. Shaka and Rita Hondromitrou Shaka, he was born May 11, 1934, in Manchester, New Hampshire, and graduated from Manchester Central High School. At Harvard he lived in Kirkland House and received his AB, cum laude in biochemical sciences, in 1956. He continued his education at Harvard, completing his MD in 1960. He served in the US Air Force medical corps and reached the rank of captain. He established a private psychiatry practice while also working at Concord Mental Health as its medical director. Later he was on the staff of other mental health organizations in southern New Hampshire. He enjoyed landscape gardening and belonged to a society that supported his family's Greek hometown, Fourka. His first marriage, to Carol Brown, ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife of thirty-nine years, Teresa (Wirtz); three daughters, Heidi Zeras, Robin Yirinec, and Katherine; four sons, Andrew, John, Eric, and Justin; and three grandchildren.

JULIAN DAVID SHUCHTER died September 2, 2014, in State College, Pennsylvania. The son of Samuel Shuchter and Betty Heifetz Shuchter, he was born July 8, 1934, in Cincinnati, Ohio, and graduated from Walnut Hills High School in Cincinnati. After high school he served in the US Army. A resident of Kirkland House and a member of the Signet Society while at Harvard, he received his AB, magna cum laude in English, in 1956. He continued his studies at the University of California, Berkeley, completing both his MA and PhD in English. He taught at the University of Colorado, Boulder, and Penn State University, and at Boulder he started a theater company, Whitsun Productions. More recently, in the 1990s, he founded the Next Stage Theater Company in State College, Pennsylvania, and served as co-artistic-director until his death. A first marriage, to Jeanne Siphron, ended in divorce. He was survived by a daughter, Katherine Burke; two sons, David and Edward; two stepsons, Terry Wight and Henry Wight; and one grandchild.

ARTHUR GRANT SILER died of Parkinson's disease April 29, 2013, in Boston, Massachusetts. He was born April 8, 1935, in Porterville, California, and graduated from Acalanes Union High School in Lafayette, California. At Harvard he was a resident of Winthrop House, captain of the track team, and a member of the Hasty Pudding, Crimson Key Society, and Phi Beta Kappa. He received his AB, magna cum laude in history, in 1956. He spent two years at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar before earning an LLB at Harvard Law School in 1960. After two years at Brandeis University, he spent the remainder of his career with the Boston law firm of Ropes & Gray, where he retired as a partner in 1999. He was survived by his wife, Sandra (Mogil); a daughter, Juliet Eastland '90; a brother, James; and two grandchildren. A son, Thomas, died in childhood.

PETER SIMOGLOU died July 26, 2015, in Watertown, Massachusetts. The son of Nicholas Simoglou and Olga Frantzpoulou Simoglou, he was born November 18, 1933, in Boston. At Harvard he was a member of Dudley House and received his AB, cum laude in history, in 1956. He earned an MLS from Simmons College and worked at the Boston Public Library and at Northern Essex Community College in Haverhill, Massachusetts. He took pride in his Greek Orthodox heritage and possessed a deep knowledge of the Greek classics. He was survived by a twin sister, Elaine Kotsifas, and a brother, Andrew.

ROBERT FRANKLIN SKIDMORE died December 10, 2014, in Clearwater, Florida. He was born October 31, 1933. While at Harvard, he lived in Lowell House and earned an AB in social relations with the Class in 1956. He pursued a career in real estate. The Class has no further information on his career or surviving family.

NOBLE SMITH died December 2, 2013, in Augusta, Maine. The son of George Noble Ricker and Elizabeth Brackett Alsberg, he was born July 21, 1933,

in Marblehead, Massachusetts, and attended Marblehead High School and Governor Dummer Academy, in Byfield, Massachusetts. A resident of Leverett House at Harvard, he was an ROTC student and a member of the swim team and the Hasty Pudding. In 1956 received his AB in anthropology. He went on to earn an MA in social anthropology from the University of Pennsylvania, and served as a lieutenant in the navy. After working at the university and the Philadelphia Museum of Art, he became a consultant to nonprofit organizations, offering advice on development and long-term strategy. He was survived by his wife of fifty-five years, Margaret "Bertie" (Stafford); two daughters, Sarah van der Steur and Charlotte; a son, Alastair; three stepdaughters, Tracy Blair, Brooke Blair, and Paige Levatino; two brothers, Michael and Timothy; seven grandchildren; and seven step-grandchildren.

Rex Jackson Snodgrass died February 22, 2015, in Asheville, North Carolina. The son of Raymond and Helen Snodgrass, he was born February 24, 1934, in St. Louis, Missouri, and graduated from Washington-Lee High School in Arlington, Virginia. At Harvard he was a resident of Winthrop House and a member of the track team; he received his AB in applied sciences in 1956. He continued his education at the University of Maryland, College Park, completing an MS and a PhD in physics. For a significant portion of his career, he worked for the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration as an experimental physicist, eventually becoming deputy director. He was also involved in education, teaching senior citizens at the University of North Carolina, Asheville, and Sunday school at Grace Covenant Presbyterian Church. A lover of sports, he especially enjoyed tennis, sailing, and skiing. He was survived by his wife, Denise (DeLeeuw); a daughter, Heather Murphy; a son, Ryan; a sister, Jill Over; and two grandchildren.

Joseph Jerome Stein died February 25, 2015, in Hewlett, New York. He was born July 9, 1934. At Harvard he was a resident of Adams House and an ROTC student. He received his AB in history in 1956 and completed an MBA at Columbia in 1960. After graduation he pursued a career in finance and was a board member of his local temple in Lynbrook, New York. He was survived by his wife, Carolyn (Abraham); a daughter, Fredda Siegel; a son, Andrew; and four grandchildren.

Daniel Norman Stern died of heart failure November 12, 2012, in Geneva, Switzerland. He was born August 16, 1934, in New York, New York, and graduated from Great Neck (New York) High School. At Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House and received his AB in biochemical sciences in 1956. He went on to earn an MD from Albert Einstein College of Medicine in the Bronx, New York. In 1961 he was a "freedom rider" in the South and then spent three years engaged in psychopharmacology research at the National Institutes

of Health. After deciding to specialize in psychiatry, he did his residency at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons and trained in psychoanalysis. His academic research focused on the relationship between babies and mothers and contributed significantly to the field of early childhood development. He wrote seven books, including *The Interpersonal World of the Infant*, *Diary of a Baby*, and *The First Relationship: Infant and Mother*, and published hundreds of articles. He was survived by his third wife, Nadia (Bruschweiler); three daughters, Maria, Kaia (MTS '99), and Alice; two sons, Michael and Adrien; a sister, Ronnie Chalif; and twelve grandchildren.

KENNETH GIRVAN SWAN died March 22, 2014, in South Orange, New Jersey. He was born October 2, 1934, in White Plains, New York, and graduated from Scarsdale (New York) High School. At Harvard he was a resident of Kirkland House and a member of the Hasty Pudding and Sigma Alpha Epsilon. He received his AB, cum laude in history and science, in 1956. Continuing his education at Cornell University Medical College, he earned his MD in 1960. His residency in general and cardiothoracic surgery was at New York Hospital. In 1968 he was shipped to Vietnam for the first of three tours of duty with the US Army. A combat surgeon with an expertise in the treatment of gunshot wounds, he earned the Bronze Star with two oak leaf clusters and attained the rank of colonel. Between tours he served as director of surgery at Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, DC. He remained active in the army reserve for the next two decades and was recalled to active duty during Operation Desert Storm, when he served in Saudi Arabia; he was the recipient of the Legion of Merit. After retiring from the military, he was a member of the faculty of Rutgers New Jersey Medical School for more than forty years. A specialist in vascular, thoracic, and trauma surgery, he published over three hundred articles and wrote two textbooks. He was also a key figure in the development of a trauma center in Newark, New Jersey. He was survived by his wife of fifty years, Betsy (Capwell); two daughters, Stephanie Barbagiovanni and Deborah Wright; a son, Kenneth Jr.; a brother, Bruce; and seven grandchildren.

ROBERT ATHERTON THAYER died April 5, 2012, in Fall River, Massachusetts. The son of Victor G. Thayer and Hallie Mae Glover Thayer, he was born April 11, 1934, in Charleston, West Virginia, and prepared at Tower Hill School in Wilmington, Delaware. At Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House and received his AB in history in 1956. He moved to Chicago to attend McCormick Theological Seminary and was ordained as a Presbyterian minister in 1960. Later in the decade, however, he chose to become a minister in the Unitarian Universalist Church. Over the next forty years, he ministered to congregations in communities across eastern Massachusetts and volunteered as a chaplain at a county prison facility. His first wife, Pamela, died in 1991; they had been married thirty-four years. He was survived by his wife of sixteen years, Mary-Ellen Tunney; two daughters, Stephanie Pires and Jenifer; a son, Robert; two stepsons, Patrick Whittle and James Whittle; and five grandchildren.

ARTHUR WATTLES TICKNOR died September 29, 2015, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He was born October 20, 1934, in Englewood, New Jersey, and prepared at the Englewood School for Boys, in Englewood, New Jersey. At Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House, an ROTC student, and a member of the Delphic Club and the rugby team. He received his AB in applied sciences in 1956. After working as an engineer for several years, he returned to Harvard, where he completed an MBA in 1962. He then moved to Pittsburgh to join Union Switch and Signal, which was a division of Westinghouse Air Brake Company. He became president, CEO, and eventually chairman of US&S before retiring in 1991. Afterwards he spent more than a decade as executive-in-residence for technology management in the MBA program at Duquesne University and served for nineteen years on the board of a special-needs nonprofit, Pressley Ridge. He and his family enjoyed hiking, biking, and canoeing at their camp in the Adirondacks and were avid skiers. He was survived by his wife of fifty-five years, Mary "Mandy" (Hammond); three sons, Samuel, Arthur, and Robert; a daughter, Margaret Wolf; and twelve grandchildren.

EDGAR GRAHAM WARD died May 23, 2012, in Quissett, Massachusetts. The son of Harry Graham Ward Jr. and Mabel McCallum Ward, he was born January 14, 1935, in Boston, and prepared at Noble and Greenough School in Dedham. At Harvard he was a resident of Winthrop House and a member of the D. U. Club and Phi Beta Kappa; he received his AB, magna cum laude in English, in 1956. The following year, he earned an AM in English at Harvard. After serving in the US Army, he embarked on a career in education. He taught at the Peddie School in New Jersey and Phillips Exeter Academy before joining the faculty of the Brooks School in North Andover, Massachusetts. There he was head of the English department and coached wrestling. He was coauthor of a textbook series and also wrote a biography of Frank Ashburn, the founder of the Brooks School. After thirty-three years at Brooks, he retired in 1997 and devoted time to his love of boating and fishing. He was survived by his wife of forty-eight years, Maria (Cooper); two daughters, Cordelia Russell '88 and Grace Slosberg; a stepdaughter, Catherine Schilling; a stepson, John Friedlander; and four grandchildren.

OLIVER OSTERGREN WARD died of heart failure September 20, 2011, in Sunapee, New Hampshire. He was born May 31, 1935, in Baltimore, Maryland, and prepared at Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts. A resident of Leverett House at Harvard, he was a member of the Hasty Pudding and the Iroquois Club, and he received his AB with the Class in 1956. He completed an LLB at the University of Virginia and entered the practice of law. He left the practice of law in 1972 to cofound Germanium Power Devices, a manufacturer of precision electronic components, and served as its president for decades. He was survived by his wife, Ann (Richards), and three sons, Scobie '89, Rufus, and Ethan.

WILLIAM CONRAD WEITZEL JR. died of cancer January 20, 2014, in Cornish, New Hampshire. The son of William C. and Pauline Weitzel, he was born December 6, 1935, in Washington, DC. At Harvard he was a resident of Winthrop House and a member of the band; he received his AB, magna cum laude in government, in 1956. He continued his education at Harvard, earning an LLB in 1959, and entered the workforce as an assistant US attorney in Washington, DC. Then, in 1977, he joined Texaco, where we served as the lead litigation attorney before becoming general counsel. In this capacity, he presided over the largest US corporate legal case up to that point, a lawsuit in which Pennzoil disputed Texaco's right to purchase Getty Oil. (A jury ruled in favor of Pennzoil in 1985, and the two firms settled for $3 billion after appeals.) Weitzel rose to senior vice president of Texaco before leaving in 1990 to join Cummings & Lockwood, a Connecticut firm. He served as a trustee of the Center for American and International Law, director of the Association of General Counsel, and a vestryman of his local Episcopalian church. He was a former regional director of the Harvard Alumni Association and a past president of the Harvard Club of Fairfield County, Connecticut. He was survived by his wife of thirty-five years, Loretta (Leveck); a daughter, Sarah Farrell; three sons, William III '90, PhD '99, Richard '92, JD '95, and Andrew; and six grandchildren.

THOMAS CONOVER WHITE died of cancer on September 29, 2015, in Colebrook, Connecticut. He was born in Boston in 1935, the son of Benjamin V. White and Charlotte Conover White. He grew up in Maryland and Connecticut and prepared at Phillips Exeter Academy. A Leverett House resident and member of the Hasty Pudding Club while at Harvard, he received his AB in anthropology in 1956. For two years he served in the army at Walter Reed Hospital, where he specialized in neuropsychiatric conditions and treatments. Afterwards he returned to Harvard to earn an LLB in 1962. For several decades, he worked as a lawyer in Connecticut, ultimately in solo practice. He also had a two-year stint as the state insurance commissioner. He loved sailing in Nantucket Sound and Nova Scotia. An amateur naturalist, he especially enjoyed searching for reptiles. He was survived by his second wife, Penelope Foster; three daughters, Lisa, Molly Herzog '85, and Elizabeth White; a son, Thomas; a sister, Charlotte Cowan; and three brothers, James AM '61, LLB '64, Benjamin '63, MAT '70, and Richard.

DAVID WHITNEY died of complications of Lewy body dementia June 13, 2012, in Warrington, Pennsylvania. The son of David Marshall Whitney Jr. and Eugenie Carhartt Davis, he was born October 13, 1934, in Detroit, Michigan, and prepared at Phillips Exeter Academy. While at Harvard he was a resident of Lowell House and a member of the Phoenix Club and the Hasty Pudding. He received his AB in English in 1956 and earned an MBA from the University

of Pennsylvania two years later. He had a lengthy career in the pharmaceutical industry, working in sales and marketing at McKeeson and Pfizer. Later, as director of new business development at Union Carbide, he guided the research and development team that developed the first viable titanium hip replacement. His marriages to Jean Harris and Janice Goold ended in divorce. He was survived by his wife of twenty-three years, Penelope (Kaiser); his stepfather, Leverett Davis; two daughters, Daren Stevenson and Neile; two sons, David and Robert; three sisters, Judith Cooney Gardner, Suzanne Cooney Phillips, and Bethine; a brother, Leverett Davis Jr.; and five grandchildren.

Frederick John Willman died January 13, 2013, in Washington, DC. The son of Elias and Lillian Willman, he was born February 19, 1934, in East Orange, New Jersey, and graduated from Columbia High School in Maplewood, New Jersey. At Harvard he lived in Lowell House and was a member of the Democratic Club. He received his AB, cum laude in history, in 1956. He worked for newspapers and radio stations in New York before moving to Wisconsin in the early 1970s, where he became a freelance writer. He also worked in public relations at the Chicago office of Hill & Knowlton and at IBM as a speechwriter. His wife, Joann (Osborn), died in 2001. He was survived by a daughter, Juliette Wynne; a son, Benjamin; a sister, Kathy Holusha; a brother, James; and four grandchildren.

Kenneth Lee Williamson died of cancer August 21, 2015. He was born April 13, 1934, in Tarentum, Pennsylvania, and graduated from Oakwood High School, in Dayton, Ohio. At Harvard he lived in Adams House and earned his AB, cum laude, in chemistry in 1956. After receiving a PhD from the University of Wisconsin and spending a postdoctoral year at Stanford University, he joined the faculty at Mount Holyoke College in 1961 and taught there until his retirement in 1999. He was a specialist on the insulin molecule and the author of *Organic Experiments*, a college chemistry textbook. He was a talented craftsman whose antique-style cabinets were featured in a national woodworking magazine. He was also interested in Massachusetts history and belonged to several local organizations. He was survived by three children, Christopher, Tania, and Kevin, and two grandchildren. His wife, Louise (Hoerner), died in May 2015.

Kenneth Geddes Wilson died of cancer on June 15, 2013, in Saco, Maine. The son of Edgar Bright Wilson SD '83 and Emily Buckingham Wilson, he was born June 8, 1936, in Waltham, Massachusetts, and prepared at the George School in Middletown Township, Pennsylvania. He entered Harvard at age sixteen. He was a resident of Lowell House and a member of the track team, Pierian Sodality, and Phi Beta Kappa, receiving his AB, magna cum laude in mathematics, in 1956. He earned his PhD at the California Institute of Technology in 1961 and did postdoctoral work at Harvard and at CERN, in

Geneva, Switzerland. In 1963 he joined the faculty of Cornell University as a physics professor and began the research on phase transitions that would earn him the Nobel Prize in Physics in 1982. He was also a pioneer in the use of supercomputers in complex physics calculations. His later research focused on quantum field theory. In 1988 he moved to Ohio State University, with which he remained associated until his retirement in 2008. He and his wife moved to Maine in 1995. He was survived by his wife, Alison Brown; his stepmother, Thérèse; a sister, Nina Cornell; a half-sister, Anne Goldizen; a brother, David '61; and two half-brothers, Paul and Steven.

RICHARD MICHAEL WYLIE died September 11, 2012, in Takoma Park, Maryland, of cardiac arrest. The son of Francis W. Wylie and Elizabeth Johnson Wylie, he was born June 17, 1934, in Louisville, Kentucky, and graduated from Hingham (Massachusetts) High School. At Harvard he was a resident of Dunster House and received his AB, cum laude in biology, in 1956. He continued his education at Harvard, earning an AM in 1958 and a PhD in neurophysiology in 1962. This course of study led to a career in medical research with the federal government. He spent most of his professional life in the neuroscience department at Walter Reed Hospital Army Institute of Research, in Washington, DC. He was an avid outdoorsman and an activist for social justice, animal welfare, and environmental causes. In 1968 he was selected as an alternate delegate to the Democratic National Convention from the State of New York. He was survived by a brother, David, and his former wife, Mary (Sykes).

Harvard '56 Past Eighty

Introduction and Highlights

The Class of 1956—now past eighty! Every five years since our Tenth Reunion in 1966, we have explored elements of "Who are we now?" and "What are our views of our past, present, and future?" These include our personal and professional lives, our attitudes on political and social issues, some of our satisfactions and dissatisfactions, our views of Harvard, and our overall reflections on our lives. Almost 52 percent of us responded to this year's version of the Confidential Survey, which was first conducted fifty years ago. Many of the questions remain the same—but not all the answers!

Here are some of the principal themes of the findings.

Our communal focus seems to have shifted to grandchildren (and, for some, great-grandchildren). Not surprisingly, we have more of them now than ever before, and our comments (in the Report) dwell on them considerably.

For H'56, marital stability still reigns. Some 83 percent of us are married, over 57 percent to our first wives. And many of the latter are half-century marriages (or more).

Home for us is still mostly in a large city (30 percent) or suburb (33 percent). Over 90 percent say they own our primary residences, with almost 40 percent reporting ownership of a second home. More are downsizing: over the past ten years, almost 30 percent say they have downsized and about 13 percent have moved to a "retirement" location. About 80 percent say they live in the same city or town as five years ago.

"Retired" now describes the employment status of 66 percent of us—seven percentage points more than in 2011. And even more of us expect to be retired in five years. However three-quarters of those not yet retired say they will still be working five years from now. And a hard-core contingent label their retirement date as "never." Separately, over half of us are currently involved in volunteer work. Among our wives (not all of whom are our age), some 17 percent are in full- or part-time paid work, and 18 percent in full- or part-time volunteer work (separate questions).

Our lives seem connected to the Internet; nine of ten respondents report using it personally. Email (97 percent) dominates usage, with about two-thirds also reporting use for (each of) news, research, shopping, and financial matters. No one(!) said betting or fantasy sports was in their usage portfolio, but 10 percent "surfed."

With politics dominating US media, this year's survey encompassed past and prospective voting. Some two-thirds of us reported voting for President Obama in 2012 (29 percent for Romney); 62 percent said the candidate they

chose represented their views well. As for 2016, projected nominees (as of midwinter) were Hillary Clinton on the Democratic side and Marco Rubio on the Republican side. Trump was second. (Many of us expressed discontent about Republican candidate choices.) These were predictions, with 65 percent also expecting a Clinton victory in November (20 percent no response). She also was the widely preferred winner (52 percent, with 26 percent no response). "H'56 ELECTS HILLARY!"

Further, about 60 percent of us now consider themselves to be Democrats, matching the highest percentage we have ever reported (2011). Only 34 percent say they are Republicans.

From the many broader societal issues we explored came these selected findings:

- Almost three-quarters (74 percent) of us say, "The pace at which we are correcting social, economic and environmental wrongs in our society is too slow," slightly higher than in 2011 (72 percent).
- "The overall rewards for society are worth the price of current income taxes" reflects the view of some 75 percent of us—somewhat more than in 2011 (70 percent) and the highest "yes" judgment we have ever made.
- Terrorism is seen by 95 percent of us (67 percent strongly agree) as having "truly changed the world we knew." The biggest threats to world stability? Open-end responses focus on ISIS, radical Islam, extremists, and religious fundamentalism, but also cite Middle Eastern countries, Russia, China, and North Korea. "The good old USA" and "unrestrained capitalism" are not spared. A "Tim-tally" of open-end responses showed about half of us citing Islam-related threats, 6 percent Russia, 3 percent Iran, and 3 percent USA.

Regarding our attitudes toward Harvard, 78 percent say that their overall attitude is very (52 percent) or somewhat (26 percent) favorable—about the same as in 2011, but lower than in some previous surveys. About 70 percent of us indicate that their overall feelings have not changed in the past five years, with the reminder split evenly between "more negative" and "more positive."

Of all the critical life decisions (marriage, graduate education, first job, current work/nonwork situation), the one to which we give the largest "yes" response—84 percent—is that we would choose to "go to Harvard again."

And how about us?

- Over 92 percent of us say "we are winning the battle of living within our income"—about the same as in 2006 and 2011. And 55 percent say "it's easy." (Maybe we are adjusting our spending! . . . or what we think constitutes "winning.")

- We see our lives as more interesting compared to five years ago—over a quarter say "more interesting" and over 60 percent "about the same." Only one in ten say (or admit to?) "less interesting."
- What about our "fun quotient?" However well we may think we have done, do we think we are having fun? Yes, say 85 percent of us; only 7 percent say no, with 8 percent reporting "don't know"—a solid shared sense of fun in our lives. And 17 percent separately report having more fun now compared to five years ago; 16 percent say "less."
- Finally, how do we feel about ourselves on overall reflection? When we look in life's mirror and ask whether we think we have done about as well as we could, over three-quarters of us say, "yes, very much so" (26 percent) or "generally yes" (51 percent), with 16 percent "yes and no" and 7 percent "not really." This is about the same satisfaction level as in 2011.

So, there we are . . . "The Class of '56 past eighty"! Five years older (for those still here) than for the Fifty-fifth. More oriented to grandchildren. Continuing to downsize. Fewer (and fewer) working, but more engaged in volunteer activities. Still saying we're having fun. Leaning more Democratic politically, but "about the same" in terms of liberal and conservative. And predicting that another President Clinton, this time Hillary, is in America's future, based on H'56 views in midwinter.

An extensive report of the Confidential Survey results will be available at the Reunion, and a copy will be mailed to all classmates.

Respectfully submitted,
Stephen A. Greyser
Timothy D. Ellard

Geographical Index

ARIZONA

Cave Creek: Thomas McGrew Wheeling
Green Valley: Raymond Arthur Leiter
Lake Montezuma: John Bigelow Loveland (formerly Pell)
Maricopa: James Wynn Jacobs
Mesa: Eugene Spencer Cherry
Phoenix: Goldthwaite Higginson Dorr III
Scottsdale: Joel B. Bettigole
Sedona: W. Woodin Rowe
Sun City West: Sherman Alan Katz
Sun Lakes: Thomas Edward Williams
Tucson: Joseph A. Angelo Jr., Michael Baldwin, Hermann Karl Bleibtreu

CALIFORNIA

Alameda: Paul Candace Wright
Belvedere Tiburon: Daniel Marvin Federman
Berkeley: George Folger Canfield, Paul L. Richards
Carpinteria: Harry Peterzell Gelles
Claremont: Edmund Warner Fisher
Concord: G. Wynn Smith Jr.
El Centro: Dana Winthrop Murphy
Inverness: Thomas Williams
La Jolla: Charles Franklin Stevens
Laguna Woods: Leonard C. Dursthoff
Los Angeles: Henry Ivan Abrash, Paul F. Burger, John Michael Cornwall, Calvin B. Gross, N. Matthew Grossman, Stephen Lee Kanne, James M. Murphy, Karl I. Norris, Donald Roy Spuehler
Los Olivos: Lee Rosenberg
Menlo Park: William Brule Johnson
Mill Valley: Roger Justice Fleischmann
Mission Viejo: Michael Dean Butler
Oak Park: Sherwin L. Samuels
Oakland: James Foster Armstrong, Jacob Needleman
Orinda: Richard Marchick
Pacific Palisades: George H. Wolkon
Palm Desert: Robert Boyden McInnis
Palo Alto: Thomas Ehrlich, Alan Grundmann, Donald L. Morgan, Fred Rehmus
Palos Verdes Estate: Bruce M. Merchant
Pasadena: John Robert Rotonde
Petaluma: Donald Kimm Howard Jr., Lawrence C. Jordan
Portola Valley: John Hofman Hessel
Rancho Palos Verdes: Richard W. Hook
Riverside: Robert I. Jaspan
Sacramento: Jack Kennedy
San Carlos: John Gordon Lunn
San Diego: Bainbridge Coon, Roger Dwight Irle
San Francisco: Gary Byron Fields (formerly Fleischman), Stephen Byron Shohet
San Jose: William Ernest Claggett
San Luis Obispo: Dan H. Hinz
San Mateo: Stanhope Carl Gould
San Pedro: Kerry C. White
Santa Barbara: Arthur Charles Gossard, Timothy F. Harding, James Joseph Murray
Santa Monica: Robert E. Hinerfeld
Santa Rosa: Stephen Hopkins

Saratoga: Robert Bowman
Sherman Oaks: Charles F. Bancroft
Sonoma: Gary Earl Gathman
Stanford: Paul A. David, Gerald Ernest Paul Gillespie
Thousand Oaks: James V. Hoagland
Torrance: William Scott Munro
Woodland Hills: Martin L. Josephson

COLORADO
Boulder: Christopher Rudolph Brauchli, Peter David Noerdlinger
Castle Rock: Andy Viksne
Colorado Springs: Lindsay Edwards Fischer
Denver: James I. Gilman
Englewood: Alvin Nat Lubetkin
Estes Park: John C. Dinsmoor
Fraser: Thomas N. Urban
Greenwood Village: Kenneth Dean Hubbard
Ignacio: Donald Reid Ackerman
Longmont: Thomas Blake Kent
Silverthorne: Donald Langmuir

CONNECTICUT
Avon: Joseph William Lester Jr.
Bloomfield: Robert Paul Volpe
Chester: Leo Vincent Zavatone
Glastonbury: Gerhard Rudolf Schade Jr.
Greenwich: John Ries Bartels Jr., Wayne T. Branom Jr.
Lakeville: Richard Vincent Giordano
Madison: Alan Miller Starensier
New Canaan: Nathan Snyder
New Haven: Victor Anthony Altshul, Quincy Howe
Norwalk: David Etnier Austin, Rodman Townsend Davis
Old Lyme: Karel J. Malovany
Riverside: Daniel R. Fredland, Jan H. H. Meyer III, Richard Alan Robinson
Roxbury: George Feifer
South Kent: Peter S. Hearst
Washington Depot: Edwin Spencer Matthews Jr.
Waterford: Randall Sellers Harris
West Hartford: Kenneth William MacCormac
West Redding: Frederick D. Schroeder
Westport: Leonard M. Baker, Robert C. Sussman
Wilton: Thomas Prince Howes

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington: Evan R. Berlack, Duncan Hume Cameron, Roger Spencer Cortesi, David M. Dorsen, Robert Randle Edwards, Lee M. Folger, Raymond Arthur Hare Jr., Dexter S. Lewis, Barrett Morton Linde, Alan D. Lourie, Robert Gene Martin, Robert M. O'Neil, John Ward Poole, Daniel Albert Rezneck, J. C. Peter Richardson, David Trachtenberg, Thacher Winslow White

FLORIDA
Amelia Island: Neil Winfield Childs
Apopka: Richard Louis Corbeil
Boca Raton: Joseph Robert Cox, Marvin Edward Golding
Boynton Beach: Edward M. Glick, Norman Gordon, Robert Louis Radner, Richard A. Savrann
Bradenton: O. Philip Martin Catalano
Coral Gables: Edwin Earl McAmis, Michael L. Smith, David A. Sommer
Delray Beach: Stephen John Arpante
Englewood: David Cushing Fogg
Homosassa: Robert Purcell Christiansen
Jupiter: John Elisha Canning, John Felix Petrulis

Key West: Robert D. Richardson
Lake Worth: Burton Frederick Traub
Lakeland: Richard A. Naiman
Lakewood Ranch: Jay Howard Robbins, J. Jeremy T. Whatmough
Maitland: Peter S. Elliott
Marco Island: William Laimbeer
Melbourne: John Elliot Cormack, William Walter Slavinsky Jr.
Miami: Ronald Abbott Lipton, David L. Sanford
Naples: Edward Childs Hall II, Thomas Edwin Ingram, Elliot Robert Nason, Edward Rosenthal, Harold Sadowsky, William Bernard Volmer
Ormond Beach: Malcolm Joseph Eich
Osprey: William Drennan Geer Jr., Guntis Steven Stefenhagens
Palm Beach: Werner Robert Genieser
Palm Coast: Joseph Francis Kapczynski Jr.
Penney Farms: Richard Lee Dodds
Ponte Vedra: William Peter Pierskalla
Ponte Vedra Beach: Phillip Ross Burnaman
Port Orange: Robert A. West III
Port St. Lucie: W. Jost Michelsen
St. Augustine: Eugene Robert Lanzillo
St. Petersburg: Ronald Stephen Kline
Sanibel: Robert S. Ogden Jr.
Sarasota: Mark Abramowicz, Wilfred Lorry
Shalimar: James Elvis Mills
Stuart: Barrie M. Damson
Summerfield: Stanley Jay Bartel
Tallahassee: John Wallace Van Doren
Tampa: Troy A. Brown, Alcide Moodie La Noue
West Palm Beach: David Michael Brody, Timothy Bernard Cogan, Jerome Lee Davidow, Stephen Longfellow Seftenberg
Williston: Edward Alan Seltzer
Winter Park: Richard Mahoney Oehmler

GEORGIA
Alpharetta: Joseph Anthony De Grazia Jr.
Atlanta: Paul Gaston Gamble Jr.
Kennesaw: Stephen Hochhauser
Sugar Hill: William Steel Towne
Winder: William Montgomery Harlow

HAWAII
Hilo: Roy K. Nakamoto
Honolulu: Clinton K. L. Ching, Malcolm Ross Ing, Herbert W. F. Yee
Kapolei: David Edward Ashworth
Kaunakakai: Michael Cornelius Grinnell

IDAHO
Pocatello: Pierre F. Lavedan

ILLINOIS
Chicago: Donald Leveritt Chatman, Stephen J. Lendman, Peter W. McKinney, Peter D. M. Pereira
Evanston: John B. Austin, Alan S. Gratch
Lake Barrington: Richard Bonner Leonard
Lake Bluff: Peter Hadley Jones
Peoria: James G. Hatcher
St. Charles: Paul L. Pawlowski
Urbana: Richard Chase Anderson, William Randolph Perkins
Winnetka: Conrad Frederick Fischer, Richard M. Rosenberg

INDIANA
Columbus: Charles J. Hamlin
Franklin: Donald A. Smith

Indianapolis: William Ray Riggs
Muncie: Stefan S. Anderson

IOWA
Des Moines: Louis H. Fingerman

KANSAS
Mission Hills: Lewis Worthington Goetz
Olathe: Robert E. Jones
Prairie Village: Asher Clinton Langworthy Jr., Harold M. Sader

LOUISIANA
Baton Rouge: Abba J. Kastin
Westwego: Jeffrey Alvan Barach

MAINE
Auburn: Robert Allan Bowyer
Bar Harbor: Robert H. E. Phipps
Bath: William A. Rogers Jr.
Camden: Arthur Manning Warren
Cape Elizabeth: Robert A. Benson
Dexter: Herbert Greenberg
Edgecomb: Bruce Francis Cameron
Glenburn: Nathaniel Bond
Gorham: Winthrop N. Smith
Limington: George H. Bouchard
Lincolnville: Landon Thomas
Newcastle: Robert E. Anderson
Ogunquit: Philip Emerald McCurdy
Phillips: Richard F. Brooks
Rockport: Gary Brandt Christiansen, Lloyd Roberts
Scarborough: Jeremiah D. Newbury

MARYLAND
Baltimore: Peter J. Achinstein, Frank Howard Baker, James Calvin Walker
Bethesda: Morris Sheldon Albert, Henry Harold Gaffney Jr., Philip Leder
Chevy Chase: James Judson Bailey, Charles L. Edson
Columbia: Barry Shelton Jackman
Derwood: John Michael Hey
Gaithersburg: Norman E. Hartness
Potomac: Jack S. Danielian, Warren Kadish Kaplan
Rock Hall: James Edison Donaghy
Rockville: Isaac David Benkin, Michael Gnoutcheff
Silver Spring: John Eliot, Edward Leigh Gates Jr.

MASSACHUSETTS
Amherst: John A. Armstrong
Arlington: Martin Cohn
Auburn: Thomas M. C. Lawler, Thomas Leonard Mattson
Auburndale: William J. Cleary Jr.
Belmont: Sheldon Carl Binder, James Livingston Dorsey, Stephen P. Endlar
Boston: Paul Francis Beatty, Robert Irving Blake, Reginald Greene, Stephen A. Greyser, Donald S. Kaufman, Sumner Kaufman, Robert Kennison, Michael A. Miller, David H. Morse, Michael J. C. Neagle, John Merrill Norton, Michael Jon Rotenberg, Harris Eleazer Stone
Boxborough: Hubert Clare Fortmiller Jr., L. John Volkert
Braintree: Jeremiah John Sheehy, James Joseph Tracey Jr.
Bridgewater: Leonard Louis Anderson
Brighton: Paul William Garber, Philip C. Garber
Brookline: Arnold I. Abelow, Laurence David Berman, Roger A. Golde, Allan Howard Greenfield, David Frederick Hawkins, Warren Kantrowitz, Bailey Saiger Silbert
Cambridge: James H. Barton, James C. Beck, Robert Sheldon Christian, James Nicoll Cooper, Nicholas

Daniloff, Franklin Marvin Fisher, Hugh S. MacKay, Donald Hudson Pfarrer, John S. Reed, Richard I. Shader, Roy Melvyn Shulman, Leonard Singer

Centerville: John S. Bross

Charlestown: William Hesseltine Pear II

Chestnut Hill: Harris Cantor Faigel, James Morey Fitzgibbons, Stephen B. Kay, David Stoddart Lee, Richard Stanley Levinson, Frederic Alan Sharf

Cohasset: Jeremiah Francis Barrett

Concord: Richard Aubrey Allen, John Bigelow, Woodley Llewellyn Chapman, George Mifflin Dallas, Paul Walter Jameson, William F. Kussin

Cotuit: Harold James Kanavos

Dedham: Charles Peter Demakes, Elisha F. Lee

Deerfield: Joseph Peter Spang

Dennis: Woodruff M. Price

Dover: Jacob F. Brown II, James R. O. Sullivan

Duxbury: Edward Vincent Keating Jr., E. Richard Rothmund, Arthur Allison Wills III

East Falmouth: Paul Brennan

Edgartown: William S. Kaden, Leroy N. Rieselbach

Falmouth: David Stuart Babin, Eugene Emil Fachon

Foxboro: Robert E. Barrett

Framingham: Frederick Edward Danker, Otis Andrew Gates III

Gardner: Richard Allen Ostroff

Groton: Morris Phinney Jr.

Halifax: Webster Lithgow

Hanover: Richard Wadsworth Cairns

Harvard: Robert Edward Tratnyek

Haverhill: John Faucett Cole

Hingham: Paul W. Carey Jr., Joseph Marr Cronin, George B. Doyle, Paul Michael Kalaghan, William Takumi Ota, Potter Palmer

Hull: Harold Tsoumas

Ipswich: Benjamin Dane

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Northampton: Nicholas John Greco, Frederick Myers Tracy

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Red Bank: Richard Marshall Stenson
Short Hills: Joseph LeVow Steinberg
Weehawken: Geoffrey Gaulkin
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East Hampton: John L. Lizars

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Endicott: James Amory

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ISRAEL
Alon Shvut: Tovah *Soloveitchik* Lichtenstein
Ramat Gan: Florence *Rafael* Cheifetz

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Tokyo: Honor *Williams* Ishida

Radcliffe College
Class of 1956
60th Anniversary Report

2016

HARVARD 175 ALUMNI

Radcliffe College
Class of 1956
60th Anniversary Report

CAMBRIDGE
Printed for the Class
2016

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Foreword

In this book, the Sixtieth Anniversary Report of the Radcliffe Class of 1956, you will read the personal statements of ninety-one classmates. As my Harvard counterpart, Steve Greyser says, "A story on every page."

This Report is the result of a collaboration with the Harvard Alumni Association. As the editor, or now the Class Report chair, I miss the total support from Radcliffe, but Deborah Smullyan of the Class Report Office has done her best. Luckily, as editor, I had the help of a wonderful committee, listed here alphabetically by first name:

Carole Latter Robinson
Joan Harvey Burns
Laurie Gorfinkle Hammer
Paula Budlong Cronin
Paula Morse
Rosa Rosenbloom Rasiel
Susan Campbell Brownsberger

In the words of an ancient prayer, the *shehekyanu*: "How fortunate are we who have been given life, have lived long, and have been enabled to reach this season." The prayer is traditionally said when one is doing something for the first time, so it is appropriate to use it here. This is the first time we are having a Sixtieth Reunion, and I personally give thanks to Her for having arrived at this time.

I am looking forward to celebrating our lives together, once again.

Jody Fisher Williams
Class Report Chair

Records of the Class

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What a lucky family we are: we have grown from the three-generation nuclear eleven of my childhood to something like sixty-five or more. We get together for a family reunion about every two years, despite being spread out from northern Europe to Washington and California on the West Coast, and from Maine to Florida on the East Coast, with several families in between. What is remarkable is that I know of many larger, similar families, some of whose members I knew at Radcliffe.

Despite the warlike nature of the United States, we have, thankfully, lived in very peaceful times. The wholesomeness of our food appears to have declined, and major threats have sneaked in, e.g., more autoimmune diseases. Some of us are engaged with these issues. I am involved in a new science museum for Miami, which will be wonderful for the next generation in the whole South. Raising money is the hardest thing for me or anyone to do.

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I fear that my personal narrative may sound smug, but if not now, when? At eighty-one years old I am in good health, bedeviled only by a pair of hearing aids, an occasional stiff back, and a distressing inability to call up names and words when I need them. My husband and I, married for fifty-eight years, continue to be friends and companions in virtually all our activities, though I spend more time reading and writing, while he serves on more committees. We are fortunate to be financially secure as well as secure—now—living in a retirement community, free of worries about what great old age will bring.

Having moved frequently in our youth, we long ago settled in Palo Alto, where we raised our children and continue to be active members of a variety of communities of friends and people with shared interests. Harry was well-suited to his career as a pediatrician, and I was fortunate, at age fifty (when the last child left home and the dog died), to take up a career in textbook publishing rather than languishing in an empty nest. We continue to enjoy music and art of many genres and periods and are still traveling the world, though at a more leisurely pace.

Not that there have been no bumps in the road: a severely retarded son (no longer living), a daughter with (now controlled) anorexia, a son with mild learning disabilities (now a voracious reader and writer), a daughter negotiating gender confusion (now settled into a same-sex marriage). However, our children are all well-educated, well-employed, and raising children who promise to be the same. Does the fact that we are all in our original marriages put us in some special category?

Here is where I would like to say how grateful I am to have had four years at Radcliffe/Harvard. I could name at least ten professors and tutors who made a significant contribution to my intellectual life and my understanding of the world. Compare that to the mere handful from my first twelve years of schooling. And then there were the host of fellow students—dorm-mates, classmates, romantic attachments—who widened my horizons by the diversity of their backgrounds and their interests. These people and these experiences indelibly influenced my way of looking at the world and greatly enriched my appreciation of it. I don't pretend to understand the technologies that are so rapidly changing our society, but I think my education equipped me to think about their implications and even, perhaps, make some rational decisions about my own relationship to them. To Facebook or not to Facebook: that is the question. For now, my answer is no—I don't have the time—so please don't friend me!

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I was happily married for forty-eight years, until his death, to a distinguished member of the Princeton University faculty. Following the involvement of two successive generations of my family in the field of education, over a period of twenty-five years, I served as a learning disabilities clinician, a teacher of high school English, and a teacher trainer at the graduate school level. Now retired, I am an active supporter of the Metropolitan Opera, the New York City Ballet, and McCarter Theatre and attend many performances for all three groups. With my son Chris and his family living and working in Princeton and my daughter, Carolyn Jeppsen, and family similarly occupied in Washington, DC, I am in close and continuous contact with both families. Each semester finds me enrolled in courses offered by the Community Auditing Program at Princeton University. Finally, I am a parishioner at Trinity Episcopal Church.

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PAULA COOK *BUDLONG* CRONIN. *Home Address:* 3 Lincoln Lane, Cambridge, MA 02138 (617-864-5266). *Seasonal Address:* (July–Aug.) 9 Dole Rd., Box 347, North Haven, ME 04853 (207-867-4954). *Email:* pcronin@mit.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Philip Mark Cronin. *Children:* One. *Grandchildren:* Four.

In preparation for writing this personal narrative, I reread my narratives in our Fiftieth and Fifty-fifth Class Reports. My life as I described it then is

pretty much the same now. Except for the obvious fact that Philip and I are now five years older, nothing much has changed. We still live in Cambridge in the same home we bought in 1969. We still spend much of our summers on North Haven, a small island off the coast of Maine, where our chief recreation is sailing. We still mourn the loss of our younger son Philip, who died in 1998, and respect him by keeping the light switches and winch handles all facing the same direction and the stove pilot light turned off.

Retirement from MIT a few years ago propelled me, although warned to master the art of saying no, into volunteer work. I am president of two women's clubs and heavily involved in a third—three deeply satisfying activities that were closed to me when I was working full-time. Our two older grandsons are through college and employed and our two younger grandchildren will graduate into the job market soon. Philip goes to the office a little less now, so we travel a little more—since my last narrative, to the Baltic States, Norway, the Kimberley coast (Australia), Cuba, Iran, the Philippines, Indonesia, Wisconsin, Indiana. Before this Report is published, we will have completed an eight-thousand-mile transatlantic crossing from Ushuaia, Argentina, to Bremerhaven on the North Sea.

In some ways, this voyage will revisit my experience in June 1953, when I and our classmate Joan Rubinstein (now Joan Urdan) spent two weeks on a Greek cargo ship sailing from Hoboken to Naples. We had stowed our twenty-one-speed bicycles below, and from Naples we rode them to Paris; but that's another story. Joan now lives part of the year in La Jolla, California. In January 2015, she came back to Cambridge to help celebrate my eightieth birthday. So did Marina von Neumann Whitman, now living in Ann Arbor, Michigan, a friend since we were assigned to be roommates in Holmes our freshman year.

Beverly D. *Bunnin* Weinfeld. *Home Address:* 250 Hammond Pond Pkwy., Apt. 1005S, Chestnut Hill, MA 02467-1521 (617-527-0179). *Email:* bdweinfeld@msn.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Marvin S. Weinfeld (died Sept. 28, 1986). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

Sixty years since Commencement? Now there's a sobering figure! College years—only four brief years of the eighty I've lived—but what a hold they have on memory and how they have influenced the course of my life. I can never adequately express my gratitude to Radcliffe for accepting me into the Class of 1956, and to Harvard for providing me with a superb education that has enriched every day of my life. I feel fortunate to have majored in English literature in the good old days, before a myriad of fashionable isms took hold of the classroom.

I don't know what the poetry-spouting undergraduate of sixty years ago would make of the conservative octogenarian I have turned into, but a strong bond unites me with my younger self: an enduring infatuation with books. All these years later, I am still aflutter when I encounter a new author whose writing excites me. For years now, I have been reading less poetry and more

nonfiction, but the novel is still my first love. In recent months Joseph Roth's *The Radetzky March,* John Williams's *Stoner,* and the novels of Marilynne Robinson and Orhan Pamuk held me enthralled. Ecclesiastes said, "Of the making of many books there is no end," and to me that's good news.

I've adjusted to life in a high-rise condo and only occasionally yearn for the big old house and grounds. My dear sisters, three wonderful sons and their beautiful wives—my daughters-in-love—and eight delightful grandchildren (ranging in age from eight to twenty-three) are my greatest joy. I cherish the handful of friends who have escaped the Grim Reaper's scythe and hope we can chug along together for a few more years. I am still pursuing Judaic studies, attending concerts, and volunteering for my synagogue, all of which give me great pleasure.

To all my classmates I extend my warm wishes for good health and contentment in a peaceful world. Let's hope that resolute leaders will emerge with policies to counter the possibility of a nuclear Iran, the chaotic situation in the Middle East, the global campaign to defame and isolate Israel, and the expansion of ISIS. If these threats can be averted, we may have a chance for a serene old age!

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I think my most important thoughts have been covered elsewhere in this Report. However, I would like to add that going to Radcliffe was a huge event in my life. My only regret about it is that in the 1950s, while I was there, opportunities for women after graduation were still not what they would be a decade or so later. One professor even said—with no apparent embarrassment—that because I was female I would probably just get married and have children, and so there was no point in awarding me any financial aid for graduate school.

I just missed the gains made by the women's liberation movement! My cohort missed out—only a few of the most dedicated, persistent, and qualified women went on to distinguished careers or professional positions.

LINDSAY *BUTTE* WEST. *Home Address:* 607 Giles Rd., Blacksburg, VA 24060 (540-552-2023). *Email:* lbwest607@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* David Armstrong (died April 2, 2015). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five.

My husband died in April, and I am adjusting to life as one. I am still living in our wonderful 1840 brick house, with three acres of open land and woods, in a town where I can walk to the new Center for the Arts on the Virginia Tech campus and the Lyric Theatre downtown, which I helped to restore.

My daughter and her husband and two daughters live in Blacksburg, one son in DC with three sons, and a son and his wife in Brooklyn who both

worked in theater. I continue to serve on the Blacksburg Museum and Cultural Foundation, which is beautifully restoring a Victorian-era classic house on the National Register.

Clouding my pleasure is the destruction of Syria and Lebanon, my husband's birthplace and an area we both knew well.

I am part of a team to edit and prepare for publication Dave's second book, "Darwin's Man in Brazil: The Evolving Science of Fritz Müller."

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As Tolstoy said, "Happy families are all alike." Not too much to add to that. I have been very lucky to marry a very good man. I have children who make me very proud, and I particularly enjoyed the twenty years that I was in politics, though I'm glad that I retired when I did, in 2000. I must admit that I am a twentieth-century person, and I feel like a befuddled time traveler in the twenty-first century. The whole world seems to be in a state of upheaval, and so far we aren't able to properly understand the problems, much less solutions.

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After working for sixteen years as a product manager and project manager in the marketing department of the computer division of AT&T Corporate Headquarters in New Jersey, I took early retirement at the age of fifty-six when the company was offering a very handsome buyout for middle managers. I started a new career as business manager for a church in north-central New Jersey and worked there full-time until I was seventy-one years old. Ten years ago, after living in New Jersey for thirty-eight years, I bought a single-family home in the Atlanta area, to be near my son and his family and to enjoy my grandchildren as they grew up.

Because of my prime location in Decatur, Georgia, each year I have been able to explore a variety of new ideas in classes for senior adults at nearby Emory University. Some courses have been in areas for which I had little background, such as short stories by southern authors, jazz, the Byzantine Empire, the current Middle East, and modern art. Others were on topics that have changed tremendously since I was in college, such as the rising powers—India and China. With three or four courses in each of the year's four sessions, I've had an opportunity to do lots of sampling.

The rest of my time is occupied with cultural events and activities shared with a large group of friends—season subscriptions to the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra and the local community orchestra; lectures by some of the seventy-five or so authors brought annually to Atlanta by the Carter Center and the

Decatur Library; exhibits at Atlanta's High Museum of Art, the Fernbank Science Center, and the Carlos Museum; season subscriptions to three local theater groups; all manner of wonderful activities at Emory University; and a monthly book discussion group, leaving almost no time at all to work on my major genealogical research project.

I have participated in a number of interesting Elderhostel (now Road Scholar) programs, mostly in the mid-Atlantic area. My trips to California for the annual family reunion in Sonoma include a visit to my daughter, who lived in Southern California for many years but recently moved to the San Francisco area. Two years ago we had a full-family, action-packed week in London, with the six participants from eight to seventy-nine years of age.

This life could be lived almost anywhere in the United States, I suspect. But you definitely know you are living in the South when your neighborhood newspaper publishes the recipe for "armadillo au vin"! I do hope your life is as satisfying as mine is.

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Twenty years ago we bought a small cottage on Cape Cod Bay, perched on the edge of a thirty-foot sand dune. Not quite sure it would outlast us, we called it Kiss It Goodbye.

So far so good. The cottage has weathered some considerable storms. So has our family, and so have we. Nowadays Carl and I certainly read together more often than we tango, but our lives are full, all our descendants are doing well, and we're nowhere near ready to say goodbye.

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Despite the physical challenges of being eighty, I feel blessed at this stage of life. My family and friends are my greatest joy.

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Tom and I were married in '58, while he was finishing his doctorate at Chicago. I taught French at Mundelein, a Catholic college. After his doctorate, we began a series of moves, first to New York, then to Pittsburgh, where Tom taught economics at Carnegie Mellon and I taught French at Duquesne University.

I adored Pittsburgh: we lived in Squirrel Hill, a largely Jewish neighborhood with a sensational kosher butcher shop whose owner forgave my ordering a leg of lamb, explaining that kosher butchers only do shoulders. The couple living on the second floor had children of the same age as our son and daughter, so they played together.

After three years, I was about to be promoted to assistant professor when Tom had an offer from Michigan State, so we moved again, this time to East Lansing. After a year of house sitting, I was able to begin teaching at Michigan State. At that time there was a great need for foreign languages, so my master's passed muster.

In 1968 Tom accepted a post as a staffer at the President's Council of Economic Advisers, in Washington, DC. We rented Tom's family house in Chevy Chase. He had grown up in the village. We renewed old acquaintances. Our children went to Rosemary, the elementary school Tom remembered from childhood.

After two years, it became clear that it was vital professionally to complete work on the doctorate begun at Harvard, so I applied to the doctoral program at the University of Michigan and began work in Ann Arbor in 1970 when we returned to East Lansing. Fortunately, the professors in my field all agreed that I had been well-trained at Harvard, that there was no need for me to teach again at that point, and that passage of the German exam at George Washington University in Washington qualified for the requirement in Ann Arbor.

By 1975 I had passed all the qualifying exams and had completed a doctoral dissertation based on the novellas of Madame de Lafayette, in particular, the growth in self-awareness and power of the female protagonists. Let loose upon the academic world, I discovered that I could not get a job. To complicate matters, Tom had chosen to transfer from his professorship in Michigan to a position as a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution in Palo Alto. Our son and daughter were ensconced in high school, but to teach again would require spending two years learning how to teach reading when the market for foreign languages had all but disappeared.

At the suggestion of an acquaintance, I took courses in real estate at the local community college and passed the state exam for an agent's license. Eventually I became a broker and shortly thereafter opened my own agency. It was making progress when, in 1985, my husband accepted a presidential appointment as a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

Real estate is a 24/7 business, so commuting rapidly became impossible. I sublet the office and moved to Washington, DC, as the executive for "state and municipal" with the National Association of Realtors. Curiously, I was the only employee who had ever sold a house.

Despite the shift in field, we spent a delightful four years,1985 to 1989, in the capital, engrossed in politics, seeing friends, and enjoying an apartment in the heart of the city.

NAR promoted sales successfully, but I was interested primarily in the legalities of private property. When legislation for the homeless was passed, I applied through HUD and became the first executive director of the Interagency Council on the Homeless, largely as a result of my experience with urban affairs at the Realtors.

Delving into the problems of the homeless required a steep learning curve; but in two years we were able to establish a computer base, run three conferences, and, most important, write a review of our activity for the Congress. Samuel Pierce, the director of HUD, was largely indifferent to our activities, but he signed off on the report on the deadline, opening the way for Jack Kemp.

My husband was anxious to return to the Hoover and left the Council shortly after the election. Once the report had been filed, I was no longer employed, so we drove back to Palo Alto, only to discover that the real estate market had fallen on hard times. Fortunately, I had been asked to write a number of analyses on housing issues for the Cato Institute, based in Washington, DC. Those papers led eventually to a book, *Haunted Housing*, which required over three years of research on radon, lead, asbestos, and electric and magnetic fields, with attention to public health and public policy. Published in 1997, it was well received, earning an accolade from *Nature*, the foremost scientific journal in England.

By this time our son and daughter had married and we had two grandchildren. We had also started to travel extensively, to Paris, of course, to London, and to Tsintzina, the village in Greece from which my family comes. In the early 2000s, I managed to acquire the house built by my grandfather in 1897, so we now spend time in the summer having coffee with friends and relatives, walking, and enjoying the view. Greek politics leave us largely untouched, so we have been able to comment from the sidelines.

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Toward the end of June 2015 I moved out of a retirement community that I had moved into in January 2014. Different parts of us age at different rates, and the parts of me that need physical exercise/fitness and also mental stimulation, such as trips to various places, lectures, and activities with other residents, were not well served by that place. I was too young(!) and too healthy(!) for the pace of life at there, so I moved out and into a small apartment in the same town, which I like a lot. I'll have another go at a retirement community in a few years, and at that time I will be much more careful and do much more thorough research before I put down any money.

Other than this news, things go on as before. Children and grandchildren are thriving, and I am involved in several activities: working with the League of Women Voters, conducting a book group on American Classics at the public library, working with ORANJ (Organization of Resident Associations of New Jersey), singing with a local choral group, walking my dog, reading, etc.

Old age has made me more cautious and tentative than I used to be. I keep expecting myself to make mistakes, lose things, get it wrong. On the other hand, I worry a lot less. A car behind me honks impatiently? I don't care at all. The world is going up in flames? Someone else is going to have to get to work on that! I forget a date? People—especially my contemporaries—are understanding.

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I live in the same house I've lived in for fifty-two years! My two children live in Florida and California, respectively, and though I follow their lives and keep in close touch with them, I'm not much involved in their lives. Neither has married, nor do they have children.

I have many friends here in Minnesota through my music activities and from being in the same location for such a long time. My involvement with music continues, as a performer sometimes and as a frequent concert goer. I have stayed involved with running and have played in a summer pops orchestra for many years. My efforts have earned me the title of "President for Life," a dubious honor.

In the summers I spend as much time as possible at a cabin on one of Minnesota's many lakes, near Ely and the Boundary Waters. It's a great place for chamber music and visits from friends. I also enjoy traveling, although at present I am waiting for my replaced knee to heal before I make plans for the next trip.

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Having achieved the age of eighty in 2014, I am enjoying the fruits of retirement. Travel with family (especially my four delightful grandchildren) and friends is a particular pleasure. The past twelve months provided an exceptionally rich harvest of experiences in Russia, eastern Europe, France, England, the Netherlands, East Africa, and (as of last week) the Orkney Islands. Climbing about Neolithic ruins is still possible—as are Land Rover drives on safari—so I count myself indeed fortunate. Summers in Maine and winters on Kiawah Island, near Charleston, South Carolina, maintain my comfort and high spirits. Working as a librettist for three young composers and as editor of the occasional poetry publication keep the creative juices flowing.

Life presents itself as a daily gift.

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Retired at seventy-seven. Enjoying retirement. Still ice dancing and doing Pilates to support the skating. Have been a Buddhist for about twelve years. Volunteer at my Shambhala Meditation Center managing the small bookstore.

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I've put off writing this until the very last minute—is it my final paper? Is the course pass/fail?

Early on, I was taught that there are three ages of woman: young, middle, and perfectly remarkable. I'm still gunning for the last one. To be sure, I have remarkably good health and a remarkably interesting and comfortable life, but me—myself? Not so sure.

David and I live in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a vibrant retirement community. Our three beloved daughters are within a couple of hours' drive; our four tall grandchildren are in or finished with college. We've led very conventional lives; the two most surprising, and surprisingly satisfying, relationships we have are with our multiply handicapped daughter and with our local Friends Meeting (Quaker). Hannah, at fifty-five, still lives in a therapeutic community in southern New Hampshire, one inspired by the teachings of Rudolf Steiner (you can google him). She's valiant, funny, and seems satisfied with us, which is praise enough. Quakers: we started in with them more than twenty years ago, and eventually joined. Our militant nontheism has been a challenge for the Meeting, and has led us into extensive inquiry into the nature of religion (mostly Christianity and Judaism)—its structures, strengths, and disposable bits.

I look forward to reading about all of you, and visiting with those who come to the Reunion.

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I have been happily married for fifty-eight years. My oldest grandchild, Alexander, is very much enjoying his sophomore year at Harvard, including its diversity of students. My second-oldest grandchild, Jack, is thriving in his senior year at Belmont Hill. Charlie, my youngest grandchild, is also attending Belmont Hill. They have enjoyed many years of living in Watertown. My son-in-law, Chris '85, has been teaching classics and coaching rowing for many years at Belmont Hill. My daughter, Elisabeth '86, practices medicine and teaches at Tufts Medical School and enjoys rowing. My son Michael proudly represents the government in his legal career. My son Stephen is busy designing various magazines. I recently retired from decades of career counseling at New York University. My husband is retired from the practice of law.

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In the autumn of our lives, my husband and I have relinquished our sculling boats for kayaks. For the last twenty years, following his retirement from Choate Rosemary Hall School, where he was a history teacher and crew coach and I worked in the school archives, we have lived on the edge of a lake in North Guilford, Connecticut. It draws our children and grandchildren often. All in all, it's been a wonderful privilege.

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Life has gotten better with each passing decade, as I've worked to transform the person I was raised to be into the person I had always been capable of becoming. Discovering the hitherto unimagined "me" in my seventies and now eighties is thrilling. And if anyone were to ask, "So late?" I would respond with my own version of what Hillary Clinton said in her concession speech at the National Building Museum in June 2008 (I was there): "When you . . . think to yourself, 'If only,' or, 'What if,' I say, please, don't go there. Every moment wasted looking back keeps us from moving forward." Each life has an arc, and mine has brought me a special kind of delayed fulfillment, along with an anticipatory sense of security in facing the weeks, months, and years yet to come.

Feeling happiness from within, buttressed by good health (knock on wood) and a well-managed financial portfolio (thank you, Jannet), I count myself extremely lucky. Now if only those twin scourges, the perversion of democracy perpetrated by the radical right in the United States and the savagery inflicted by radical jihadists worldwide, could be eliminated, stamped out, defanged. But here what comes to mind is a professor's long-ago lecture on Edmund Spenser's *The Faerie Queene*: yes, the forces of evil must be battled, but no, they will never be extirpated.

Specifics: am active in my condo association, am active in my profession (editing), and am an ardent supporter of (1) Hillary, and (2) Chris Van Hollen. The highlight of every year since I turned seventy has been a two-week trip to Paris, and what sustains me between trips is language study at the Alliance Française of Washington, DC. Claim to fame: though Hillary and I look nothing alike, we depend on the same hair cutter.

ROSEMARY *FENECH* ENTHOVEN. *Home Address:* 1 McCormick Lane, Atherton, CA 94027 (650-323-1254). *Email:* rfenthoven@aol.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Alain Charles Enthoven. *Children:* Six. *Grandchildren:* Seventeen.

This is a big assignment.

What comes to mind first in response to the prompt is how grateful I am that I met Alain Enthoven in the front hall of Barnard Hall in the spring of 1955. We married in July 1956. Next year we will have been married for sixty years. Evy Janover Halpert introduced us, and we are forever grateful.

My marriage to Alain has shaped my life in every way, as I know I have shaped his. Reflecting on my own life and our lives together leaves me now with a sense of peace and fulfillment, and I feel very lucky. Whatever befalls us in the future, this will abide.

How to write of childhood, of Radcliffe, our six children, homes in Washington, DC, Santa Monica and Atherton, California, a second master's degree, working in children's mental health, our children's marriages, seventeen grandchildren, one married now himself(!), travel, hiking, skiing, volunteer work, good friends, the deaths of dear ones. Wow! I feel as if I've had it all. I can't say it has all been easy, and certainly there have been moments of confusion, pain, of mistakes, of feeling overwhelmed, etc. But when I think about what made it all possible and now so affirming is Alain's and my deep commitment and support and faithfulness to each other. Of course, we were amazingly well suited to each other—same religion, loving the outdoors, wanting a family, both athletic, blessed with healthy children, etc. Alain worked hard and loved his work and made great contributions. I tried to be a good mom and have a life outside as part of our community. In a sense, kind of basic stuff; nothing fancy.

But I am in awe of how fortunate we have been. That is the biggest struggle I have. Why do we have so much, and many others so little? The unanswerable question! But the other day, while I was working in a soup kitchen (we call it a "dining room"), I asked an old, grizzled guy how he was that day. And he said, "I am great. Just glad to be alive and drinking this coffee." His clothes were dirty, he had a ragged backpack on his back, but his smile and words lit up the day for me. I thought again that life is one big mystery, and happiness must lie in a deeper place than our possessions or even our accomplishments show.

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My daughter lives with me and she is a social worker. I have given up my professional life because I had a stroke in 2010, but I have some interest in reading and participating in conferences. I am a retired psychoanalyst, having practiced from 1967 to 2010. What is interesting to me now is climate change.

Jody *Fisher* Williams. *Home Address:* 2425 Buffalo Rd., Rumney, NH 03266-3251 (603-786-9053; *Mobile:* 617-838-0700). *Seasonal Address:* (Nov.–April) Tucson, AZ (520-505-4468). *Email:* jody@2young.us; fisherwoods@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* John R. Williams. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Five.

A year in my life has three seasons, each different, each good.

In the summer, my husband of eleven years, our two standard poodles, and I live in a large house with fifty-five acres of meadows and varied habitat. I mow paths through the meadows with my John Deere so that we can walk the dogs to the river. The house was built as a weekend ski house and summer "camp" in 1966, with 1,200 square feet. It has grown over the years to about 3,200 square feet.

After I divorced my first husband, I had four years of glorious travel to all the places that didn't have academic conferences. I went to the Galápagos, Morocco, Santorini and Crete, Guatemala (again and again), and took weaving courses for weeks at a time. My current husband is a naturalist and serious bird watcher, so when he retired we bought a self-contained motor coach (a Class A diesel pusher) and a dinghy (the car we tow behind the RV) and we took off for Florida. Too flat. Too full of old people. It's very disconcerting to drive behind cars with no drivers. The old people are so short they are hidden by the seats. After exploring Texas for two years, we came to Tucson. The market had collapsed here, and we were able to buy a modest three-bedroom, two-bath house, 1,550 square feet, with a nice fenced-in yard for the dogs. Great birding in Arizona.

So, in the winter we live in Tucson. And in the spring and fall we live in the RV, crossing three thousand miles of the country, a different route each time, in about two weeks. We joined the Audubon Society and the Harvard Book Club in Tucson. Then I joined their active fiber guild. Then I started going to the Harvard Club of Southern Arizona monthly lunch with lecture meetings, and even the Yale Club monthly lunch with lecture meetings. Then there's the Tucson Symphony, chamber music, early music, repertory theater, and continuous street fairs. The Arizona State Museum (we are both now on the acquisition committee) and a Reform temple add to our schedules. Our life is full in Tucson.

I celebrated my eightieth birthday when I was seventy-eight by taking my family on a canal boat trip to Bruges and Ghent. There were nine of us in four staterooms and three bathrooms and a full kitchen on Le Boat's largest rental. The reason for the early birthday party was my daughter's dibs on 2015. She has been working on the Pluto flyby for almost ten years, and we got to join her at Johns Hopkins to see the first pictures of Pluto come back to earth. It was fabulous. Both my oldest son and daughter are astronomers, both working for the Southwest Research Institute in Boulder, Colorado. They have chances to come to Tucson for meetings at the University of Arizona, which, according to my daughter, has the best astronomy department in the country. My youngest son is in California, and we go there to visit every year or so. Their children are still in high school, which makes it hard to get away, but the oldest two grandchildren are now at Amherst College, closer to New Hampshire than Boulder, and we are lucky to see them. This July we took a raft trip through the Grand Canyon on the Colorado River. Also fabulous.

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I'm still happily married to the person I met at the freshman mixer in 1952. We are both retired, but I am teaching music history classics for our local senior college, which is very satisfying. Ironic that, at Harvard, I could not take any music courses because I was both a fine arts and an English major. I couldn't major in English because I didn't have the requisite Latin or Greek. I have loved poetry all my life, thanks to Archibald MacLeish, and also art museums. I did a lot of volunteer work at our local museum, the Farnsworth. Yet, music seems to have taken over my life. Playing the piano is one of my passions. I also play the viola da gamba and teach it to a few younger students, so we have a small group. I am an avid concert goer and try to get down to the Boston Early Music Festival.

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I have finally retired, I think. As a university professor, it is possible to sort of drift into retirement, selectively doing fewer and fewer things. So I gradually taught fewer classes; then, when the department was pressed for space, gave up my office and began to work from home; and I have now finished the book I have been working on for some time. So I think I am retired, and I am enjoying the slower pace and the time to read and think. And missing the stimulation of interaction with students and colleagues.

It has been ten years since my husband passed on. We had a wonderful marriage, and I do still miss him. However, living alone is manageable, I have good friends, and I am content.

I have settled in Oregon very close to my son and his family—close enough that it is not unusual for a grandson to appear at the door asking to borrow an egg. It has been a delight to be part of that family and watch the two boys grow up. The oldest is in the process of selecting a college, and going along on visits has brought back many memories.

There are, of course, as in any family, difficulties. Huntington's disease took my stepdaughter's life, and both of her children are gene-positive. They are interesting young people in their thirties, and it is tragic to see the disease

begin to have an impact. And, inspiring to see the grace with which they have accepted the disease and gone on to make the most of the time they have left.

As I drift into retirement, and as my grandchildren grow up, I find that I am looking for a focus for my varied community and home-based activities—a focus that will bend my professional knowledge into useful activity. This quest for a focus is, I think, not what is supposed to characterize retirement. So perhaps I am not really retired, but am still drifting toward it . . .

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Into my ninth decade with all my original parts functioning reasonably well—no replacements, yet. Still golf (on our par three course), but not in really hot weather as I did in the past. Play duplicate bridge twice a week, with the brain still working reasonably well. Still subscribe to season symphony and ballet tickets and love the *Met Opera Live in HD* on the movie screen Saturday afternoons. Use my computer, iPad, and Kindle daily, but not the iPhone *yet.*

Downsizing and moving into an independent living apartment in a large continuing care facility is all behind me. Big chore! First year here I took a wonderful trip with a group to Africa, where the highlight for me was two hours on the back of an elephant, with a guide, through an animal preserve in Pilanesberg, South Africa. We sailed for home from Cape Town, across the South Atlantic and up the coast of Brazil (with several stops). Great trip!

My biggest sadness was the death two years ago of my youngest daughter, Audrey, who gave it her all in her battle with kidney cancer. This isn't the right order of events! My oldest daughter, Karen's, two daughters have wrapped up their master's degrees and are happily employed—one in Boston, the other in DC. And both are looking forward to their five-year reunions this year at UVA. Daughter Lisa's promotion to president of Fisher Scientific (part of Thermo Fisher Scientific Inc.) necessitated moving the family out of Boston to Pittsburgh this past summer. Their oldest son is working on his master's, and the next son is a freshman in college. Their daughter, age twelve, is a delight, loves her new school, and has adjusted to her fourth move in her short life. She flew down to Florida by herself and spent a whole week with me last spring. We had great generational exchanges. Example: Upon getting into my car, she exclaimed, "Nana, you don't have GPS! How do you know where you are going?" I explained that I don't need any help for local travel, but when I do go afar, I read a map. Don't think that's taught anymore. She gave me a lesson every morning at breakfast in using my newly acquired iPad. She decided I was

terribly incompetent when I kept messing up pictures I was trying to take of her on *her* iPhone at the botanical gardens.

I'm really sorry the Boston family moved to Pittsburgh this year, because I probably would have made the Sixtieth Reunion if I had them to squire me around. But I am down here in sunny Naples year round and would love a visit with anyone traveling this way. I love the winter season. Family comes to me. Two of Ted's children have homes in Naples, and I get to spend some great beach time with most of the step-grandchildren and the fourteen step-great-grandchildren.

Life has been a journey of ups and downs, but I fortunately feel I've been blessed with more ups than downs. Hopefully most of '56 feels that way, too!

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You may know the expression, sixty is the new forty, but eighty is still eighty. Can any of us deny that? To me, at least, eighty has quite a different feel from sixty or seventy? For starters, even if blessed with good health, as I have been, the wear and tear of eighty years makes its claim—sometimes large, sometimes so small that one is easily and totally distracted. Beyond health, we circulate within a more somber landscape, with darkness intruding regularly as we long for those gone, comfort widows and widowers, and just read the daily papers. The steady stream of unhappy news erodes our (my, anyway) former can-do resolve. It is a time of partial retrenchment; partial, because there still are delicious interludes of excitement and hope.

But, despite the changes, who would want a return to seventy, sixty, or younger? Not I, for sure. At eighty, satisfactions are deeper and more cherished. Though I am only very recently retired and still participating in the academic professorial life (until I find better alternatives), those satisfactions always have been and remain centered on family. How beautiful and somewhat amazing to discover grandchildren turned into grand friends. As they go off to college (where I visit them and occasionally attend classes), what a marvelous opportunity to reconsider all the big, unresolvable questions and witness their quests. Yet how lovely that they, not I, must take the classes, make decisions about the future, and form an identity. Imagine thumbing through the Harvard catalog (oops, "viewing course offerings online"), writing papers for indifferent professors, preparing for exams, wondering if we'd ever find a soul mate (that I could do without one never occurred to me), and feeling perplexed over what sort of life lay ahead. How joyous it is, as well, to see one's children in middle age leading rich, mostly satisfying, if much too frantic, lives. Were a phone conversation not to end with, "Sorry, gotta go, Mom, call you back later," I'd think I had the wrong person on the line (oops, "on the cell")!

Eighty seems to mean going through one's days a bit slowed, subdued, and at times saddened, but settled, savoring the details, and delighting in small moments. Goodness, I sound like an old lady. Well, if the shoe fits, wear it!

And always there is gratitude for Radcliffe and Harvard, where I found a rich intellectual climate, a profession, and a husband—the constants of my life and the foundation that made all else possible.

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Turning eighty makes me want to take my time, reflect, and pace myself.

Marriage defines the parameters. Bob and I will have had sixty years together come August 2016, a rich and cheerful collaboration of shared interests and experiences. He is in diminished health now and needs support with daily activities, but writing and teaching still. I find myself sorting out issues with doctors, the computer, and the university library on his behalf.

I worked for the University of California's child care services for twenty-seven years, as a site director with responsibilities for hiring, training, and supervising staff, working with the children directly, and serving as a resource to their families. After retiring in 1998 I continued as a consultant with Alameda County's Quality Improvement Initiative (First Five) for another five years. Published articles include "Linking Research to Best Practice: University Laboratory Schools in Early Childhood Education" (in *Young Children*, July 2006, with Thelma Harms) and "Creating a Classroom of Inquiry at the University of California at Berkeley: The Harold E. Jones Child Study Center" (in *Early Education and Development*, March–April 2012, with Jane Perry and Barbara Scales).

We are not traveling much, so I am glad we did so when we could. Berkeley and San Francisco are wonderful communities for music and theater—we enjoy the San Francisco Opera together, early music is a growing presence locally, and we have subscription seats to two of the Berkeley theaters. The HD simulcasts of the Metropolitan Opera and the screenings of the National Theatre Live have been a godsend to those of us who must stay close to home.

I sing with the Berkeley Community Chorus (Verdi, Britten, etc.) and am on the board of the San Francisco Irish Literary and Historical Society. I serve

on the advisory committee to the University of California Early Childhood Education Program, which is working to increase connections between academic teaching and research and classroom practice in the campus child care centers. I am a member of Friends of the Dickens Project, which supports a weeklong Dickens summer symposium at the University of California at Santa Cruz. I am part of a book group that meets once a month. As a member of the Berkeley Architectural Heritage Association, I helped to gain landmark status for the architect-designed Harold Jones Child Study Center in 2013, a midcentury modernist gem of design for children and the adults who care for them.

Of our own three children, two live nearby, as do the two grandchildren, who are a real delight. They come to us after school twice a week, and we are here as backup for sick days and school holidays. Our daughter lives in Los Angeles—she comes up often and is a fantastic event manager for all sorts of family occasions or in a crisis. We feel very fortunate to have these three highly competent people in our lives, with the added bonus of a terrific daughter-in-law.

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Very little has changed in our lives since our last Reunion. Av and I still live in our house in Marblehead. It has been fifty-five years. After this Reunion we will celebrate our sixtieth wedding anniversary.

Our children and grandchildren live close enough that we get to see them often. We are very grateful that we have good health and that we have time in our retirement to enjoy a bit of travel.

Sadly, at our age we have lost many dear friends and family members; but of octogenarians, as our son calls us, it is to be expected.

Just wish that the world could be a more peaceful place.

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I am currently in the process of adjusting to being unemployed. Some things are nice—staying up late, for example, or reading a lot of books. I hope to find something more productive, but at eighty-one the choices are somewhat limited. I am generally in good health but have arthritis in my hands and feet,

which is limiting. Over the years I have been very grateful for Radcliffe's education. I truly enjoyed my years in municipal finance. I remain very close to my son and to my sister and her family.

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My years at Radcliffe were among the happiest of my life. I am deeply grateful for the education I received, for the social and intellectual opportunities, for the lifelong friends I made, and for meeting and marrying a dashing Harvard instructor—now my husband of sixty years!

I always wanted to be a physician. Despite Dean Sherman's admonition that medicine was not an appropriate profession for ladies, I graduated from medical school in 1960. During my training, I witnessed gross inequities in health care for the poor and minorities, and the exciting civil rights movement and new health programs of the 1960s offered opportunities for change. I went to the Harvard School of Public Health to learn skills to make a difference. My major was epidemiology and biostatistics, but I should have majored in maternal and child health, because my son, Mark, was born during these years. (Classmates called me Little Mother.)

I was fortunate to receive a Josiah Macy Jr. Fellowship from the Radcliffe Institute for Independent Study, which provided financial support to help women physicians pursue their careers. I received a master's degree in public health and was elected to the Delta Omega Honor Society. After completing residency, I was board-certified in public health and preventive medicine.

Some of my most satisfying professional years were with the Massachusetts Department of Public Health. As acting director of the Division of Medical Care, I was in charge of state licensure of hospitals, nursing homes, and other health facilities, as well as certification of health facilities for Medicare and Medicaid. I was most proud of revising regulations for maternity, newborn, and pediatric services, and establishing regional perinatal and pediatric programs throughout the state. As a result, many small, inadequate maternity units closed, and there was a significant reduction in premature and newborn deaths. Subsequently I was appointed to the Committee on the Implications of Declining Pediatric Hospitalization Rates of the National Research Council,

National Academy of Sciences, and received the distinguished service award from the Massachusetts Department of Public Health.

As director of the Division of Family Health Services, I administered state and federal maternal and child health, handicapped children, model cities, family planning, and neighborhood health center programs. I was especially proud to support neighborhood health centers, which provide high-quality health services for poor and minority communities and are currently a key component of the Affordable Care Act. This led to my selection as a consultant by the US Department of Health and Human Services to participate in numerous site visits to evaluate programs in other states. I was also appointed to the Women's Advisory Committee of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) in Washington and listed in the sixth edition of *Who's Who of American Women*.

The war on cancer brought new opportunities, and I accepted the position of assistant director of cancer control at the Sidney Farber Cancer Center. I helped develop statewide cancer prevention, screening, and rehabilitation programs. I also served on the Cancer Control Advisory Committee, National Cancer Institute, and participated in site visits to evaluate cancer control programs throughout the United States.

Although this was rewarding work, I could not resist the opportunity to return to Harvard as health careers coordinator in the Office of Career Services. Based on my pre-med experiences at Radcliffe/Harvard and my work with a wide variety of health professionals, I developed new guides for premedical students and other health professions, including materials relevant for women and minorities. It was a delight to counsel students and to teach a freshman seminar on race and health with my husband, a Harvard professor specializing in race and intergroup relations.

In 1980 my husband accepted a professorship at the University of California, Santa Cruz. The informal California lifestyle, compared to Cambridge, was a culture shock, and there were no local jobs similar to what I had done. Fortunately, I secured a federal grant to organize the Pediatric Intensive Care Network of Northern and Central California (PICN), composed of the ten major pediatric centers in the region with specialized personnel and services for critically ill and injured children.

For eighteen years, I served as the executive director of the PICN. The network worked with numerous government and private agencies and institutions to develop comprehensive regional pediatric emergency and critical care systems that included prehospital, emergency, critical care, rehabilitation, and family support services. The network organized professional education programs and multidisciplinary consultation visits to hospitals in the region, and many dedicated physicians, nurses, and other health professionals donated their time and expertise. When I retired in 2000, the network established an annual Ann H. Pettigrew Pediatric Critical Care Lectureship in my honor; the California Emergency Medical Authority awarded me a Certificate of Appreciation and

a Lifetime Achievement Award. But my most prized commendation was from the American Academy of Pediatrics, for "unrelenting and exemplary efforts to reduce unnecessary harm and death to California children by creating systems of pediatric emergency and critical care."

I have published various articles and compiled one of the earliest comprehensive reviews of the incidence, prevalence, and causes of disease by racial and ethnic origin, which was included as a chapter in my husband's book *A Profile of the Negro American.*

I am blessed with a wonderful husband who put me through medical school and has supported me throughout my career. I hope I have sufficiently reciprocated by getting the women in Moors Hall to proofread his PhD thesis, typing his first book (on a manual typewriter!), and proofreading and editing most of his books and publications ever since. Throughout our marriage we have shared similar values and a strong commitment to social justice and equality.

The most joyous event of my life was the birth our son, Mark. He graduated magna cum laude with highest honors from Harvard and earned a PhD from the University of California, Berkeley, in Near Eastern studies. I also have two wonderful grandchildren: a feisty granddaughter I helped deliver when she was born, now a brilliant student at Reed College, and a smart, contemplative grandson who is a computer wiz and a freshman in high school.

In retirement I am actively involved in the lives of my son and grandchildren. What a treat! I'm also filling my life with all the intellectual and cultural activities I didn't have time for during my busy career. My husband and I have traveled extensively to western and eastern Europe, Russia, Great Britain (including visits to Scottish relatives), the Middle East, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Mexico and Central America, and throughout the United States. We spent a great deal of time in the Netherlands and in Germany, where my husband taught at various universities and received an honorary degree from Philipps University in Marburg.

Santa Cruz is a great place to retire: many academic and intellectual activities at UC Santa Cruz; excellent entertainment, from Shakespeare Santa Cruz to the Santa Cruz County Symphony to jazz concerts; a very active arts community; outstanding support services for senior citizens; and, last but not least, a very liberal, multiracial, multicultural community.

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As I shuffle into my ninth decade, I feel profound gratitude for the family, friends, education, location, small triumphs, and ghastly mistakes that represent the warp and weft of my life. Perhaps this is because memory started to blur at the edges sometime within the last decade, and the specifics of events and experiences that I thought would be etched on my mind forever are not so. This is a frustration, but perhaps a kindness as well.

My life in retirement seems not to have changed during the past five years, and yet it has. I moved from my home of fifty-four years in Sudbury, Massachusetts, to a condominium in Stow, Massachusetts, a great distance of three miles due west. My quotidian goings and comings thus remain much the same, but a new group of friends and accompanying activities and tasks has refreshed the old routine. Who knew I would end up as chair of the infrastructure committee, exploring the mysteries of construction, electricity, water boilers, and landscaping? They remain mysteries to me, but I manage to handle opposition forces within meetings reasonably well. Docenting continues to allow interaction with people (quilters, fabric artists) throughout the country and the world who share a common interest, while other volunteer work teases the illusion that I'm not an anachronism in this high-speed Internet world. Contact with friends continues to be important and affirming.

I resent the increasing dementia affecting one brother, but when I see his smile of recognition each time I visit, I'm thankful he is here and receiving good care. Other health issues afflict family members and friends, but they cope with determination and grace.

Meanwhile, I have seen one grandchild graduate from college (Katherine, NYU Tisch) and another enter college (Emmett, Georgetown School of Foreign Service); so different in interests and ambitions, yet close to each other and an extended network of cousins, aunts, and uncles.

So, although the fabric of my life is showing wear, the basic fibers are holding firm.

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Meaningful times would include our volunteer work on the hospital ship *Hope*, i.e., a two-month tour in Corinto, Nicaragua (our honeymoon): memories of iguanas climbing the walls of our bedroom at night, sleeping in an outdoor hammock, and eating food with our fingers while on a weekend trip to vaccinate workers and children on a mountainous coffee plantation. Also, a thirteen-month tour with the ship *Hope* on the island of Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) with a two-month-old baby. That baby is now a communications director with the National Institutes of Health, Office of the Directorate.

I am thankful for the influence of strong women in my family, i.e., my mother and two aunts, whom I adored. (Strangely, they did not like each

other.) One, a Scot, was a concert singer and had a great sense of humor and much compassion. The other aunt was a national tennis champion, a church organist, and taught in an Anglican two-room schoolhouse (twelve grades) in Carbonear, Newfoundland. All three had a strong sense of self and urged my twin and me toward careers.

My concerns for the future: terrorism, bigotry, a nonfunctioning Congress, the future cost of college and graduate education for our grandchildren, the contraction of the middle class, and the student debt and futures of the millennials.

But I have discovered "the fountain of youth": a four-year-old grandson who runs faster than his eighty-one-year-old grandmother. I moved from Wenham, Massachusetts, to a residence in Potomac, Maryland, when my daughter was expecting. It was a challenge to move at seventy-four years old, but it met both our needs. This has been one of the best cycles of my life. Our future is in good hands.

Lastly, I note that a number of our class members were president of the Radcliffe Club of Boston, who gave full-tuition scholarships to me and my late twin, Joan Hawker Grebe '56, and opened the doors and possibilities of Radcliffe College to us, for which I will always be grateful.

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After retiring from the practice of internal medicine, I moved from my hometown of New York City to rural Connecticut, to an old farmhouse that has been in my family for years. I thought I would miss Manhattan, but to my surprise I find that my life in the country is more satisfying. My time is spent renovating the house and establishing a garden. My interests include family, gardening, music, reading, and politics. I find the national politics fascinating although alarming, this year in particular.

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In January 2014 I began a new phase in my life, as I became professor emerita in the department in which I had taught for forty-five-plus years (economics, Vassar College). I still continue to teach, as the department did not find a replacement for my health economics specialty, and so I continue part-time. It took months to move out of my huge office, but I managed it, and took up residence in a tiny but windowed office, in which I am now writing this. This fall I am also teaching a freshman seminar on the subject "Income Inequality in the United States." I hope to go on giving one course a year, as I still enjoy the interaction with students and being part of the department. In addition I am coeditor of a book series and am continuing to write and participate in scholarly conferences. My next "gig" will be at the Western Economics Association International, where I'll be giving a paper and chairing a session at a conference in Singapore (January 2016). On the theory "Use it or lose it," I am trying to stave off senility by staying active in my profession.

So far I have not changed my residence(s) or other aspects of my life as a result of retirement. My country house in the woods, across the Hudson River from Vassar, continues to be my "retreat," and the little faculty house I own, which is walking distance from everything on campus, is my hangout for three to four days during the week. It is handy for swimming in the Vassar pool, attending lectures and concerts, having the end-of-the-day glass of wine with friends, and, when we have time, playing Bach and Handel harpsichord and violin sonatas with my next door neighbor.

Another activity that keeps me up in the Poughkeepsie area is the Harvard-Radcliffe Club of the Hudson Valley, of which I've been the president for

four years. Saturday we had a "viewing" party to watch The Game in the bar of a great local restaurant. The club organized this, thinking it would be of special interest to younger alums and to men, as football is a "guy thing." To my surprise, all who attended (other than our board members) were Radcliffe graduates and their husbands, Classes of '70 to '56.

And last, but certainly not least, I continue to love my weekends and theater and opera evenings in New York City, where I have maintained a residence for fifty-seven years. The Big Apple is, and always has been, my place for recharging. This is even truer now that I have a daughter and son-in-law and two adorable grandchildren, Erin (fourteen) and Tommy (twelve), to play with in the city. Erin is a very good student and an active member of the robotics team and the drama club at Chapin, where she is in the eighth grade. She also plays soccer in a city league and is a mean goalie. Tommy is a sixth-grader at Buckley, also a top student, and loves playing football and basketball. In addition to time with family, I still sing in a choir, now at the Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest, and enjoy events at the Harvard Club of New York City. The Class of 1956 monthly lunches are a delight.

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One great change in my life is that Milton and I moved back to Cambridge after living in Lexington for more than fifty years. We have a seventeenth-floor apartment, an aerie directly overlooking the Charles River winding its way to the Boston skyline. Below us the scene changes day and night and season by season, never ceasing to fascinate us as ducks, crew boats, joggers, cars, and clouds go by. Our two daughters, both graduates of Radcliffe/Harvard, are married and each has two children. Vivien is a tenured history professor; Laura a senior partner in a large international management consulting firm.

It matters greatly to me that they are also wonderful mothers and caring and compassionate women. Their kids, our four grandchildren, ranging in age from eleven to twenty-two years, also make us proud, although at times it is difficult to understand what makes them tick. Unfortunately, hectic work, school, and extracurricular schedules, combined with the fact that the two families live so far away, result in our seeing them all far less often than desirable. School breaks, vacations, and holidays have become more precious than ever because of the opportunities to get together.

Time has taken its physical toll, but not drastically so. Both Milton and I have some chronic aches and pains, and most disheartening for me is my considerable hearing loss. However, conscious of the passing of many dear friends and the illnesses of others, we are grateful still to be up, about, and busy.

I spend a lot of time attending—and reading up for—courses given at the Harvard Institute for Learning in Retirement. Its courses are peer-taught, often by members who are experts in their fields and cover a wide range of topics as diverse and different as astronomy, music, semantics, global jihad, and Picasso. I generally take two or three courses each semester and love the chance to learn new stuff and get together with interesting people. Still, it's a source of worry that so much of our discussion and thought focuses on the explosive Middle East and the human toll the wars take; on our terrible widespread political dysfunction here at home; and on the many political efforts devoted to reducing aid to the poor (food stamps, for example), denying climate change, and restricting women's rights to control their own bodies.

We still have our small studio apartment in New York City. It makes visiting our New York daughter and grandkids easy, and is also great for when we feel the need for a change of scene or to do something special in New York. My North Carolina daughter and her family also use it often for getting work done, or just for fun and frolic.

Personally I wish I could be more physically active than some orthopedic problems permit. On the other hand, I enjoy walking to the Square and traveling farther abroad, both with and without other members of our family. I continue to read incessantly—for the various courses I take, for the two book groups I belong to, and for my own pleasure. Best of all is the continued sharing of life and experience with the man I married more than sixty-one years ago.

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The last five years have been pretty shitty: deaths of loved ones; two children's marriages breaking up, and destructive behavior in grandchildren

who are affected; ill health; broken hip (mended, not replaced)—something (anything) that I have done a hundred times during my life is now too difficult. Plus, I am an analog woman in a digital world, and I hate the digital world.

I am extremely grateful for my children, who help as much as they can, considering they don't live near me.

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Sixty years . . . sounds like a long time, doesn't it? Then I think about having a fifty-two-year-old "child" and that somehow sounds even more impressive.

So what have all those years amounted to? Top of the list is my family. Two of our three children are married, and we have five grandsons (no girls in that generation). Our children's paths have gone in varying directions: one in business, specializing in Internet marketing, one a psychotherapist with special experience in trauma therapy, and one belatedly training in medicine, starting his family practice residency next summer after a career spent teaching, sailing, and creating service learning opportunities. Bill and I are both delighted to have someone following us into our professional field.

Our grandchildren range in age from nineteen to five. The eldest is at Duke, aiming toward some branch of science. The youngest is already on his way to becoming a pitcher for the Red Sox; and if passion and dedicated practice have anything to do with it, he'll get there! Meanwhile, their grandmother looks at the state of the world and the insane extremism in this country and worries about their future. I have been heavily involved in the quagmire of our political system ever since George Bush turned me from a regular, if only mildly interested, Democratic voter into a committed advocate of a return to the basic democratic values I grew up with. My forebears, like the overwhelming majority of all of ours, immigrated here under more or less dire conditions,

and the very idea of building walls to keep desperate people out—and the idea that this huge country can only absorb ten thousand of the millions fleeing violence in the Middle East—makes me wonder how we have slid into such complacent selfishness.

Since that sort of thinking could drive one crazy in short order, I stay sane with my postretirement occupation: I've become a potter, and am greatly enjoying both the making of sculptures and functional objects and my wonderful potter friends. Potters, at least the ones I know, are the most generous group of people I've ever come across.

Otherwise, I've been heavily involved with the Lake Champlain Chamber Music Festival since its inception eight years ago. If you'd like a superlative musical experience combined with the delights of the Burlington, Vermont, area, do check out our website (http://lccmf.org) and come up this way in late August!

In addition, as a native French speaker, I have become closely connected to some of our African refugee and immigrant families. I am seeing close up the tremendous difficulties of coming to a country whose language one doesn't speak, and where it is therefore impossible to find a job for which one may be well-qualified in Congo, or Togo, or Burundi; here one can only do the factory or custodial work that simply doesn't pay the rent if one also wants to eat, keep warm, and provide daycare for one's preschool children.

I feel overwhelmingly fortunate that Bill and I are still kicking, still together, and relatively healthy, still in close touch with our family even though none of them lives very nearby, and still able to watch the sunset over Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks every evening, after forty-five years in this beautiful place.

Abigail Jane Sargent *Lewis* Sugarman. *Home Address:* 32 Anne Drive, Schenectady, NY 12303 (518-355-0484; *Mobile:* 518-256-1429). *Email:* cerintha@earthlink.net; abby.sugarman@yahoo.com. *Web/Social Media Links:* Facebook. *Spouse/Partner:* Michael David Sugarman. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Four.

I have lived most of my life married to a sweet, bright, brave, funny man who suffered from mental illness. When I paged through our Fiftieth Anniversary Report to see if others had a similar story to tell, I found no one; yet I doubt I am alone. It's just a hard story to tell.

What I did find was Josh Brackett's lines on page 125 about being different and the same. I'm so sorry I didn't discover this song before Josh died. It is, on the one hand, about how we change over the years and yet remain ourselves, and on the other hand, about how we start out aware of our differences from other people and learn how much we all have in common.

Mike's schizophrenia brought us special problems, but we dealt with the same stuff as everybody else: dented fenders, ice storms, the house that wasn't finished in time to move in. We enjoyed music and hikes, children and grandchildren, just like everybody else.

We had been together over forty years when a medication change went badly and resulted in an involuntary hospitalization. When Mike asked for a divorce, I agreed, because by that time he was accusing me of horrendous crimes; there seemed to be no marriage left.

He was in and out of mental hospitals over the next four years. Then one day, freshly discharged, with enough effective medication in his system to recognize that no one was ever going to confirm his delusions, he gave them up. He also realized that he was still very dear to me.

We have been friends since that day, June 6, 2002. He is in a nursing home now, with multiple health problems. We see each other every day. We' re different from most of you, and we're the same. We're different from who we were, and we're the same.

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I'm grateful for my education at Radcliffe/Harvard. It is a deep interest in learning, being able to grow and adapt, that makes it possible for me to discover and reach new horizons in life.

By accident, I got involved in Chinese art at this stage in life. I have made new friends, met interesting people, been interviewed for the book I wrote, been invited to talk about Chinese art, visit museums, look at paintings. At home I am surrounded by great music, lovely things, delectable food, and interesting books. I seem to learn and continue to learn. I am grateful for courses like Fine Arts 1, and Music Appreciation, taught by Woody.

I'm blessed that I married a man who shared my interest in classical music, art, good food, travel, reading, and a good social life. My children and grandchildren are a pleasure to have around, but I live an interesting, exciting, and stimulating life with my husband.

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ALICE E. *MASSON* EDWARDS. *Home Address:* 2 Hancock St., Plainville, MA 02762 (508-695-5823). *Email:* walterhedwards@gmail.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Walter H. Edwards. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven.

At our age I feel quite comfortable stepping off center stage and leaving that space to our children and grandchildren. All our three children are married to excellent spouses, and the six of them work in the glass industry, aircraft industry, pharmaceutical industry, and as a personal chef. Four of the six are engineers. One grandson is working in computer technology; his girlfriend is a teacher. The next two grandsons are in college studying mechanical engineering. Our oldest granddaughter is in medical school. The younger three grandchildren are not old enough to choose fields of study. They all have amazing and diverse interests and hobbies. We cherish the time spent with them. They live in Washington State, upper New York State near the Canadian border, and southwestern Connecticut.

My husband and I have climbed the one hundred highest mountains in New England. We have personally built two of our three homes, and we enjoy traveling together. We used to run but are limited to walking nowadays. My husband has had two knees and one hip replaced.

In the winter we pretty much live in New Hampshire, where we ski (only with the grandchildren now) and make our own maple syrup. Summers find us at the beach, where family get-togethers bring a smile to everyone's face.

Truly, we have much to be thankful for and much to look forward to.

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JOANNA *MCCARTER* COWPERTHWAITE. *Home Address:* Newbury Court, Apt. 447, 80 Deaconess Rd., Concord, MA 01742-4174 (978-287-6051). *Spouse/Partner:* Died, 2011. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Eight.

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What shall I say after sixty years? I was awakened one morning recently to hear an interview with Mary Catherine Bateson on PBS. One of her topics that held my attention described a great blossoming of energy late in life, for those of us in good health. To my surprise, I find this to be true. In the past decade I've written three books and am working on three more, both fiction and nonfiction, and I write a monthly blog. In my volunteer work I use my past administrative skills for a small organization (and write a lot of their material). As for travel, a recent favorite place was the Arctic in Sweden and Norway. In November my son is being married in South Africa, which should be a great experience, although I admit the twelve-hour flight is daunting. Not sure I can sit still that long.

My family is my son, Justin, shortly to be married. He and his bride-to-be currently live in a brownstone in Harlem, where they have discovered many terrific French restaurants. Perhaps they'll have children.

As for other issues of interest today, I try not to fuss about things I can't change. I do write letters to the *Miami Herald*, where several columnists know me pretty well by now. To my relief, the *Herald* tips to the left and publishes strong statements about climate change and gun control. Hey, if you love guns,

come on down and bring your arsenal. Shortly you can walk our streets with a loaded gun openly in your hand. Pointed down, of course, unless someone riles you up, maybe a kid on a bike. Then, "stand your ground." (I seem to be channeling Carl Hiaasen.) I do miss Massachusetts.

Finally, let's hear it for the Silent Generation!

In 1951, a *Time* magazine article described us as unimaginative, withdrawn, unadventurous, and cautious, and named us the "Silent Generation." Ever since, we have been skipped over as commentators jump from the Greatest to their children, the baby boomers. Well, the fifties weren't any barrel of monkeys, what with the Cold War, McCarthy, parental restrictions, and so on. None of that was our doing! Did we like being stifled? Indeed not. That's why we created the sixties.

Think about all the major figures in the huge cultural change of the sixties. All from our generation. Civil rights leaders Martin Luther King Jr. and Malcolm X. Feminist Gloria Steinem. In pop music, Elvis . . . the Beatles . . . Dylan. Pop Art. The sexual revolution. Add all the creative ones born between 1929 and 1945, including scientists and social thinkers. Unimaginative, withdrawn, cautious? Just the opposite. It wasn't all good (drugs, Vietnam), but neither were the fifties. We changed the culture. So before we're all gone, make some noise—let's hear it for the Silent Generation!

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CORDELIA *MORRISON* SWANSON. *Address:* Unknown.

PAULA MORSE. *Home Address:* 4405 Battery Wharf, Boston, MA 02109 (*Mobile:* 617-599-0352). *Occupation and Office Address:* Chair. State House Art Commission, Room 27, Massachusetts State House, Boston, MA 02133-1000 (617-727-1000, ext. 35517). *Email:* pmarts33@gmail.com. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four.

Time is precious now, and I treasure more and more the grace and generosity of my daughters, the kindness and humor of good friends, and the sublimity and playfulness of Schubert and Bach, Matisse and Picasso. Thanks go in certain measure to Radcliffe (and the Radcliffe Seminars) for starting me on the path to lifelong learning. And living in or near Boston for the BSO and the MFA and the Gardner (I worked at both), and opera history classes and tours given by Richard Beams of Opera con Brio (I did these for twenty-five years).

Although I only took one art history course at Radcliffe (a comparison of the arts of the East and West) and tried to major in music during my junior year, both were enough to set me up for a life working in art museums, some time as an antiques dealer, and attending what has to be thousands of classical concerts. I continue to enjoy good health and energy, and am still involved in public art and historic preservation. It has been a challenge (for thirty years) to

convince legislators that the portraits on the walls of the State House are not just wallpaper or calendar art.

On the other hand, the current trauma of violence and police brutality, the continued prevalence of racism, and the serio-comedy of the presidential campaign bring me up short and remind me of how privileged my life has been.

MERLE *MOSES* BOWSER. *Home Address:* 1414 Chesapeake Ave., Annapolis, MD 21403-4662 (410-268-9227). *Email:* hammerle2@msn.com. *Spouse/Partner:* Hamilton Victor Bowser. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four.

What has been most important to me is my family—personal and in-laws. They are involved, supportive, and kind. I have a number of friends, but have been particularly close to my son-in-law's mother (sisters separated at birth, she said) and father, and to a sister-in-law, now divorced, but still my best friend.

My activities recently have been limited, due to my husband's physical disability, but I am still involved in our local community, which is small and close, hard by the Chesapeake Bay. We swim, sail, and motorboat, crab and fish, walk up and down our lightly trafficked road, sit on the local piers, and talk to neighbors. It is *very* quiet in the winter!

The Annapolis-Eastport area has become busy, so there are local malls and shops. Annapolis, since the days of the Kennedys, has become a welcome tourist destination. For me this has been "coming home." My mother's family is from Annapolis, and I have spent almost every summer (or a part thereof) here for eighty years.

Gratefully, my health has been good, and I do what I can to keep it that way.

All told, I remain peaceful and content. Except for one sister-in-law, most of our family has moved to the Maryland area. I adore all of my four grandchildren and I think the feeling is mutual. I see them fairly frequently, and they love to come to "the beach."

ANN *MYERS* HERSHFANG. *Home Address:* 64 W. Rutland Sq., Boston, MA 02118 (617-267-9770). *Spouse/Partner:* Herbert Hershfang. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

As time passes, mostly I remember the plusses and forget the minuses. A benign state of being. I have been married for fifty-one years to a loving and lovable man; have lived in the same house in Boston's South End for fifty years this winter; have two splendid daughters, both lawyers with the US government, and three grandchildren. A few years ago we decided that our six floors would become too many steps and moved to the bottom two floors, and our daughter, son-in-law, and two grandchildren moved upstairs. It is a good, just-close-enough arrangement. Our eldest granddaughter, Ellie (age four and three quarters), has dinner with us on Monday nights, and we occasionally trundle her and two-year-old Claire to school and daycare or "watch the monitor." They ask for just enough help, not too much.

From the first years, we have been deeply involved with our neighborhood—my husband strengthening it politically, and I physically—opposing highways, turning streets in opposing directions, removing travel lanes, widening sidewalks—many such activities with neighbors that ended the South End's days as a doormat and commuter through-way. We now have the most restaurants of any neighborhood in Boston, the most affordable housing, the most diversity of population and income, parks where houses were stupidly torn down by urban renewal—the best of all worlds.

As for a career, when I realized that a highway was planned for a half-block down the street, I morphed from editor/preschool teacher/mother to anti-highway activist (successful, thank goodness), and then into a transportation nerd. Who knew? And enjoyed it very much, especially the founding of WalkBoston twenty-five years ago—the nation's first pedestrian advocacy group—which has had an immensely positive effect on Boston's streetscape, from small improvements to some huge successes, such as changing the city's plan to build ten travel lanes along Boston's waterfront to only four to six lanes, with the extra space creating a magnificent two-mile park—the Rose Kennedy Greenway. Another fun project is standing with a colleague on street corners all over the city, stopwatches in hand, checking WDW (Walk/Don't Walk) signal timing, then sending recommendations for retiming to the city. The goal is to give walkers a WALK without pushing a button (yes, Boston is that retrograde). So much of what I have done has been a leap of faith, a putting up my hand . . . a surprise. And it has been very satisfying.

Recent enjoyments are the South End Seniors, a group that meets every Tuesday at 10 AM and talks for an hour. It has about 150 people, thirty to forty of whom come every week, and includes some born here, some from our era, and some newcomers. Lively and lovely and occasionally political. I also work with a small group to create a South End History Collection in our local branch library—gathering all the books about and by South Enders, local newspapers, individuals' collections, etc. What we can't accommodate we direct to the library at UMass Boston. In November, a book fair will feature twenty to twenty-five South End authors and books they have written. Over the years there has been so much activism here that everyone is now writing memoirs. You can't wait too long! I have started mine—not to publish, just to record the challenges, successes, failures, crime, grime, and events of our years. Let's hope I get going and finish it.

EVA JANE *NEUMANN* FRIDMAN. *Home Address:* 25 Christopher Lane, Sudbury, MA 01776-3109 (978-443-9843; *Fax:* 978-443-4989). *Occupation and Office Address:* Psychotherapist. 860 Worcester Rd., Framingham, MA 01702 (508-875-0240). *Other Address:* 8 Court St., Provincetown, MA 02657. *Email:* evafridman@verizon.net. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Three.

In rereading my report to our Class in the Fiftieth Reunion book, I feel I said it all then. As I said at that time, having received my AB in history and literature from Radcliffe, I felt free to explore, to develop my potential, to carve

out a life for myself. Ultimately this intellectual background was extremely fruitful in informing my approach to my work in psychotherapy and, equally significantly, to my research and writing in the field of anthropology—both professions in which I am still actively engaged. My greatest joy comes from my intellectual life as a scholar and researcher, and the experiences I had doing fieldwork in Russia and, particularly, Mongolia—one of the most breathtaking and spiritual landscapes in the world. I am including an abstract written for a conference I just attended in Delphi, Greece, this October; the conference was entitled: "Sacred Landscapes and Conflict Transformation: History, Space, Place and Power in Shamanism" (International Society for Academic Research on Shamanism). The abstract is as follows:

Into the Taiga: Place of Refuge and Spiritual Growth

The taiga in Siberia and Mongolia is not only an environment that nourishes and sustains life for many peoples, nomadic and otherwise, but is also a place of refuge and shelter for the practice of religion, offering protection and tangible spiritual experience through the connection to the environment of the locale.

The Old Believers, a conservative Russian sect, fleeing the strictures of reforms under Nikon of the Russian Orthodox Church in 1664 and 1666, have found shelter in villages and hidden parts of the taiga in Tuva. Here they have been able for several centuries to pursue their religious beliefs in safety, utterly separated from the rest of the world. The wilderness worked as a shelter for the practice of religious beliefs; the environment itself, other than the subsistence needs it supplied, was not a part of, or integral to, the religious belief system.

On the other hand, a journey I undertook to visit Suen, a Tsaatan shaman in Hovsgol Province, Mongolia, living in an area not far from the border with Tuva, revealed in her religious practices a total integration with the natural forces of her environment—the blue sky, the spirits of the waters and of the mountains. This environment also sustained her life and that of her reindeer, who depended upon the lichen they grazed in order to survive.

Current changes in Mongolia's climate have wrought concern for the survival of livestock and hence the nomadic Mongolian way of life; will the inability to provide for one's family in the traditional modes also cause a degeneration of the practice of shamanism as people need to migrate out of the taiga into more urban areas and lose their connection to natural forces?

I have published a number of books: *Sacred Geography: Shamanism among the Buddhist Peoples of Russia* (Budapest: Académiai Kiadó, 2005); coedited two volumes of *Shamanism: An Encyclopedia of World Beliefs, Practices, and Culture* (Santa Barbara: ABC-CLIO, 2004); and authored many articles, papers, and book chapters on my research. Recently I have completed a book that is a narrative of my experiences in the field, mostly in Mongolia.

The relationships with my patients in my practice of psychotherapy have continued to be a mutually rewarding and gratifying experience. As I wrote in my Fiftieth Reunion report, I was blessed with a wonderful marriage of forty-two years with my husband, Hans. He was born in Istanbul, Turkey, and over many years of visits, I grew to feel at home in Istanbul; I still maintain my connections to the people I love who live there. Unfortunately, in the last decade I have lost many dear friends and family, and I cherish my relationships with my sons and their families, now including three granddaughters—Roxana (nineteen), Jasmine (twelve), and Jennifer (two)—the littlest one named, totally without my son's being aware of what informed his choice, after my mother's mother, whose name was Jenny, back at the end of the nineteenth century in Ukraine. As I grow older, these connections and the sense of continuity in life become more meaningful. I feel grateful for continuing to have a long, healthy life that has allowed me to have loving relationships and experiences undreamed-of in my early years.

Anna *Newman* Taylor. *Home Address:* 801 Ocean Ave., No. 305, Santa Monica, CA 90403-1062 (310-393-1929; *Fax:* 310-393-2973; *Mobile:* 310-754-5387). *Occupation and Office Address:* Professor of Neurobiology Emerita (recalled). David Geffen School of Medicine, UCLA, 10833 Le Conte Ave., P.O. Box 1763, Los Angeles, CA 90095-1763 (310-825-9856). *Spouse/Partner:* Kenneth C. Taylor (deceased).

I continue to enjoy my position as professor of neurobiology emerita (recalled) at UCLA, conducting research and teaching undergraduate, graduate, and medical students. My research focuses on brain mechanisms for coping with stress as affected by fetal and adult alcohol exposure and after traumatic brain injury. Now, in retirement, my half-time commitment to UCLA allows time for physical training, swimming, biking, and piano lessons. My husband and I traveled extensively in connection with my professional conferences and our joint activities as art dealer and as scientific conference planners, and I continue traveling to visit friends and relatives in Vienna, Paris, and Israel, and on sporting excursions with International Bicycle Tours, Road Scholar/Elderhostel, and the Los Angeles Council of Ski Clubs. Back home, concerts, opera, theater, museums, and friends are wonderful diversions.

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Paula J. Omansky. *Home Address:* 37 W. 12th St., Apt. 11J, New York, NY 10011 (212-243-1612). *Email:* pomansky@verizon.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Mordecai Rosenfeld. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Step-grandchildren:* Two.

Although some aspects of my life could use a do-over, I am happy with my choices, personal and professional.

PAULA MARIE *O'NEIL* DONIUS. *Home Address:* 24 Highland Trail, Duxbury, MA 02332-2931 (781-837-2128). *Email:* pdonius@verizon.net. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Four.

In reflecting on the last sixty years, I realize, now more than ever, how fortunate I have been in life, both before and since graduation from college. I have lived in a time and in a place that have allowed me opportunities and blessings that the majority of people, historically and currently, have never known. I have lived in freedom and have had the opportunity of a first-class education at Boston Girls' Latin School, Radcliffe College, and Boston College.

Since graduation from Radcliffe and while raising my four children, I have earned an MEd, a CAES, and a PhD at Boston College. This has helped me to send all four of my children to college and graduate school during a time when this was possible in a middle class family. Unfortunately, today this is no longer doable for middle class families without incurring crippling debt. Consequently, I do feel a moral obligation to pay my good fortune forward by contributing to efforts to turn this country around.

It has been disturbing to me, towards the end of my life, to see this great nation become an oligarchy. Worry for my children and grandchildren has dampened the enjoyment of my retirement and final years. I handle this by working for a return to a more representative form of government, and will do so until my health gives out.

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Life is good and satisfying. I'm more than content to be well-retired from bumping my head on the glass ceiling in corporate life. My spouse of almost sixty years and I both enjoy relative good health. And as we draw back a little from the intense community commitments and volunteerism of the past two decades, our days are filled with grandchildren and gardening.

We have purchased a small co-op apartment in Charlotte, North Carolina, where we spend the five winter months. We chose Charlotte because both daughters and their three children live there. The plan is to eventually sell the Connecticut house and move permanently to Charlotte to be near our

daughters as we slip further into our dotage. Tom is more ready to make this change than I am. I am reluctant to leave our home of thirty-three years, with its beautiful gardens, its memories, and our intense volunteer involvement that has earned us the dubious distinction of being "pillars" of our community. In Charlotte, our aim is to relax and be seen as Vicki's and Joyce's aging parents.

We have five grandchildren who range in age from twenty-one to twelve. We are very much involved in the lives of the four youngest. When in Charlotte we do after school pickups, transport to and attend soccer and basketball practices, and go to band concerts, dance performances, and school events. When in Connecticut, the Charlotte troops visit to get out of the southern summer heat and the necessity of attending endless day camps while mothers work.

We do a lot of gardening here in Connecticut, both on our own one-and-a-half-acre "estate" and as the founders and directors of the Torrington Community Gardens. The community garden was begun in 2000 as a jubilee project. We have two sites and a total of thirty-six plots. Much produce from the gardens finds its way to the local soup kitchen and food pantries.

I have been involved for the past eight years in an effort to restore and preserve Trinity Episcopal Church in Torrington, a complex of three buildings on both the state and national registers of historic places. The Neo-Gothic facility was built in the years 1897 to 1920 by the industrial magnates who built Torrington. A landmark in downtown Torrington, it is an important complex in downtown's revitalization plan.

I am very concerned about the many sharp divides within our society:

- The income discrepancy between the top 10 percent and the rock-bottom poor, and the extent and dehumanizing effect of poverty in general
- The continuing and invasive racial prejudice left over from the slavery that so taints our past
- The political divide between the "blue" and the "red," and the gridlock in Washington, DC
- Our failure to craft a safety net under our youngest and poorest children

But I'm afraid I have little to offer in the way of solutions.

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I continue to live overlooking the pond that has nurtured me for much of my life. When I wrote last, I described our process of settling into the home and the new community. Nothing has changed, but everything has changed. When my husband, Tom, died, I found the framework of my life drastically altered. I had never lived by myself before. I had never had to deal with failing appliances or household repairs. I was in a less familiar town. And my right hand and companion was gone. Not only were the practicalities of life challenging, but I also found myself shying away from the designation "widow." I was plunged into a role not of my choosing and with an undefined script. What I did know was that, all the same, I would honor the goals Tom and I had had together and find my way.

Life is amazing. Out of unexpected places, help has surprised me. A neighbor thinned the trees that were starting to block my driveway. I was invited to join a group of ladies who attend Boston Symphony. I found support in our volunteer work. I have found a true home in the church we had just joined and where I now act as a senior participant in the youth program. A teenager volunteered to help with weeding, and a mysterious person cleared my driveway with a snow blower and later gave me fresh eggs. An unexpected impetus came in the form of a challenge for me to take the trips Tom and I had hoped to take together. I then found that Road Scholar has programs for the likes of me, and I renewed my passport. As it works out, I find myself now opening doors to new interests that engage and comfort. In short, I am finding my way.

I have made no sweeping changes, but I have put my own stamp on what I do. I am thankful to be able to stay in my home and will do so as long as I am able. I am blessed by having two daughters who keep track of me, gently reminding me when I may be overstepping my energy. I am fortunate to have good health and give my dog credit for exercising me every day. The word *widow* no longer has its sting.

I send my greetings to my classmates, all of us now tiptoeing through our ninth decade. I rejoice in our hardiness, send courage to those feeling less chipper, and give support to other widows.

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A lot has happened since the last time I wrote—probably for all of us—like the little grandchildren growing up and going to college (the oldest already graduated from McGill), and a few of them beginning to drive. I benefit from the latter, because if I want to go shopping at the Cape, for example, there is always someone willing to drive me.

Reaching my eightieth birthday was a mixed blessing. Although I seem to have slowed down a bit (the downside), Steve took me to Istanbul to celebrate! That was an extraordinary trip in many ways, both interesting and exciting.

We are still going back and forth to Normandy (May and June), Buzzards Bay (July through October), and San Francisco (November through April), though air travel is no longer either interesting or exciting.

I am sorry to tell you that our classmate and Steve's cousin, Sandra Shohet (married to my cousin, Ed Landau), died in October. Sandy and I hit it off immediately when we met during orientation week. She was bright and funny, and we will all miss her.

Best regards to you all.

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I remember reading *Only Yesterday* in high school and feeling very grateful that all that was behind us. I never thought to ask my parents what it was like to live through the Depression and the xenophobia and the rampant racism of the twenties and thirties. Now we have it with us again, globally this time, and I fear for the welfare of my children, grandchildren, and the children and grandchildren of the world. Politically I am moving more and more swiftly to the left—another circle, as my Russian grandparents were international socialists and are probably applauding from the grave.

At the same time, my life is singularly blessed with good health, a partner in good health, and plenty of brain left to enjoy all the wonderful things that New York offers, including long walks on the avenues and through the parks. I am on the board of a tiny theater in the East Village that presents American

plays that clarify and explore what we stand for and have stood for as a country. The productions are superb—so fine that Chris and I no longer have much interest in Broadway theater and look for our theatrical pleasures in other parts of town.

It is hard to retire as a family therapist and social worker. Friends and family, and their friends and family, always have problems, and they look for someone for advice and more often help, so I don't need to volunteer to feel comfortable about giving something back in gratitude for all our good fortune.

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Every time a personal update for our Class of 1956 is requested, I'm stopped in my tracks. I take a deep breath, then another—then put off the task for as long as I can. Any meaningful report of one's life is too laborious and too complex. So I shall restrict myself here to an alternative—a "normative" minimum, to keep open the lines to former classmates. A Sixtieth Reunion seems an appropriate time for summing up, even the atypical.

While a student at Radcliffe I actually met or knew very few classmates (actually met more Harvard students, who were in the majority in all classes). As a commuter, *I never once entered a dorm*, and rarely got to the Radcliffe Quad. In the three years and two summers I attended Radcliffe, I was concomitantly a student at Hebrew College in Boston, afternoons and evenings. My BJEd (bachelor of Jewish education) was completed in 1955, a year before graduating from Radcliffe. Thus free time for a college social life or extracurricular activities around campus was never available.

By 1958 I was married to my Israeli husband, and by 1959 we left for life in Israel—both leaving behind PhD grants—two young people in pursuit of ideals in which we believed. We have lived in Israel since then, now with the addition of our three adult children and seven wonderful grandchildren, ages eight to twenty-eight.

As we have become mature adults, experiences have expanded understanding. Israel and the world at large have changed radically in the sixty years since 1956. Our perspectives and beliefs have also evolved with time. The idealistic, youthful vision embraced with the creation of the State of Israel as a safe haven for the Jewish people after World War II gradually came face to face with real life—and reality brought with it unfathomable challenges in the process of creating and maintaining a democratic state in this geographical location.

Okay. Today I'm eighty-one years "young." I am able to look back with greater (more mature?) peripheral vision on my youthful past. I can review decisions and actions I made along the way until today. Amazingly enough, I

regret no major decision (except I always wished for a magic wand to change the world for the better!). Israel today is a progressive, productive, and dynamic democracy, modern and forward-looking. Unfortunate biblical geography has placed us in territory challenging survival. Despite whatever criticisms I may have, I don't know what nation could do better in this situation, do you?

Though I may have strong differences with current politics, including the burgeoning influence of ultra-religious groups in the government, I can still hope for positive change, as this is an evolving democracy and my vote counts. How long (or even *if*) we survive depends not only on us, but on a more realistic universal understanding of this part of the world and history in the making. Not enough people, including those in influential upper echelons, are able to understand the complex realities they don't know or haven't experienced. And "politically correct" can be a dangerous password . . .

Happily, the big decisions I made in my youth were good and allow a very meaningful existence on a personal level. All in the family continue to move forward and enjoy an interesting and rich life. Living near the center of Israel is exciting, and opportunities are endless. It is almost as though in one sense we are living daily in a protective pink bubble. If one didn't read newspapers or listen to newscasts on TV, all could be almost perfect.

But, alas, we are located plunk in the center of Middle East madness and irrationality, where religious extremism, emotional self-righteousness—and, in many places, also poverty, lack of education, and a dearth of democratic governments—reign. Living with such dichotomy one must become a realist. The norm for life here in our little country (try Rhode Island for size) is often high stress, threatening actions, and terrorism (though perhaps felt less on a daily personal level than in most places in today's turbulent world).

It's difficult for me to believe how many wars I've experienced here. I examine how my decisions have impacted the next generations in my family. The same complex life I experience is automatically imposed on our children and grandchildren. One grandson has this year begun his compulsory army service, and next year two more will join him. Our oldest granddaughter already finished her service and is now completing her medical studies, while the two youngest girls have years before them. Although I detest violence and wars, people in Israel grow up with significant ideals and a sense of communal purpose—and the *need for survival*, in the most basic meaning of the word. The army service is a great equalizer and joiner.

Like almost everyone else, I don't envision any miraculous untangling of the current complex situation here in the near future. But compared with much of the turbulence I observe in the world around us, we might even become the next "safe haven" (after the United States, of course). Religious fanaticism flourishes all around, destroying possibilities for new democracies to evolve, erasing feelings of goodwill, love, and respect for others as it justifies the killing of innocents. We must work hard to reverse this trend. To be true to one's

liberal-democratic beliefs in the predicaments we find ourselves in is a very difficult challenge. Our democracy, like all other democracies, needs constant tuning and some internal changes, but in comparison to much of the world, we are progressive.

In retrospect, I guess I missed out on much that can be called a "college experience" or a regular life. I entered Radcliffe, my first higher academic experience, as a total innocent. I was a child of a first-generation immigrant family, and my parents were busy with basic economic survival. Still, I was blessed, as our parents, though lacking knowledge or background to guide us, made every effort and sacrifice to support us and expand our horizons. Education was paramount. (Both had studies interrupted in Eastern Europe as a result of war and anti-Semitism.) How fortunate I was to be born in the United States, the forward-looking democracy that adopted so many in need. A fantastic academic opportunity was afforded me with a full scholarship at Radcliffe (and later in further education). Going forward on "automatic pilot," even without guidance, I learned and experienced at Radcliffe so much that helped mold my life and ideas.

In my own iconoclastic way, I endeavored to keep my head above water in my overscheduled life. (I'm still not sure my choice of "overeducation" was the right one.) For survival I owe a debt to Hayes-Bickford, the popular twenty-four-hour restaurant in Harvard Square, both for the many hours of refuge from the elements and for providing low-cost food, where a twenty-five-cent daily budget could buy a lunch containing a serving of raisin toast, applesauce, and a pot of tea to share with my friend Anne '57 (another poor Cliffie commuter). There were also some lovely evenings of group singing of madrigals that some of you may remember . . .

I could report some rather interesting and unique experiences from my struggles to survive, especially during exam times, trying to find where to study without the long trip home to Dorchester—but perhaps the statute of limitations has not yet run out after sixty years, so I'll keep mum. I can say, however, that Lamont and Widener Libraries and the psychology graduate house (despite my being an undergraduate) were all safe havens.

In sum, I am grateful for all that I have experienced, accomplished, and enjoyed in my personal life. I can yet claim a good life (age-appropriate, of course). I wish the same for all 1956 classmates.

And would that the world wakes up soon!

P.S. The above was written on November 12, 2015—the day before the horrific Paris terror attacks.

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Widowed twice, I now live alone on my farm in central France, breeding sheep for meat and Anglo-Arab horses for sport. My American daughter raises Welsh ponies on her own farm five minutes away by car, twenty minutes on horseback. She drives four ponies for the American equestrian team (bronze medals in 2007 and 2011). Her first husband died when their three children were young. She has two still in the nest with her second husband. Of the three oldest, one is an agricultural engineer, one is a nurse in Switzerland, and one is working on her PhD in cancer research at the University of Lausanne. My French son lives in Connecticut with his daughter, his wife having recently died of cancer. He works for Chanel in up-market interior decorating textiles.

Despite limited mobility due to multiple hip replacements, I consider myself very fortunate to be living in a tranquil corner of the world raising my dream breed, Anglo-Arabs. On the negative side, the increasing depths of dysfunction on both sides of the Atlantic are very depressing, and the rest of the world doesn't in any way cheer me up. In other words, I'm delighted it's our Sixtieth and not our Twentieth.

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I feel truly blessed to be living happily at the age of eighty. Bruce and I have been married fifty-seven years and are still healthy.

We sold our horse farm in Virginia in 2013 and bought a large house in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Our son David, his wife, Susie, and two of our grandchildren live with us. We have three children and eight grandchildren, ranging in age from twelve to twenty-seven.

Sadly, in 2008 our son Stuart died unexpectedly. His wife, Karen, lives in Florida. They have three children. His oldest, Skye, has a swimming scholarship at the University of North Florida. His son, Logan, is a champion diver who has won the State of Florida high school diving championship for three years in a row.

Bruce and I are grateful for all the amazing educational opportunities we had in life. Radcliffe College and Harvard University opened our world and enrich our life today. Greetings to all our '56 classmates.

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Lately, in commemoration of Frank Sinatra's centenary, his signature songs have been much in the air. Many of the words resonate with me:

"*It was a very good year . . .*" In 2015, I turned eighty and threw a party to mark the occasion.

"*Fly me to the moon . . .*"The celebration continued with a visit to Hawaii, the fulfillment of a childhood fantasy. Accompanying me on the bucket list version of the trip were my son David '81, his wife, Debbie, and their three twenty-something offspring. Ethan, Emma, and daughters had family obligations in London and regrettably could not join us. "*Maybe next year . . .*"

"*The house I live in*," and, wafting in from the fifties English major curriculum, "*Many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea . . .*" We built our house in Marblehead in 1966, after six prior moves. I still live here. My husband, Ami, and I were married in 1958; he died in 2014. I am grateful for those fifty-four years, although our last decade was sadly marred as Alzheimer's eroded all that he had been. I am grateful, too, for my devoted and beloved children, grandchildren, and sister, and my large, interesting, and diverse extended family.

"*Luck be a lady tonight . . .*" Lady Luck has been kind. I have had a fortunate life, allowing me to work for and support causes and institutions important to me. Part of the good luck was attending Radcliffe. I am awed by the accomplishments, past and present, of my classmates, and delighted that so many of us are here to celebrate our Sixtieth.

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After fifty-five years of marriage, I lost my husband, Joaquín, a year ago. It was a long and difficult struggle with semantic dementia. I now try to keep occupied by volunteering at the nursing home where he spent the last year of his life.

My children are well and very helpful. No grandchild is yet married, thus no great-grandchildren. One is engaged, so we shall see.

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At this writing, in October 2015, I am eighty-one, with much to be grateful for, and I am. I have good health, three marvelous, healthy adult children: a daughter in San Francisco, a son, Harvard '83, and family in Westwood, California, a son and family in Lexington, Massachusetts. Our sons have chosen wonderful women who are healthy (the Massachusetts wife is Harvard '92). I have four charming, bright, healthy grandchildren: Peggy, newly eight and her brother, Max, who will be seven in January in Massachusetts; Talia, who will be five in February, and her sister, Avery, who was two in September. They live in California. (Jim and I were very grandparent-challenged.) Fortunately, Jim and our two older grands knew and enjoyed each other.

I live for half the year in Milwaukee, where I arrived as a bride in 1958 joyously married to Jim, whom I met in our senior year. He and I together and individually made a lot of good happen here. I am still involved as an eminence grise. Jim was a Milwaukee native who hated the cold. We have had a condo in La Jolla, California, where I still spend six months minus a day to remain a Wisconsin resident.

My life is profoundly diminished without Jim (Harvard '53, HLS '56). I can still see him walk through the Agassiz front door in December 1954, when I was twenty. I did not know who he was but thought he was a "person of interest." In October 1955, I had a blind date. It was he! It is trite to say, but he was indeed my soul mate, my compass, my anchor, my listening heart. (I am not saying that we never argued or disagreed.) We shared so many interests. He was so smart, so kind, so ethical, so competent, so funny, a great husband, father, grandfather, son, lawyer, athlete, and a wonderful dancer. Our kids and grandkids and I were so fortunate. We and many other people miss him enormously.

I wish all of us, the Class of 1956, good health, good giggles, and great joy.

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My proudest accomplishment is to have replaced myself with four wonderful daughters. They, with me, make up a string quintet, now playing Schubert with a twelve-year-old grandson. My daughters have careers, while I, typical of the fifties, stumbled into one over the years as a violin teacher and orchestra musician. As sight and hearing go out the window and I move to a retirement home, I feel supported by my terrific family, including my ex-husband, Michael '55.

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I still live in the same old farmhouse on the coast of Maine with my husband. We moved in after our December 1956 marriage. With fifty acres to care for, with vegetable gardens and an orchard, we are outdoors most of the summer.

I continue to play in the Midcoast Symphony Orchestra, still going strong after four of us started it in 1990.

Two of our children live in Maine—a violinist and a fiber artist. Our youngest child is a nurse practitioner who lives with her husband and daughters in Olympia, Washington. Our eldest, a son, died of pancreatic cancer in 2014. His widow and two young children live in Laramie, Wyoming.

Eventually I'll need to sell our home and move closer to my daughter's family.

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This last ten-year period of my life has been difficult. In 2000 I retired from Edinburgh University as the academic director of the Centre for Environmental Change and became a visiting professor of urban and environmental planning at Clemson University, South Carolina. My husband and I thought that we would have a decade of golf, painting, and travel, but this idyll was not to be. For three years my academician-architect husband was ill with Alzheimer's, one of the most difficult diseases to handle on a full-time basis. He died in 2006, when I wrote, and the Royal Scottish Academy published, a monograph of his work.

I was next involved in a three-year battle to protect one of my Houston Family philanthropies, the Schuylkill Center for Environmental Education, comprising four hundred urban acres in Philadelphia that the board wanted to give away to another charity, a charter school. I petitioned the Philadelphia Orphans Court to see if the board had any right to violate my mother's will and steal the assets, and in this effort had the help of a committee of ten and 350 friends. We won, and the court declared that the land and buildings can never be given away without the permission of the Orphan's Court of Philadelphia. I consider this victory to be one of my most important achievements.

I did consultancy work with the Commonwealth Human Ecology Council, attending many Commonwealth Heads of Government meetings and the UN Habitat Meeting in Nairobi, Kenya, where I proposed to the ministers that a further world habitat conference should be held. The General Assembly is holding Habitat III this October (2016) in Quito, Ecuador.

Unfortunately, the beams and roof of our modern house, Woodcote Park—designed by James Morris and considered to be the seventeenth-most important modern building out of one hundred buildings built in the last fifty years in Scotland—collapsed. After restoration I was able to move back into the house.

With my siblings, I help the Houston Estate philanthropies, which attract over 100,000 people a year—mostly in Philadelphia, but there are others in Maine. I have been asked to write the history of my great-grandfather, Henry Howard Houston, and the Houston legacy of development and philanthropies over five generations. As I am one of the few Houston heirs who know what took place, I am keen to do this.

I am blessed with three delightfully active young, Malcolm, Houston, and Alexandra, and their spouses. Two are bankers, one is an architect, others are an interior designer and a barrister, and my daughter worked for Prime Minister David Cameron. There are nine grandchildren—eight boys and one granddaughter—all doing well.

As to my career, I went to Harvard/Radcliffe at age sixteen to major in architectural sciences. I graduated cum laude at age twenty, then did a master's in city planning at the University of Pennsylvania and a PhD from Edinburgh University when I had three children under the age of twelve. On arrival in Scotland, I was given tenure at age twenty-six at the University of Edinburgh and remained as an associate professor of town planning until becoming a visiting professor at Clemson University.

Over the years, I worked for several charities:

1. The Royal Town Planning Institute of Scotland for fifteen years. I became the first lady chairman of the Royal Town Planning Institute of Scotland and the second lady chairman of all professional institutions in Scotland in 1986–87. Now, thirty years later, there are many female conveners, including Scotland's first minister of the Scottish Parliament!
2. The National Trust for Scotland for thirteen years, on both the council and the executive committee.
3. The Commonwealth Human Ecology Council for sixteen years, writing journals, giving lectures and attending UN commissions and meetings.

Luckily my life has quieted down after the overwhelming responsibilities of the last twelve years. I still manage a Scottish estate, do the occasional lecture, and enjoy writing my family's history and being involved with my young and grandchildren.

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CLEO *STACIVA* WHITTEN. *Home Address:* Riverside, Widecombe-in-the-Moor, Newton Abbot TQ13 7TF, England (+44-13-6462-1702). *Occupation:* Retired Artist. *Email:* csw@bonehill.eclipse.co.uk. *Spouse/Partner:* Timothy Whitten. *Children:* Four. *Stepchildren:* One. *Grandchildren:* Ten. *Step-grandchildren:* One.

Being in need of downsizing, a few years ago we sold our cherished sixteenth-century farmhouse in Widecombe and moved to our townhouse in Plymouth for two years. Although we had a stunning view of Plymouth Sound and all water events, city life was not amenable. Fortunately, a property in Widecombe became available, so we moved back in the summer of 2014, following a year of extensive renovations to what the Dartmoor National Park, giver of building permits, described as a "thoroughly nondescript house" (definitely a euphemism, "little horror" being more accurate). It has been a period of fun and frustration, but we're now rejoicing in solar heating, a new, unpolluted well, enlarged windows, and outbuildings that don't collapse.

Although listed as retired, I've continued painting and making collages. I continue work on a series of abstracts based on fractal images created on my computer. For comic relief I occasionally revert to representational pieces, one of which was a design for a small stained-glass window for our parish church, to commemorate the queen's jubilee in 2012.

MARGUERITE *STERN* ROBINSON. *Address:* 615 Heath St., Unit 301, Chestnut Hill, MA 02467-2146 (617-739-3201).

BEVERLY *STEWART* ALMGREN. *Address:* 91 E. Main St., Warner, NH 03278-4408 (603-456-2746).

GABRIELLE B. STOCKER. *Address:* 118 Las Ondas Court, Santa Cruz, CA 95060-3316 (831-426-0865).

GAIL STOCKER. *Address:* 49 Hill Rd., Unit 24, Belmont, MA 02478 (617-489-2250).

ANTONIA *TRAUGOTT* GREENWOOD. *Home Address:* 616 Seventh St. E., Owen Sound, ON N4K 1J6, Canada. *Occupation:* Part-time Farmer and Dog Show Judge. *Email:* mistral@bmts.com. *Children:* Four. *Grandchildren:* Four. *Great-grandchildren:* Six.

PHYLLIS *TRUSTMAN* GELFMAN. *Address:* 18 West Lane, Greenwich, CT 06831-2632 (203-622-7548).

NANCY *TUTTLE* ADAM. *Address:* 144 Orange St., Apt. 301, Nantucket, MA 02554-4055 (508-228-6459).

ANNE *TYLER* CALABRESI. *Address:* 639 Amity Rd., Woodbridge, CT 06525 (203-393-0008).

SARAH M. TYLER. *Address:* Unknown.

BEATRICE *UFFORD* ZENZIE. *Address:* Pennswood Village, Apt. F110, 1382 Newtown Langhorne Rd., Newtown, PA 18940-2418 (609-924-6143).

JEAN VALENTINE. *Address:* 527 W. 110th St., Apt. 81, New York, NY 10025-2082 (212-866-9740).

PATRICIA *VAN DOREN* DUNN. *Address:* 10 White Oak Drive, Apt. 303, Exeter, NH 03833-5314 (603-383-6615).

MARINA *VON NEUMANN* WHITMAN. *Home Address:* 2101 Belmont Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48104-2819 (734-662-8593; *Mobile:* 734-604-4450). *Occupation and Office Address:* University Teaching. Gerald Ford School of Public Policy, University of Michigan, 3228 Weill Hall, 735 S. State St., Ann Arbor, MI 48109-3091 (734-763-4173; *Fax:* 734-763-9181). *Seasonal Address:* (August) 34 Long Beach Rd., Wareham, MA 02571 (508-295-8222). *Email:* marinaw@umich.edu. *Spouse/Partner:* Robert Whitman. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Two.

Perhaps the best way to describe the arc of my life, without spending hours or days on it, is to give (below) a summary of the major themes of my memoir, *The Martian's Daughter*, published a few years ago:

The first theme is my struggle to emerge from the shadow of a larger-than-life parent and define myself in my own terms. My father, John von Neumann, sometimes hailed as the greatest mathematician of the twentieth century, was the inventor of game theory, a key figure in the Manhattan Project, and a pioneering developer of the modern stored-program electronic computer, whose modus operandi is still referred to as the "von Neumann architecture." I explore how the cosmopolitan environment in which I was immersed, the demanding expectations of my parents, and my own efforts, from childhood onward, to emerge as my own person shaped my life and work.

The second theme is how my career evolved against the background of a world in which the role of and opportunities for women were rapidly changing. I became an increasingly recognized academic in the male-dominated field of economics in the 1960s, the first woman ever to serve as a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers in the 1970s, the highest-ranking woman in the US automobile industry as a senior vice president of GM in the 1980s, and the first woman on the board of directors of several leading multinational corporations. As I broke through one glass ceiling after another, I struggled daily to strike the right balance between my professional life and my role as a wife and mother. Only now, knowing that Bob and I remain lovers and best friends after sixty years of marriage and my middle-aged children

have turned out to be human beings of whom we are deeply proud, can I feel reassured that I did not fail in the latter—that, as a wise friend once put it, "at least, Marina, you didn't screw them up."

In my lifelong pursuit of "having it all," there were heartbreaking moments, like the deathbed scene with my father, who strongly opposed the early marriage I was about to embark on, as well as hilarious episodes, like the middle-aged student in one of the evening classes I taught who unthinkingly sputtered, "At US Steel we don't expect women to think." My story, although the intimate account of one woman's life, is also a mirror that reflects the changes that were reshaping American society.

NANNIE *VON STADE* WARD. *Address:* 453 York St. SE, Aiken, SC 29801-4980 (803-644-0878).

MARTHA *WADDELL* OLSON. *Address:* P.O. Box 1600, Sutter Creek, CA 95685-1600 (209-267-9284).

ANNE JULIET WADLEIGH. *Address:* Unknown.

DEBORAH *WAIT* FRASER. *Address:* 126 Stanley Ave., Ottawa, ON K1M 1N9, Canada (613-749-7356).

KATHARINE WOLCOTT *WATTS* MCGOVERN. *Home Address:* 17319 Magnolia Blvd., Encino, CA 91316-2542 (818-789-2998; *Mobile:* 818-400-9983). *Email:* katiemcgovern@yahoo.com. *Spouse/Partner:* William M. McGovern. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven.

SUE *WEAVER* CROOK. *Home Address:* 405 Longleaf Drive, Chapel Hill, NC 27517-3036 (*Mobile:* 919-219-5669). *Email:* suecrook33@earthlink.net. *Web/Social Media Links:* Facebook. *Spouse/Partner:* Foster S. "Terry" Crook. *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four.

An unlikely candidate for Radcliffe, I came from a small, rural county high school in the South better known for its football team than for its academics. We were reading the *Reader's Digest* in junior English. But thanks to Radcliffe's geographical distribution policy, I was accepted. No one was more surprised than I was the day that fat acceptance letter arrived in our mailbox. I was not well-read, had never written a paper over a page or two long, and never been assigned more than a few pages to read at a time, so it didn't occur to me that being mildly dyslexic and a slow reader might be a problem; our tests were true/false, multiple choice, or called for answers of a few words, so I had no experience of essay exams, nor had I ever taken notes on anything. Given how ill-prepared I was, I consider it the eighth wonder of the world that I stuck with the ensuing struggle and culture shock and actually graduated. Had it not been for help from Dr. Perry at the Bureau of Study Counsel, I might not have made it.

I am grateful for my Radcliffe experience, for the friendships I formed, for the amazing and diverse people, books, and ideas I met there. I cannot imagine what my life would have been like without the opening of that magic door.

Life is still good! Although I have some health issues and physical limitations, the things I can no longer do are less important than the many things I still enjoy. I find at eighty-two that I live much more in the present moment than I did when younger. I am blessed to have Terry still with me, to live near two of our children and two of our grandchildren, and to live in a house all on one floor. Chapel Hill, home to UNC, has wonderful cultural diversity and many interesting events and restaurants to choose from. So life is full of possibilities: reading, studying, visiting with friends, following the activities of our four granddaughters, writing down the oral family stories of multiple generations at the behest of grandchildren, nieces, and nephews, activities at church, continuing education classes, and cooking, to name a few. Plus, there are still ah-ha! moments of insight that keep life exciting.

I will not be able to make it to the Reunion, but will enjoy reading about all of you in our Class of '56 Report.

BRENDA *WEBSTER* BROWN. *Home Address:* 1330 Pacific St., Santa Monica, CA 90405-1515 (310-450-2467). *Email:* rfb@adelphia.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Robert F. Brown. *Children:* Two. *Grandchildren:* One.

ELSA *WEIL* REICH. *Home Address:* 4 Cummings Circle, West Orange, NJ 07056 (973-736-1614; *Mobile:* 973-441-9160). *Occupation and Office Address:* Genetic Counselor; Professor of Pediatrics. 145 E. 32d St., New York, NY 10016 (646-754-2205; *Fax:* 646-754-2250). *Email:* ereich64@yahoo.com; elsa.reich@nyumc.org. *Spouse/Partner:* John Reich (deceased). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Four.

I am very devoted to my family, my four grandsons, my two daughters, and my son. They have all been wonderful to me, especially since the death of my husband, John, in March 2015—already eight months ago. We had a lot of fun together over almost sixty years, loving travel, art, crafts—you name it. We have had wonderful friends, too. We have been very lucky.

I have worked for the NYU School of Medicine for forty-one years as a genetic counselor and am still working full-time. The field has expanded far beyond anyone's imagination—when I started in the field, we had very few ways to test anyone. Now the testing is very extensive and still expanding. It is a very exciting field to have been in. I have taken care of probably thousands of patients, and I must say that I have learned more from them than they have from me. The strength of my patients in the face of what we might consider some of life's greatest challenges has given me strength. I figure if they can do it, so can I. I am grateful to them.

I am still very silly, love to laugh and goof around. I love to read and learn and will still try almost anything at least once. I have been fortunate and have

been healthy. I can still walk fast. I can hear, see, and drive! What else is there? If you've had as good a life as I have, you are lucky, too.

JANE COREY WENNING. *Address:* Unknown.

ELIZABETH ANN *WHITNEY* STRONG. *Home Address:* 6250A Half Mile Rd., Theodore, AL 36582-2721 (251-973-0005; *Mobile:* 251-209-9369). *Email:* ewstrong@att.net. *Spouse/Partner:* Donald S. Strong. *Children:* Five. *Grandchildren:* Eleven. *Great-grandchildren:* Six.

Something meaningful and important to me can be summed up in someone: Jesus Christ, as he is revealed to us through the Bible and the presence of the Holy Spirit in our lives. I'm so thankful for His love, and that I will never walk alone.

HONOR *WILLIAMS* ISHIDA. *Address:* 4-5-6 Zenpukuji, Apt. 213, Suginami-ku, Tokyo 167-0041, Japan (+81-3-3397-3735).

HILDEGARDE *WILLMANN* WILSON. *Home Address:* 1092 Miller Ave., Berkeley, CA 94708-1516 (510-527-4621; *Mobile:* 510-508-7085). *Occupation:* Craftsperson (weaver). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Seven.

I have been a craftsperson for over twenty-five years, weaving and sewing and attending fairs throughout California to sell my garments.

VIRGINIA *WINSTEAD* BARTON. *Address:* 57 Bellair Drive, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522-3501 (914-693-0842).

PATRICIA *WOOD* ASCH. *Address:* Unknown.

KATHARINE *WOOLLEN* FITTS. *Address:* 1320 High Forest Drive N., Tuscaloosa, AL 35406-2150 (205-752-9823).

JOAN *WORKMAN* STEIN. *Address:* 21325 11th Drive SE, Bothell, WA 98021-7627 (212-595-9550).

Widowers of the Class

Bayard Thayer Storey (Frances *Elliot* Storey). *Home Address:* 1919 Brandywine St., Philadelphia, PA 19130 (215-557-8183). *E-mail:* bstorey7@comcast.net. *Children:* Four.

Hugh MacDougall (Eleanore *Ellsworth* MacDougall). *Home Address:* 8 Lake St., Cooperstown, NY 13326. *E-mail:* hmacdougall@stny.rr.com.

Frank Davidoff (Ann *Grant* Davidoff). *Home Address:* 143 Garden St., Wethersfield, CT 06109 (860-529-8330). *Children:* Three. *Grandchildren:* Three. *Great-grandchildren:* Two.

Horatio Winspear Burns (Sheila *Shepherd* Burns). *Home Address:* P.O. Box 1510, Big Timber, MT 59011-1510 (406-220-6090). *Children:* Three. *Stepchildren:* Two. *Grandchildren:* Seven. *Step-grandchildren:* Four.

Mark Crane (Constance *Wilson* Crane). *Home Address:* 425 Davis St., Apt. 826, Evanston, IL 60201 (847-328-4055). *E-mail:* conmark2@comcast.net. *Children:* Three.

I live at The Mather, a continuing care retirement community in Evanston, Illinois, three blocks from the Northwestern campus and two blocks from Lake Michigan. I am retired from the practice of law after nearly fifty years with the same firm, first as a tax lawyer; then for thirty years as an antitrust lawyer (I was chair of the Antitrust Section of the American Bar Association); and then as counsel to our firm, specializing in ethical and conflict-of-interest issues, which I taught for nine years at Loyola Law School, finally retiring in 2007. In retirement I keep busy as chair of the residents council at The Mather, seeing many new and old friends and renewing my interests in history, art, and geology.

Connie had two careers—as a mother and wife, and as a volunteer at numerous civic and cultural institutions, primarily the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, where she worked several days a week for twenty-seven years. A tribute to her in the museum's annual report is reproduced below. Since then the museum has named its anthropology laboratory in her honor. I benefited enormously from both her careers, which provided a rich and happy life for me and our children and enormously expanded my interests. I could not have had a better wife.

In Memory of Connie Crane

The Field Museum lost an exceptional friend in Connie Crane. For decades, Connie was a key supporter and a research associate in the former

anthropology department, helping develop the Alsdorf Hall of Northwest Coast and Arctic Peoples. She cofounded the Cultural Collections Committee and was a member of the women's board as well as the founders' council with her husband, Mark. Regarding her involvement with the Field Museum, she said: "It's a big world and a big society, and we owe our communities a lot." Connie's infectious curiosity is sorely missed.

In Memoriam

** Reported deceased since last Anniversary Report*

* Mary *Alexich* Shoemaker
Cynthia *Almy* Josephs
Ann *Andrus* Stonestreet
* Nancy *Aub* Gleason
* Joyce E. Backman
Edith *Baras* Burke
Marian *Bear* Papermaster
Anitra *Bingham* Kolenkow
Constance *Bookidis* Zavos
Aurelia M.C. *Carissimo* Koros
Judith *Church* Cummings
* Carol *Cohen* Becker
Jane *Connell* Lamont-May
Sarah *Crocker* Garrison
* Joan *Cronk* Cully
Sheila Bruce Currier
Cornelia *Davenport* Schwartz
Eleanor *Dearing* McKinster
Ellen *DeWolfe* Steere
* Jean *Dunbar* Maryborn
* Frances *Elliot* Storey
* Eleanore *Ellsworth* MacDougall
Eileen *Fahnestock* Miller
Yvonne *Fair* Douglas
* Elisabeth *Farber* Rubin
* Barbara *Forester* Austin
* Annette *Fowler* Hunt
Diana Ethel *Goldfaden* Gartner
* Ann *Grant* Davidoff
* Judith *Haley* Murphy
Joy M. *Hambuechen* Potter
Julia *Harmon* Morgan
Joan *Hawker* Grebe
Catherine *Herzog* Powell
Katherine *Hitchcock* McHugh
Sarah *Huntington* Fletcher
Ann *Hutt* Browning
* Sibyl *Inslee* Sender
Patricia Ireland
* Therese *Jaeger* Ried
Barbara *Jennings* Collins
* Sarah *Jordan* Minnigan
Ruth *Korzenik* Franklin
Charlotte *Liggett* Achenbach
Elizabeth Johanna Linch
M. Luisa *Lobo* Ryan
Jo *Maheu* Raleigh
Lesley *Mangel* Schapiro
Maylie *Marshall* Scott
Patricia Jane Maslon
Susan *Morford* Altfeld
Evelyn V. K. Morgan
Alison *Mumford* Morss
Harriet *Orlov* Schwartz
Elizabeth Paine
* Janet Kathryn *Peterson* Rawdon
Wiltraud *Pfeiffer* Segel
* Pamela *Read* Peck
Margaret *Reid* Hodder
Gail *Rennie* Willard
Mary *Richards* Pi-Sunyer
Charlotte *Rockey* Bell
Elizabeth *Sams* Hawes
Dorothea *Schmidt* Wender
Myra *Shapiro* Morris
Lucille *Shechet* Roseman
Sheila *Shepherd* Burns
Alison *Shockley* Iannelli
* Sandra *Shohet* Landau
Carye *Simons* Watson
Sara *Smith* von Tramin
Jill *Spero* Steefel

Mary *Van Beuren* Seavey
Joan *Van Den Akker* Darrah
Leslie *Van Zandt* Shaver
Elizabeth Hoover von Kalkhurst
Anne *Waddington* Leonard
Helen *Weigel* Leavitt
Katrina Martha *Welles* Swanson
May *Werthan* Shayne
Doris *Wickham* Zirul
★ Elizabeth *Williams* Lawson
★ Constance *Wilson* Crane
★ Mary-Chilton *Winslow* Mead
Elizabeth *Wood* Holtzworth
Earnestine *Woodward* Allen

Obituaries

Mary *Alexich* Shoemaker died November 30, 2013, in Arlington, Virginia. The daughter of George von Alexich, an Austrian ambassador, she was born October 6, 1935, in Vienna, Austria. Five years later, Germany's takeover of Austria forced her family to emigrate to the United States. She entered Radcliffe at age sixteen and received her AB in English in 1956. She began working for the State Department in 1960 and later accompanied her diplomat husband on many assignments. In Jamaica she taught at an all-girls' school; in Germany she resumed her studies, earning an MA in English education; and in 1973 added a PhD in English literature from Syracuse University. Eventually she went on to diplomatic postings of her own in Thailand, Bangladesh, and India, along with some stateside roles in the State Department. After retiring she taught at Lynchburg College for eight years. She was survived by her husband of fifty-one years, Merle.

Nancy *Aub* Gleason died of a brain hemorrhage June 5, 2013, in Boston, Massachusetts. Born May 11, 1934, in Belmont, Massachusetts, she prepared at the Cambridge School in Weston. At Radcliffe she was a resident of South House and a member of the Choral Society; she received her AB, cum laude in psychology, in 1956. Continuing her studies at Simmons College, she completed an MSW in 1959. She started her professional life as a mental health counselor at Pine Manor College and moved to the Stone Center Counseling Service at Wellesley College, where she worked for seventeen years. She was prominently involved for decades as a volunteer with Planned Parenthood of Massachusetts, serving as the chair of the state board and on the national board. She was also a talented musician and played the viola in chamber music groups. She was survived by her husband of fifty-five years, Herbert '50 (LLB '58); a daughter, Alice; a son, David; and two grandchildren. Her husband died in December 2013.

Joyce E. Backman died May 13, 2014, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She was born July 29, 1934, in Hartford, Connecticut. At Radcliffe she was a resident of Everett House and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. She received her AB, magna cum laude in English, in 1956. For many years she worked as an editor at Harvard University Press. Perhaps her best-known accomplishment was overseeing the publication of One Writer's Beginnings by Eudora Welty; that collection of essays went on to become the first Harvard University Press book to reach the New York Times bestseller list. The Class has no information on her surviving family.

CAROL *COHEN* BECKER died October 12, 2011, in Freehold, New Jersey. Born in New Haven, Connecticut, on September 7, 1934, she prepared at the Cambridge School in Weston, Massachusetts. While at Radcliffe she lived in South House and was a member of the Lowell House Opera Group. She received her AB, cum laude in English, with the Class in 1956. After graduation she continued her studies, earning both an MA and a PhD in English from Rutgers. A university professor at Rutgers and Rider College, she wrote poetry throughout her career, some of which was published in the magazine U.S. 1 Worksheets. She was survived by a daughter, Susan; a son, Geoffrey; a sister, Mary-Lou Weisman; and one grandchild.

JOAN EDITH *CRONK* CULLY died April 11, 2007, in Weymouth, Massachusetts. She was born September 28, 1935. At Radcliffe she was a member of St. Paul Church and received her AB in 1956. The Class has no further information regarding her career. She was survived by three daughters, Maura Meek, Shauna Wagner, and Julianne Wright; a son, John; three sisters, Judith Griffin, Marjorie Klein, and Eileen Troxel; and ten grandchildren; her husband, T. Francis Cully, died in 2001.

JEAN *DUNBAR* MARYBORN died December 20, 2012, in Spokane, Washington. The daughter of Arthur and Mary Dunbar, she was born April 17, 1934, in Providence, Rhode Island, and prepared at Concord Academy in Concord, Massachusetts. While at Radcliffe she was a member of the Lowell House Opera Group and received her AB, magna cum laude, in 1956. She later completed an MA at Boston University in 1961. A deeply committed activist for social justice, antiwar, and environmental causes, she was especially involved in the Alliance for Democracy, in which she held the position of national vice chair. She loved gardening, symphony performances, and outdoor activities. Her marriage to Douglas Marshall '55 ended in divorce. She was survived by her partner, Rod Barcklay; three daughters, Elizabeth Marshall, Cynthia Marshall, and Kimberley Marshall; a brother, Arthur Dunbar Jr.; and seven grandchildren.

FRANCES *ELLIOT* STOREY died October 5, 2014 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and prepared at the Foxcroft School in Middleburg, Virginia. She was a member of the Radcliffe Choral Society and received her AB in fine arts in 1956. A painter, photographer, and lithographer, she studied painting at the Philadelphia Museum of Art School and at the Tyler School of Art and the Visual Studies Workshop in Rochester, New York. Her work was exhibited at the Fleisher Art Memorial in Philadelphia and Gallery 20 in Newark, Delaware; in the early 1980s, the City of Philadelphia selected her paintings to showcase on posters throughout the public transit system. A longtime friend of the Philadelphia Art Museum, she was active for decades as a volunteer and a member of advisory committees. She was survived by her

husband of fifty-six years, Bayard '53, PhD '58; two daughters, Gwendolen Feher and Frances; two sons, Bayard Jr. '82 and John '84; a sister; and seven grandchildren.

ELEANORE *ELLSWORTH* MACDOUGALL died November 21, 2015, in Cooperstown, New York. The daughter of Waldo Ellsworth and Dorris Gouldhart Ellsworth, she was born January 26, 1935, in Cooperstown, New York, and graduated from Cooperstown Central School in 1952. After attending Radcliffe for one year, she spent some time as a secretary in Boston; she completed her undergraduate degree at Boston University in 1958. A music lover all her life, she later enrolled in classes at Juilliard School of Music while working as a caseworker for the New York Welfare Department, serving fifty families in East Harlem. With her husband, a foreign service officer, she traveled the world. She spent time in East Africa and Burma, supporting causes such as the Congress of Southern African Women and local women's welfare groups. She also taught piano and sang in several choruses. After returning to the United States, she continued to give music lessons and became an organist for the First Baptist Church of Cooperstown. She was survived by her husband, Hugh '54, and two brothers, Robert and Paul.

ELISABETH *FARBER* RUBIN died of cancer on December 6, 2015, in Del Mar, California. She was born March 22, 1935, in Worcester, Massachusetts. At Radcliffe she earned an AB, cum laude, in 1956, and the following year she completed the Harvard-Radcliffe Program in Business Administration. For many years she worked as a consultant. A lifelong lover of the arts, she had a special fondness for pre-Columbian art and Latin American folk art and textiles. She also enjoyed playing tennis for more than sixty-five years. She was survived by her husband, Alan; two daughters, Emily Jennewein and Sally Rubin; a sister, Evelyn Karet; and four grandchildren.

BARBARA *FORESTER* AUSTIN died May 26, 2011, in New York, New York. The daughter of Henry William Forester and Helen Foss Forester, she was a resident of Henry House while at Radcliffe and received her AB, cum laude in interdisciplinary studies, in 1956. A music lover, she supported Young Concert Artists. She was survived by a brother, Sturtevant Hobbs '46, who died less than a year later. The Class has no further information regarding her career or surviving family.

ANNETTE *FOWLER* HUNT died November 27, 2014, in Leesburg, Virginia. The daughter of Richard Stoddard Fowler and Annette Canby Fowler, she was born in 1934, in Dayton, Ohio. She received her AB from Radcliffe in 1956. She and her husband settled in Virginia and lived there for the next forty-two years. She was active in her local garden club and her church. Her husband,

Douglas Wright Hunt '55, died in 1998. She was survived by two daughters, Suzanne Scoggin and Deborah Herzog; a son, Richard; a sister, Sarah Perrine; and six grandchildren.

ANN *GRANT* DAVIDOFF died of cancer October 22, 2015, in Wethersfield, Connecticut. She was born February 28, 1935, in Des Moines, Iowa, and prepared at the John Burroughs School in St. Louis. She studied at Radcliffe for three years and finished her undergraduate degree at Barnard College, in New York City. She then embarked on a long career in education, working first as an early childhood teacher and then as the director of the Community Nursery School in Lexington, Massachusetts. After receiving a master's degree from the Elliot-Pearson School of Child Study and Human Development at Tufts University, she moved to Connecticut to join the faculty at the University of St. Joseph. Teaching young children remained a passion for her, and in retirement she joined a local elementary school as a volunteer teacher. She was a lifelong advocate for women's rights and a lover of classical music. She was survived by her husband of more than sixty years, Frank '55; two daughters, Jennifer Miglus '78 and Nina Bixler; and three grandchildren. A son, Jonathan '80, died in 1985.

JUDITH *HALEY* MURPHY died October 29, 2012, in Charlestown, Massachusetts. The daughter of Frederick and Margaret Haley, she graduated from Wellesley (Massachusetts) High School. She received her AB from Radcliffe in 1956 and had a career in education, teaching American history at Westford Academy. She returned to Harvard to complete an MAT in 1973. She continued to teach at Westford until her retirement in 1992. She also owned an antiques business, Copley South Antiques, which she operated with her husband for nearly two decades. During this period they traveled frequently to England on buying trips. She was survived by her husband, Jerry '54; her daughter Deirdre; two sons, Kevin and Bruce; and four grandchildren.

SIBYL *INSLEE* SENDER of Chester, New York, died in August of 2014. She was born in 1934 and prepared at the Emma Willard School in Troy, New York. She left the College after freshman year. Since 1958 she had been a member of the Woodcrest Bruderhof community in Rifton, New York. The Class has no further information regarding her career. Her marriage to Ramón Sender ended in divorce. She was survived by two grandchildren; a daughter, Xaverie, died in 1989.

THERESE *JAEGER* RIED died August 17, 2011, in Stamford, Connecticut. The daughter of Wilhelm Werner Jaeger and Ruth Heinitz Jaeger, she was born October 19, 1935, in Berlin, Germany; fleeing Nazi persecution in 1938, she and her family settled in Cambridge, where she prepared at the Buckingham School. She received her AB from Radcliffe, magna cum laude, in 1956, and

completed an MA in linguistics at Yale the following year. She worked in publishing in New York City, primarily at Oxford University Press. Later in her life she was an activist and supporter of environmental causes, especially clean water and wildlife rehabilitation; she was also involved with halfway houses and other charitable organizations in her Connecticut community and was the organizer of the group Save Our Swans. An accomplished photographer and writer, she published a children's book, Where Is Tomorrow?, in 1990. A 1963 marriage to Robert Byck ended in divorce in 1976. She was survived by a daughter, Gillian; two sons, Carl and Lucas; a stepdaughter, Amanda; two stepsons, Joshua and Adam; seven grandchildren; and a half-sister, Heidi Grondal. Her husband, Horace, died in 2002.

Sarah *Jordan* Minnegan died April 3, 2011, in Nashville, Tennessee. The daughter of Hal R. Jordan and Mary Lipscomb Jordan, she was born January 27, 1934, in Nashville, Tennessee, and prepared at Harpeth Hall School in Nashville. She left Radcliffe after sophomore year to marry. Later she attended the Watkins Institute (now Watkins College of Art, Design and Film) and operated her own interior design business. She was survived by her husband of fifty-seven years, Richard; two sons, Hal and David; a sister, Mary Jordan Nichols; and five grandchildren; another son, Richard Jr., died in infancy.

Janet *Peterson* Rawdon, of Newton, Massachusetts, died March 7, 2015. The daughter of Ivan L. Peterson and Zada Mersereau Peterson, she was born October 25, 1934, in Ohio. At Radcliffe she was a resident of South House and received her AB, cum laude in interdisciplinary studies, in 1956. She went on to complete an EdM from Harvard in 1962 and worked as an elementary school teacher in Ohio and Massachusetts. Later in life she earned an MLS from Simmons College and became a librarian in the Newton school system, where she worked for more than twenty years. After retiring she served as an adjunct faculty member in the MLS program at Simmons. She was survived by a daughter, Katy; a son, Michael; a brother, Thomas Peterson; and one grandchild.

Pamela *Read* Peck of Middleburg, Virginia, died November 8, 2008. The daughter of Duncan H. Read '19 and Aldona Read, she was born November 22, 1933. At Radcliffe she was involved with WHRB and graduated with the Class of 1956. The Class has no information regarding her career. She was survived by her husband, John.

Sandra *Shohet* Landau died October 7, 2015, in Worcester, Massachusetts. She was born November 5, 1934, and graduated from Brookline (Massachusetts) High School. She received her AB, cum laude in Romance languages and literature, from Radcliffe in 1956. Later she earned an MS from Clark University and a JD from Boston College. She practiced law in the firm of

Bowditch & Dewey before cofounding her own practice in Worcester with fellow attorney Kathleen O'Connor. Retiring in 1998, she volunteered her time and energies to advance social justice causes. She was survived by her husband of sixty years, Edward Landau MD '54; two daughters, Beth Halpern and Joyce Landau-Lawes EdM '87; a son, Kenneth; and six grandchildren.

HELEN *WEIGEL* LEAVITT of Princeton, New Jersey, died October 30, 2010. She was born February 20, 1934 and attended Radcliffe with the Class of 1956, earning an AB, cum laude in history. After graduation she earned a master's in library science degree from Rutgers University. The Class has no information on her career or surviving family.

CONSTANCE *WILSON* CRANE died May 6, 2014, in Evanston, Illinois. She was born October 13, 1934, in Newton, Massachusetts, and received her AB from Radcliffe in 1956. A year after graduation, she moved with her husband to Winnetka, Illinois, and they remained there for forty-eight years. As a volunteer at the Field Museum of Natural History for nearly three decades, she became an expert on the Native American cultures of northwest North America, particularly the Inuit of the Arctic. In addition she served for three decades on the Know Your Chicago Committee, which organized tours and lectures about the city. She was a board member of various groups, including the Fortnightly of Chicago, the Field Museum Women's Board, and the Women's Board of the University of Chicago. She loved to travel and was an avid collector of Native American art. She was survived by her husband, Mark (LLB '57); two daughters, Katherine Cowan and Stephanie Guyett; a son, Christopher; and nine grandchildren.

MARY-CHILTON "MIMI" *WINSLOW* MEAD died May 7, 2014, in Greenwich, Connecticut. The daughter of Kenelm Winslow and Natalie Scarritt Wales Winslow, she was born May 22, 1934, in New York, New York, and prepared at the Brearley School in Manhattan. She left Radcliffe after freshman year and first worked as a syndicated columnist for the Bell-McClure Syndicate. Later she shifted to the world of advertising and went to work for Dreyfus Corporation. There she worked as director of corporate communications for two decades. She and her husband were longtime members of Grace Church in Brooklyn Heights, where they sang together in the choir. She loved to travel and visited many countries, including Mexico, India, France, and Egypt. She was fluent in French and enjoyed music and gardening. She was survived by her husband of fifty-five years, William; a daughter, Elizabeth Stowell; two sons, George and Malcolm; and six grandchildren.

Report on the Reunion Survey

The Radcliffe Class of 1956 has arrived at 2016. When we were born in 1934 or 1935, our life expectancy was not quite sixty-four years; we would have just made it to the millennium. In our cCass of 223 graduates, eighty-five have already died, and, discounting the nine "lost," 60 percent of us have reached the age of eighty. There is good news: The life tables from the 2010 National Vital Statistics System, 2014 edition, predict we will live another 9.6 years.

So here we are, having seen the switch from propeller planes to jets and, soon, space travel for the tourist. If we can't get there ourselves, we have Google Earth on our iPhones. The post office, once the eagerly awaited deliverer of mail, is losing money because people rarely send letters anymore. We have social media. We can send letters electronically, read books electronically, listen to music electronically, and answer yearbook questions electronically. Yet, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*—true in 1849, true today. We have concerns that are timeless. We are concerned about our country and worried about the world. We worry about our health or we worry about our families or we worry about our lives and where and how we will live. Some of us say they are not really worried at all. Some of us have a life of community, friends, interests, and activity. You will read what seventy-two classmates said anonymously about their lives and where they are now, how many are anxious and how many not. You will see that you have company wherever you are in the spectrum.

My thanks again to my wonderful committee of classmates: Carole Latter Robinson, Joan Harvey Burns, Laurie Gorfinkle Hammer, Paula Budlong Cronin, Paula Morse, Rosa Rosenbloom Rasiel, and Susan Campbell Brownsberger.

Respectfully submitted,
Jody Fisher Williams

Note: Our survey questions generally had 72 responses.

1. CURRENT STATUS.

Married/Divorced: Nearly 14 percent of living classmates are single and 55 percent are married. *Widowed/Divorced:* About 20 percent fall into each category. One person reports being "divorced, but spending several hours daily with my ex.

Remarried/Cohabiting. An equal number in each of these categories as well: 3 percent.

In terms of classmates' "state of being," between 42 percent and 48 percent indicate they are "happy" and/or "content." Still, between 11 percent and 13 percent report being "lonely" or "scared."

2. CHARACTERIZE THIS PERIOD OF YOUR LIFE.

More than 51 percent of living classmates find this period of their lives "fulfilling," 16 percent admit to its being "difficult," and about 7 percent are experiencing both fulfillment and difficulty. Breaking down the elements of "fulfilling" or "difficult" did not reveal a dominant theme.

Typical "fulfilling" responses included: "relatively peaceful," "more time for reflection," "glad to be married," "lucky," "pretty darn good," and "grateful."

Others reported challenges such as: "worried," "anxious," "bored," paranoid," and "sorry not to be nearer children."

3. HOW IS YOUR LIFE GOING? WITH WHAT DO YOU CONCERN YOURSELF? WHAT ARE YOUR INTERESTS AND ACTIVITIES?

Most of us feel that our lives are going well; a few are not so positive. We have many roles and many interests.

Family—husbands, children, and grandchildren—is the primary interest for most of us. Question 8 treats this subject at length. However, our family interactions turn up here as important activities. If we have grandchildren living nearby with working parents, we baby-sit, chauffeur the youngsters to school and after-school activities, attend their performances and athletic events, and relish these opportunities. We help husbands make the transition to retirement or adjust to limitations and enjoy their companionship. If necessary, we become caregivers.

Keeping up with friends is important, too. We can probably all agree with this: "Email is invaluable for keeping relationships going."

We are caretakers of our bodies and minds. For fitness or pleasure, we walk, swim, hike, jog, garden, do yoga or Pilates, lead exercise groups, play golf, and cross-country ski. One candid classmate enjoys naps; another ice dances three times a week. While most of us have retired, there are one or two working farmers in our midst, one proudly "staying the best in the region, breeding beautiful horses and the best sheep."

Less strenuously, we read a lot, although it is becoming difficult for some of us. (Our favorite books of the year are listed at Question 16.) We take or audit university courses. We knit, embroider, do needlework, jigsaw puzzles, cook, play bridge, and "play Scrabble online too much." And some of us are fans of baseball or football. A former fan "no longer watches NFL football because of concussion-related brain injuries."

We take pleasure in cultural activities, out and about, including opera, ballet, theater, concerts, museums, lectures, auctions—"once in a while find a

treasure"—and book clubs. Some bibliophiles belong to more than one. We also enjoy our homes.

We continue volunteering at local libraries and arts organizations. We give time to community agencies that serve children and youth, and work with immigrant families. One classmate chairs the Massachusetts State Art Commission.

Community projects include community gardens—some of the harvest goes to local soup kitchens and food pantries. A classmate has worked successfully for eight years to preserve the landmark Neo-Gothic Trinity Episcopal Church in Torrington, Connecticut, built between 1897 and 1920: "I am the primary grant writer." Another tries to "save the local trailer park, threatened with extinction by a developer though it provides the only affordable housing in the city."

Political activism engages us in many forms. A classmate concerned with climate change works with the Commonwealth Human Ecology Council, operating in the Commonwealth countries and through the UN. Other respondents gave fewer details about their volunteering. One cites "liberal causes." Another says, "I am concerned about the direction our country and the rest of the world as well are heading. The whole world seems to be catching the same fever and simultaneously recreating the Dark Ages."

Some of us belong to women's groups, one of which focuses on spirituality; others are church-affiliated.

We travel—to visit family or friends, or just because we like to.

Creative pursuits, especially music, provide satisfaction and joy: practicing art, garden design, singing with local choral groups, piano lessons, and running a summer orchestra are some of them.

Writers continue to write and edit. Two report working on family histories; another's textbook on child welfare services was just published by Columbia Press.

Some random quotes: "I try to read the Bible and pray every day." "My husband has had to give up rowing, but cheers me when I go out in the kayak." "Politics and the world are interests—sickening as they are." "Half adventure, half stuck. I want to do fun things first—I want to put off chores. And I want to pare down my possessions and simplify my life, so that sorting things out after I die won't be a chore for my children." "How is my life going? That reminds me of an old *New Yorker* cartoon where an old duffer asks a kid, 'How's your childhood going?' I'm not sure how to answer, except to say that it progresses every day." "Life is good!" "Still trying to learn Italian." "Life goes well—fulfilling and active in body (if a bit dented by age). Still engage in writing, some lecturing, constant reading and a rich life of travel." "*Politics!*"

4. DO YOU OR DOES SOMEONE CLOSE TO YOU HAVE HEALTH ISSUES? HOW ARE YOU HANDLING THEM?

At eighty-plus, it would be surprising if we didn't. Most of us do. Besides our own aches and pains, some of us have significantly older husbands dealing with the illnesses of later life. Also, a good number of our children now face conditions that arise in middle age.

Of course, there are lucky ones: "So far, so good." "No health issues. At all. Better health than my doctors." (*Editor's note:* At this point many of the doctors are a good bit younger than we.)

Problems we have experienced ourselves or in our families include head injury with long-term effects, stroke, high blood pressure, dementia, pancreatic cancer, cardiovascular concerns, celiac disease, atrial fibrillation, arthritis, and macular degeneration, among others. Many of us have had mobility issues and now have replacement parts. "I just keep having joints replaced." (See Question 5 for more on our bionic selves.) Family members have had breast, pancreatic, throat, and lung cancer. One bright and musically talented teenage granddaughter has suffered for six years with many symptoms, "has had every test known to medical science, and still does not have a satisfactory diagnosis."

Serious illnesses and deaths bring families together. "We both have creaks and aches of age, but not enough to keep us from enjoying life." In the same vein, "My husband has multiple problems. We adjust our expectations and make practical arrangements that still allow for fun together." "Both my husband and I have age-related issues but are functioning well and in control." On the other hand, ". . . no one ever told us that it is the minor little things that can bother you the most in old age: itchy skin, sleep problems, etc."

How do we cope? "Badly." "Not as well as I'd like." "I have physical/medical problems which I handle as best I can, but they are limiting and frustrating/depressing." Access to quality medical care matters: "Both my husband and I have health issues, but we have a good support system and two of our children live nearby. Good health care facilities are available close by."

Some conditions require weekly trips to a hospital for treatment. Kaiser-Permanente gets a shout-out for supplying a full range of medical services in one location. "And we have needed it all." "We rely on assisted living and nursing homes when living at home is no longer manageable. Social Security helps. V.A. is helpful, as are community senior contacts and neighbors and family."

Although their problems are minor, one couple has "slowed down, sold our scullers, and asked a considerably younger team to cut and rake the lawn. That alone reminds us of our ages."

5. DO YOU HAVE ANY REPLACEMENT PARTS? WHAT ARE THEY, AND HOW ARE THEY WORKING?

"This question is amusing: am I a second-hand car?" asked one classmate. But no, on the contrary! Bodies with replacement parts are carefully maintained, one-owner, 1935-vintage vehicles, still on the road, driven by 60 percent of the surviving ladies in our Class.

Of the fifty-one respondents to this question, thirty-one had undergone at least one replacement (or were just about to do so), for a grand total of sixty-three new body parts.

Knee replacement	15 people, 25 new knees
Hip replacement	7 people, 13 new hips
Cataract surgery	7 people, 13 new intraocular lenses
Dental surgery	3 people, 7 implants and 1 denture
Heart surgery	2 people, 1 new valve, 1 stent
Shoulder surgery	1 person, new shoulder
Ear surgery	1 person, cochlear implant

Just one of the replacement parts in this inventory was available to our grandmothers: the denture. Most of our grandmothers probably needed one. By now, dental care has improved so much that only a single classmate reports using one. Only three mention dental implants, which work fine.

The body part most in demand was the knee. Most of the twenty-five new knees work reasonably well. "Both knees are replacements; they're not as good as the originals in my prime, but much better than the worn out originals." "Will get my first replacement part after Xmas—a new knee!" ". . . Moderately successful." ". . . Pain-free and working well." ". . . Perfect—even after twelve years." "One new knee, two years ago. Doctor won't do the other one unless I lose weight. Fixed one works well."

The thirteen new hips, too, are mostly successful, though there can be problems. "Hip—it is grand!" "I have a replaced hip—eleven years ago. It is wonderful!!! I had a bilateral mastectomy about twenty-five years ago—but no reconstructive surgery. I just use falsies." "A hip replacement 2003 okay." "One hip and it is working pretty well. But replacement does not mean arthritis stops . . . Hope I can avoid having to do the other one." "Three hip replacements on one leg, one on the other. First one cracked in a carriage driving accident. Second one due to bad surgery. Third one wearing out. Other leg—too new to tell."

Remember the Coke-bottle glasses that our grandparents had to wear after cataract operations? Our classmates have generally had good results with the thirteen intraocular lens implants. "Both cataracts removed in 2015 and vision has improved significantly." "I had cataract surgery, which helped my distance

sight. However, now I need reading glasses." "The left one is excellent; right one not as good but better than with the cataracts." "I have one new lens and will soon have the second cataract attended to. Otherwise, all parts and pieces are original and in place—though sometimes they are in protest." "I have one new lens. I'm happy with it—it is a 20/20 lens, so I don't need glasses to drive. And the other eye has a cataract that allows me to see close up, so I don't need glasses to read. What could be better? Oh, come to think of it, I have trouble with mid-range—can't make out details of paintings on the wall, for example. It did sound too good to be true, didn't it?"

Seven plucky women have had (or expect to have) more than one kind of part replaced. Altogether, these seven have already undergone a total of twenty-three replacement surgeries. "Yes—cochlear implant makes life possible, but mine is an early one and I was deaf for years before getting it. Colleagues at work and I always found ways to work around it. Socializing is harder. Have knee replacement, which sometimes misbehaves, otherwise all okay." "Six years ago I discovered I had an abnormally small aortic valve (a birth defect) and had it replaced to prevent heart failure. After a long recovery period, I began functioning better and expect to do so until the valve fails. If my arthritic knee worsens, I may have to have knee surgery to replace the damaged joint." "A stent in my chest after a heart attack, no problems. A hip replacement 2003 okay." "Both knees and one shoulder have been replaced. The second knee is only two months old right now, so we'll see. . . Other parts work well." "A knee replacement (moderately successful) and four tooth implants (quite satisfactory)." "Yes, one hip and two knees. I do use a cane. They are working well for this bionic woman." "I have two knee replacements and two hip replacements, which may have to be redone. Right now my left knee has become troublesome. I also have heart and kidney disease. However, overall I am quite healthy for my age and try not to let my health issues control my life."

Forty percent of our respondents reported no replacement parts, though some had other maintenance issues. "Still original." "No, but I've had quite a few parts removed!" "Broke hip, was repaired, not replaced. Hurts every time the barometer goes down." "Not yet, but Steve has two new knees, which are working fine, thank you." "I'm missing some parts but feel no need to replace them." "Nope. Maybe it is time for a brain transplant, though."

6. HAVE YOU MADE CHANGES IN YOUR LIVING ARRANGEMENTS, OR ARE YOU CONTEMPLATING THEM?

For predictable reasons of attachment and inertia, about half of the fifty responses to Question 6 were decidedly "No!"

"I'm still in the same house—fifty-two years. I think a lot about moving, but am not ready." ". . . This house is so full of accumulated this and that that I can't imagine getting us out of it. Still, I'm trying to think about it . . ." "Still

living in my home (and garden) of fifty years, and contemplating no move until circumstances alter . . ." "No, still comfortable in my house . . ." "No. I am staying put (forever) in my house in Sudbury, on the edge of the Sudbury River, great healing tranquilizing view . . ." "I can still live independently in my house. Getting it ready to sell would/will be a huge undertaking . . ." "We still live in a large house that remains a center for our large family . . ." Some of us have already prepared our homes for future needs—first floor bedrooms created, elevators, grab bars, showers installed in downstairs bathrooms. A few have had children and grandchildren moving back to share the family home.

A number of us have already downsized, or moved to a different part of the country to be near children or in more clement climates: Charlotte, Tucson, Atlanta, California, North Carolina. One of us imagines moving to a colder climate: "I may have to move if the New York rent laws change. Then I would like to go to Norway or Iceland where there is a population and a government that cares about the welfare of its citizens." A few of us are already in housing designed for seniors: "I live in an 'independent living' facility for sixty-two and over . . . (not assisted living) . . . fascinating speakers and trips." Many of us reluctantly acknowledge that change may be inevitable: "Yes, we have looked into and visited a few assisted living places, all very handsome and inviting, but are not yet persuaded to leave our house by the lake."

7. IS YOUR FAMILY INVOLVED IN YOUR PLANS?

Most of us report family involvement, interest, and assistance in the decision, whether it is to move or to stay, and help with the practicalities: "All three children are supportive . . . They look after our place when we are not there . . ." "My daughters are very tuned in to my desires, to my health—and to my finances. It is comforting to me to have them involved . . ." "Not as decision makers, but as interested and helpful bystanders . . ." "They are very enthusiastic about keeping our much-loved house . . ." Independence remains a priority for some: "I . . . don't like the idea that they will make decisions that affect us . . ." "We have informed our children of what we are contemplating . . ." "No secrets from our children, but we make our own plans . . ."

8. ARE YOU INVOLVED IN YOUR CHILDREN'S LIVES? IF SO HOW? IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Those who say they are involved outnumber 5- to 1 those who say they are not. How involved we are with family depends significantly on how much geographical distance there is between us. As is generally the norm these days, few of us live near our offspring. Some say that they cannot be as involved as they would like because of physical limitations. In some instances, we are more involved because we are needed, and in others, we are the ones in need. "Since my husband died my children have been in almost daily contact. In

these regular contacts I know how they are doing. My grandchildren, all now mobile, are sometimes visitors on their own."

What does it mean to be "involved with children and grandchildren?" Not the same thing to everyone: "We live with our son's family, including a four- and a six-year-old. We baby-sit regularly, read books, meet school buses, etc., on a daily basis. Wonderful!" "Somewhat, we dine together once or twice a week and I do limited playtime. Limited, because my four-year-old grandson runs faster than I do!" "Yes, we have six children. So we see our three local children and ten local grandchildren a lot, and the other three visit often. Our grandchildren have lived with us during summers and after college, while looking for jobs." One woman noted that since she and her husband are only about twenty years older than their children, "we are more like friends."

Many families enjoy spending time together in summer homes, and we celebrate major holidays together. One devoted grandmother drives fifty miles, each way, for Halloween. "My children don't live near me, so I'm not much involved in their lives—more like an observer. When my daughter has a hip replaced, I will be involved." "Not 'involved' in their decisions, not often asked for advice, but I'm up to date on their activities and can provide practical help and comment if requested." "Only as a bystander." ". . . Provide moral support and give advice if asked." "Yes, very much. Lucky me. Regular email and phone." "Infrequently but with great pleasure." "After we hit eighty, our three children seem to be calling more often! Long distances (L.A. to Seattle, Amherst, London) have prevented us from being a part of the daily lives of our grandchildren. Annual family reunions and individual visits compensate, but we have missed the bonds that build through unplanned, special moments."

While modern life has scattered us, it has also provided the devices that make it possible for us to stay in touch. We have established various traditions for keeping our families as close as we can: "One son lives close and we talk to him daily. The other lives in Europe, so we do not see him, but talk to him frequently and have visits about every three months. FaceTime is a great device." "We chat with our children weekly or more often on iPad, telephone, email. None of them live close-by, so we cherish the connections. The whole family gathers for Christmas in the Northwest and again for a week in the summer at the beach in Wareham." "They live several hours away, with no good public transportation. Since I'm now the only driver, we don't get to see them very much. We keep in touch by phone, frequently and satisfyingly, but I would very much like more personal contact." "The child who lives in New York is available for emergencies and helping out if all else fails, which is how we want it, and for fun when our interests overlap." ". . . dinner every Sunday and are all together at our summer homes in season." "As much as possible, given distances. We talk on the phone at least once a week, visit several times a year, and, last June, took the whole crew, ten in all, to celebrate

Bob's ninetieth with a week at a villa in Tuscany." "No. The Atlantic Ocean is between us. We visit whenever possible." "A daughter lives part-time in our other home in Maine, and her twenty-three-year-old son lives nearby. (He lived with us during some of his growing-up years.) The other daughter keeps in touch long-distance, but visits in summer with her twins." ". . . We share all the holidays, birthdays, etc. Both girls are very thoughtful and caring about us. We are lucky." "Interested, involved, and close to all of them." "If they can help me with anything, they will."

One mother of three says, "Our daughter, in Los Angeles, is a frequent visitor and our 'event planner.'" "We see our children and grandchildren often. We have a great time together." "Our swimming pool assures us that the grandkids and their friends visit us in the summer! We're a very close family and constantly share our interests and activities with each other." [*Editor's query:* Which came first, the closeness or the pool?] "We are proud of their academic and career accomplishments; some of these have come about with financial help from us." Ending in a few words, on an upbeat note: "They are wonderful kids."

9. WHAT SHAPED YOUR CONCEPT OF YOURSELF IN THE HOME AND OUTSIDE THE HOME?

If you are searching for a common answer here, the one attitude that distinguishes each of us as members of the Radcliffe Class of 1956, there isn't one. For every reply, "my mother, grandmothers, aunts," there are counter-replies: "my parents' nonstop criticism when I was a child," and "negative examples in my primary family." For those of us whose Harvard/Radcliffe experience encouraged our intellectual development, at least one of us includes "Harvard sexism." Several credit motherhood. Others credit motherhood for feelings of isolation—isolation that happily now is largely history.

Some influences are specific: immigrant parents; lifelong commitment to work, either as a professional or as a volunteer; work in a museum "surrounded by Renaissance masterpieces." Some of us were deeply influenced by books by and about women, and, in the same genre, by mentors and close Radcliffe friends.

Some answers are specific: "Radcliffe gave me self-confidence." Some less so: "Serendipity."

Although most of us married, and some of us are still married, husbands—good, bad, indifferent, present, absent, decamped, deceased—get little specific credit, although there are plenty of survivor stories, both financial and existential. Some answers read like short stories, opportunities seized to say something, to be heard. At least one of us felt otherwise: "This is a nonsense question."

10: COMPARE AND CONTRAST YOUR MARRIAGE WITH THAT OF YOUR PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

The responses to Question 10 defy easy summary. Indeed, one of us declined to attempt the comparison: "I don't do that. Everyone's circumstances and temperament are different, in my book." Others suggested the difficulty of judging complex relationships: "I think . . . my marriage was happier than that of my parents and possibly happier than those of my children (although I cannot presume to judge that)."

Only a few of us were able to generalize in as happy terms as these: "All have been loving, rewarding, and fulfilling," "My marriage, like that of my parents, was solid, and both my children have similar marriages." Both happy and unhappy marriages were reported in each generation, with no predictable legacy of marital success or failure transmitted from one to the next: "My marriage is happier than those of my parents and two of my three children, who have experience of divorce." "Have been on my own for thirty-plus years. Parents stayed married. Children mostly are married (after various breakups with long-term partners)." "My parents' marriage was a terrible role model. Mine was a bit better, although we got divorced. One of my children has a really good marriage—how did it happen?" Divorces were noted *passim* across the three generations, seven in our parents' generation, eleven in ours, and fifteen in our children's. Among us we counted sixteen unmarried children. (It is not clear if these referred to "never married" or "not currently" married).

One consistent theme in our responses involved the effect of changing social mores on the marriages of the three generations, though, here again, generalizations are not easy. The traditional gender roles that shaped many (but not all) of our parents' marriages were seen as a source of strength in some of those marriages, but as a source of repression and dissatisfaction in others. Something that almost all of us noted was the effect on our children's marriages of the growing independence of women, their enhanced sense of self, and their entry into the work force. Many of us commented on both the stresses of these marriages and the benefits conferred by a greater sharing of domestic roles and responsibilities: "The marriages of our children have been quite difficult. Both daughters have balanced child raising and demanding careers from the start, with the vital help of spouses . . . Our son . . . married a pediatrician and is now happily shopping, cooking . . ."

Beyond these practical adjustments in domestic routines are more intangible effects of the changing image and role of women: ". . . My daughters, coming of age during the sexual revolution, have expectations about marriage that are largely met. My marriage failed to achieve the mutual respect I wanted. My ex-husband learned from his grownup daughters what that means . . ." One last response sums up the difficulty of comparing the generations, and ends on a hopeful note suggesting that values are preserved and transmitted even as society evolves: "Can't compare with parents—generational and economic gap

too huge. Children growing up in better circumstances, but in a modern, too-impacting, crazy world. All generations morally responsible, honest people . . ."

11. DID YOU WORK OUTSIDE THE HOME? IN WHAT FIELD?

Many of the seventy-two respondents have always worked outside the home, whether full- or part-time, although few mentioned part-time. The length of time we worked ranged from about twenty to more than forty years, with far fewer in the five- to fifteen-year span. Teaching is the predominant field, from elementary schools to university graduate programs. Some switched to teaching after retiring. Our subjects were as wide-ranging as math, economics, philosophy, music, English literature, ancient history, public health, social work, and neurobiology. Some of us stayed home to raise a family and then began a twenty- to thirty-year career, mainly as teachers, professors, librarians, and guidance counselors.

Health care professionals run a close second, and include social workers, therapists, psychiatrists, doctors, and hospital administrators. Here, too, teaching was sometimes involved. Then there is business, with secretaries and administrative assistants, financial and insurance analysts, economists, and the dean of Katie Gibbs. A manager of food services at a large university, two lawyers, and one city and then state legislator had their fields to themselves, but there were several city planners and transportation consultants, one of whom cofounded WalkBoston.

In the nonprofit world, there is a church manager, the director of a YWCA, and one with projects in rural India. There are several in publishing and editing. Just two are musicians, and only one is an artist, another a museum curator. The classmate who is a breeder of sheep, horses, and deer has undoubtedly the most distinctive of our chosen professions.

12. ARE YOU CURRENTLY WORKING?

Two responded that they are working for pay full-time in the same field. One is working for pay part-time in the same field. One is working for pay in a different field. Thirty-four are volunteering part-time. Thirty-four are not working outside the home.

13. DO YOU FEEL FINANCIALLY SECURE?

There were only thirty-two responses to this question. Eighteen responded that they do feel secure financially. Some of their comments are: "Thanks to my spouse's monetary prudence and expertise." "My divorce settlement was a good one." "I inherited money from my family and I continue to take in income from my craft fair business."

Seven replied "more or less." Some of their comments are: "There are a couple of people who owe us a lot of money. Thank goodness for Social Security." "Some concerns about the country's financial and political situation." "We

"We live frugally and hope not to outlive our funds." "I wish life hadn't become so expensive. I need to continue to work; I can't afford to retire—just to maintain my lifestyle."

Seven replied "no." Their comments: "Enough money for my needs but not enough to send my grandchildren to college." "As long as I remain healthy and mobile, I can survive. A lengthy illness or other disruptive events could alter this." "I had a little lump sum from house sale and am now sinking the remnants into assisted living." "We have spent beyond our means and have credit card debts and are now using social security as our only income."

14. KNOWING WHAT YOU DO NOW, WOULD YOU HAVE CHOSEN THE SAME PATH?

In other words, how different would your life be if you had made other choices? For decades this question might have triggered some fierce answers. Now, with most of us in the eighty-year-old range, we seem to have mellowed, answering with more of a shrug than a shout. But here goes.

There is a lot of anecdotal illustration here of the fact that our generation was something of a bridge between women raised to be homemakers and women expecting to be homemakers but also encouraged to work outside the home.

While the answers range from "yes" and "no" to "basically yes" and "probably not," they tend more toward rationale than regret. Few of us focus on specific careers or professions, although several of us report regrets over incomplete or uninitiated graduate degrees. Rather, the answers focus on paths supported by marriage or the interruption of divorce—their timing, their influence on perceived opportunities and independence, their constraints.

At the same time, we are smart enough, and sensible enough, to know that the paths open to young women today are dramatically different than they were for us in 1956. This is the fact, just the fact. We're not burning our bras over it.

15. WHAT DO YOU SEE AS YOUR COMMUNITY? HOW ARE YOU INVOLVED IN IT?

Our communities are as vast as the world and as intimate as our families and friends. From small towns to college and university campuses (Cambridge and Berkeley and Princeton and Blacksburg) to New York City and Los Angeles and southern cities like Charlotte, we have found our neighborhoods. We prefer what is local and sit on boards, commissions, and councils, but less than we used to. We sing in church choirs, and share our love of music and art and craft (the weaving and the writing kind), and like to belong to book clubs. We sit on retirement and homeowners associations.

More of us are involved in our own churches and synagogues than in other community affairs, but we care about literacy and public schools. Other

interests are political, "limiting environmental exploitation regionally," and participating in voter and political campaigns. Even our former workplaces, for some, are "still in place and glad to see me when I show up." The Internet gets credit for keeping us in contact with "friends nationally and internationally." And, as one of us noted, "I'm realizing, with considerable astonishment, that I have become an 'elder' and history-keeper."

A small number of us, however, have "no particular community," or have given up "outside commitments." Retirement and moving changes "the sense of a 'hometown' community centered on church, volunteer groups, and civic boards." For some this creates new opportunities: "My writer friends of all ages and status have become a wonderful group of friends, colleagues, and supporters." Others find that their "communities are shrinking, either through death or moving away."

16. ONE FAVORITE BOOK READ THIS YEAR.

A few respondents demurred: "I'd be embarrassed to say." "Trouble reading—eyes had cataracts." "Lots, but I can't remember the titles!"

But most were eager to share their enthusiasms, sometimes mentioning more than one author: "I'm rereading Trollope and completed the Palliser novels this year. Recently I have been introduced to and become interested in the novels of Haruki Murakami." "I'm currently rereading, and very much enjoying, *Brideshead Revisited*. Also Kate Atkinson's *Life After Life*. I've lost my patience with poor writing, and have no compunctions about leaving those books unfinished." "Several books in Chinese about twentieth-century events. I read the *New York Times*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Barron's*, and *The Economist*." "*Andrew Solomon's Far from the Tree: Parents, Children, and the Search for Identity* (Scribner, 2012). I am a retired librarian, and reading is one of my major pastimes." "*Massacre: The Life and Death of the Paris Commune*, by John Merriman. Given what happened in Paris in 1870, the recent slaughter in Paris looks mild." "Not my favorite, but chilling: Ted Koppel's *Lights Out*." "Hard to list just one!"

All the books recommended are listed below. Half of them are fiction, mostly recent. Half are nonfiction, and quite diverse: biography, history, anthropology, politics, the environment. A few authors were mentioned by two women each: for fiction, Kate Atkinson, Proust, and Trollope; for nonfiction, Eric Larson, David McCullough, and Stacy Schiff.

FICTION:

Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie, *Americanah*
Rabih Alameddine, *An Unnecessary Woman*
Kate Atkinson, *A God in Ruins*
Kate Atkinson, *Life after Life*

Naomi Benaron, *Running the Rift*
B. J. Chute, *Greenwillow*
Philip K. Dick, "all his short stories"
E. L. Doctorow, *The March*
Anthony Doerr, *All the Light We Cannot See*
Elena Ferrante, *My Brilliant Friend*
Ken Follett, *The Pillars of the Earth*
Jonathan Franzen, *Freedom*
Rachel Joyce, *The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry*
Jhumpa Lahiri, *Unaccustomed Earth*
Hilary Mantel, *Wolf Hall*
David Mitchell, *The Bone Clocks*
Haruki Murakami, "his novels"
Ellis Peters, *Brother Cadfael's Penance*
Marcel Proust, *Swann's Way*
Zia Haider Rahman, *In the Light of What We Know*
Marilynne Robinson, *Lila*
C. J. Sansom, *Lamentation*
Vikram Seth, *A Suitable Boy*
Daniel Silva, *The English Girl*
Donna Tartt, *The Goldfinch*
Leo Tolstoy, *Anna Karenina*
Anthony Trollope, *Barchester Towers*
Anthony Trollope, *The Palliser novels*
Mark Twain, *The Gilded Age*
Evelyn Waugh, *Brideshead Revisited*
Wendy Wax, *Ten Beach Road*

NONFICTION:

Maya Angelou, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*
Mary Antin, *The Promised Land*
Daniel James Brown, *The Boys in the Boat*
Bill Bryson, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*
Ron Chernow, *Washington: A Life*
Hillary Rodham Clinton, *Hard Choices*
Edmund de Waal, *The Hare with Amber Eyes: A Hidden Inheritance*
Robert M. Edsel, *Saving Italy: The Race to Rescue a Nation's Treasures from the Nazis*
Atul Gawande, *Being Mortal*
Philip Glass, *Words without Music*
Doris Kearns Goodwin, *The Bully Pulpit*

Linda Hirshman, *Sisters in Law: How Sandra Day O'Connor and Ruth Bader Ginsburg Went to the Supreme Court and Changed the World*
Rocky Kolb, *Blind Watchers of the Sky: The People and Ideas That Shaped Our View of the Universe*
Ted Koppel, *Lights Out: A Cyberattack, A Nation Unprepared, Surviving the Aftermath*
Charles Krauthammer, *Things That Matter: Three Decades of Passions, Pastimes and Politics*
Erik Larson, *Dead Wake, The Last Crossing of the* Lusitania
Helen Macdonald, *H is for Hawk*
William Manchester, *The Last Lion: Winston Spencer Churchill*
Megan Marshall, *Margaret Fuller: A New American Life*
David McCullough, *The Wright Brothers*
John Merriman, *Massacre: The Life and Death of the Paris Commune*
Barbara Myerhoff, *Number Our Days: A Triumph of Continuity and Culture among Jewish Old People in an Urban Ghetto*
Anne-Marie O'Connor, *The Lady in Gold: The Extraordinary Tale of Gustav Klimt's Masterpiece, Portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer*
Derek Prince, "any of his books—a Christian author"
Stacy Schiff, *Cleopatra: A Life*
Ari Shavit, *My Promised Land: The Triumph and Tragedy of Israel*
Andrew Solomon, *Far from the Tree: Parents, Children and the Search for Identity*
Victoria Sweet, *God's Hotel: A Doctor, a Hospital, and a Pilgrimage to the Heart of Medicine*
Elizabeth Warren, *A Fighting Chance*
James G. Workman, *Heart of Dryness: How the Last Bushmen Can Help Us Endure the Coming Age of Permanent Drought*
Andrea Wulf, *The Invention of Nature: Alexander von Humboldt's New World*

17: DO YOU IDENTIFY WITH A PARTICULAR POLITICAL PARTY?

Of the seventy-two women who responded, sixty (83.3 percent) named the Democratic Party. Eight said they were Independent, one was a Republican, one a Libertarian, and one voted in the UK. She was a Conservative. There was one "Other," with the comment: "I didn't leave the Republican Party; it left me."

18: IF THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION WERE HELD TODAY, FOR WHOM WOULD YOU VOTE?

Five said it was too early, and they didn't know. Eight named Hillary Clinton. Six said Bernie Sanders. Three named Biden. One said Trump; one said whoever was the Republican nominee; and two said they would vote for the Democratic nominee.

Not Hillary Clinton: Two.

Not Donald Trump: Two.

19: WE ASKED, "WHAT PROBLEMS FACING THE COUNTRY MOST CONCERN YOU?" AND WE GOT FIVE PAGES OF ANSWERS.

Categories from page one:

- Breakdown of Congress
- growth of political extremism
- the income divide
- climate change
- growth of international religious and ethnic fanaticism
- economic and environmental problems of poor countries
- racial prejudice (police, courts, laws)
- failure of educational systems
- loss of English as national language equals loss of American community
- gun violence
- health care
- immigration
- drug culture
- income inequality for women
- terrorism

Categories from page two:

- climate change
- civil rights
- big business
- immigration policy
- arts education
- guns
- financial inequality
- rampant corruption
- big money in politics
- gerrymandering
- culture of hatred and intolerance
- gun violence
- hawks
- drugs
- increasing ignorance of the right wing
- increasing violence
- health care
- housing
- tremendous debt problem
- entitlement programs that will bankrupt the country

- illegal immigrants
- polarized country
- income equality
- Middle East
- inability of members of Congress to compromise
- high cost of college loans
- high incomes of CEOs
- education failing our kids
- war everywhere
- gun violence

Categories from page three:

- government dysfunction
- ultrapartisanship
- instability in many parts of the world
- climate change
- income disparity
- immigration policy
- ecology
- attaining economic stability
- reaching more equitable society
- terrorism
- single-payer health care
- income tax adjustment
- income inequality
- US inclination to look for military solutions
- national debt
- immigration overhaul
- income tax code revision
- environment
- guns
- war
- Republicans
- gun control
- education
- poverty
- climate control
- the mess in the Middle East
- regaining pride in our country
- increase of influence peddling
- investing in infrastructure
- world peace

- global warming
- attempted erosion of women's rights

Categories from page four:
- cutbacks in government services (federal, state, local)
- women's right to choose
- gun control (obduracy and power of NRA)
- decline of the middle class
- threatened separation of church and state
- any kind of righteous fundamentalist
- economic debt
- immigration
- racism
- poverty
- gun control
- opiate use
- education
- economic fairness for all
- environmental protection
- climate change
- income gap between rich and poor
- violence as the solution
- widening financial gap
- climate warming
- public education system
- agribusiness control of seeds
- uncontrolled spending at all levels of government
- income inequality
- racial strife
- terrorism
- poverty
- huge gap between rich and poor
- dysfunctional (Republican) Congress
- climate change
- spread of ISIL into Europe
- income inequality
- racism
- climate change

Categories from page five:
- worldwide dysfunction
- out-of-control immigration

- policies heavily influenced by the media
- exhaustion of fresh water sources
- anger many people feel
- erosion of middle class opportunity
- mistreatment of minorities
- systematic erosion of voting rights
- attacks on Planned Parenthood
- rightward tilt of the Supreme Court
- gridlock in Congress
- global warming
- national security
- ineffective government
- racial tensions
- abortion
- xenophobia
- efforts to do away with *Roe v. Wade*
- terrorism
- climate change
- terrorism in the United States
- the pro-life movement—restrictions on women's rights to contraception and abortion
- efforts to repeal the Affordable Care Act
- efforts to restrict voting rights for minorities
- climate change
- police prejudice and brutality
- income gap
- the terribleness of the Republican Party
- economic inequality
- gun violence—lack of gun control
- erosion of women's reproductive rights
- our involvement in the Middle East
- income inequality
- Republican war on women's health choices
- radical right
- politicians who deny climate change
- terrorism
- income disparity
- cost of college
- huge national debt
- militant terrorist groups

20. IS THERE ONE ISSUE THAT IS SO IMPORTANT TO YOU THAT A CANDIDATE'S STAND ON THAT ISSUE WOULD CAUSE YOU TO VOTE FOR OR AGAINST HIM OR HER? IF SO, WHAT ISSUE?

There were several women who essentially said they vote for the candidate and not the issues. "I am not a one-issue voter. The whole person is very important to me—character, energy level, positions on a number of issues." "Independence and strength of character, tested by experience, of the candidate, is my one issue. The qualities I look for are intelligence, ability to articulate honest convictions, coupled with a willingness to reevaluate these and to negotiate for practical results."

Of the issues specifically mentioned, most often cited in one way or another was freedom of choice. Often in one word: abortion, choice, women's rights, right to choose. This issue was mentioned by twenty-three women. Look back at the last question, problems facing the nation, and note this issue was included only a few times.

The other important "bullet issues" were gun control (four), immigration (five), and climate change (five).

(END)

Name Cross-Reference Index

To aid in finding your Radcliffe classmates, here is a cross-reference listing alphabetized by last name according to the Radcliffe files. Following past practice, we've italicized the name by which the classmate is filed in the Records of the Class section, if different from current surname.

Charlotte *Liggett* Achenbach
Nancy *Tuttle* Adam
Christine Allen
Earnestine *Woodward* Allen
Marcia *Frank* Allina
Beverly *Stewart* Almgren
Susan *Morford* Altfeld
Winifred *Guthrie* Anderson
Deborah *Doggett* Arey
Nancy *Pforzheimer* Aronson
Patricia *Wood* Asch
Barbara *Forester* Austin
Joyce E. Backman
Marie *Dupuis* Bardos
Virginia *Winstead* Barton
Carol *Cohen* Becker
Margaret *Rabi* Beels
Priscilla *Matthews* Beldock
Charlotte *Rockey* Bell
Anne *Carson* Berry
Harriet *DeMoss* Bigelow
Ann *Perkins* Bott
Merle *Moses* Bowser
Rachel Matlock Boys
Clare *Scott* Brandt
Brenda *Webster* Brown
Ann *Hutt* Browning
Susan *Campbell* Brownsberger
Hope *Collier* Buechler
Edith *Baras* Burke
Joan *Harvey* Burns
Sheila *Shepherd* Burns
Anne *Tyler* Calabresi
Florence *Rafael* Cheifetz
Althea Joan Christofferson
Claire Elizabeth *Gorham* Cohen
Meryl *Mann* Cohen
Elizabeth *Garvey* Cole
Barbara *Jennings* Collins
Jennifer *Matthews* Connolly
Joanna *McCarter* Cowperthwaite
Constance *Wilson* Crane
Paula Cook *Budlong* Cronin
Sue *Weaver* Crook
Alice *Cooper* Crozier
Joan *Cronk* Cully
Judith *Church* Cummings
Katharine *Spalding* Cunningham
Sheila Bruce Currier
Joan *Van Den Akker* Darrah
Ann *Grant* Davidoff
Anne S. Davidson
Miranda *Redfield* de Toulouse Lautrec
Emy *Brooks* Dickey
Carol *Kirsch* Dietz
Paula Marie *O'Neil* Donius
Yvonne *Fair* Douglas
Nancy *Richardson* Downey
Jean C. Downie
Patricia *Van Doren* Dunn
Elizabeth Lee Durgin
Hope *Rabb* Edison
Alice E. *Masson* Edwards
Gretchen *Dankmeyer* Edwards
Ellen *Rome* Ehrlich
Rosemary *Fenech* Enthoven
Patricia *Littlefield* Ewalt
Sandra *Jones* Farrar
Diana *Frothingham* Feinberg
Elsa First
Judith B. Fisher

Daisy *Harper* Fitch
Katharine *Woollen* Fitts
Sarah *Huntington* Fletcher
Nancy *Pfaelzer* Florsheim
Nancy Higginson Fordyce
Ruth *Korzenik* Franklin
Deborah *Wait* Fraser
Keller *Cushing* Freeman
Eva Jane *Neumann* Fridman
Hope *Layton* Furth
Maeda *Jurkowitz* Galinsky
Lee *Robbins* Gardner
Helen *Gardiner* Garrison
Sarah *Crocker* Garrison
Diana Ethel *Goldfaden* Gartner
Phyllis *Trustman* Gelfman
Barbara *Beckett* Giordano
Nancy *Aub* Gleason
Anne *Ipsen* Goldman
Joan *Friendly* Goodman
June D. *Hawker* Gorman
Valerie *LeVal* Graham
Joan *Hawker* Grebe
Linda *Schein* Greenebaum
Antonia *Traugott* Greenwood
Margaret Elizabeth *Adam* Halaby
Evelyn *Janover* Halpert
Laurie B. *Gorfinkle* Hammer
Adrienne *de Chetelat* Hanmer
Angelica *Spykman* Harter
Susan *Baker* Hartzell
Elizabeth *Sams* Hawes
Ann *Myers* Hershfang
Janemarie *McKelvie* Hillier
Margaret *Reid* Hodder
Katharyn *Saltonstall* Hok
Elizabeth *Wood* Holtzworth
Bonnie *Newman* Howard
Anne *Birch* Hughes
Annette *Fowler* Hunt
Louise Chapin *Slater* Huntington
Eleanor *Houghton* Hurd
Alice Temple *Pond* Hyslop
Alison *Shockley* Iannelli
Judith *Seltzer* Inker
Patricia Ireland
Ann *Bahnsen* Irish
Honor *Williams* Ishida
Patricia Diane *Burkhead* Isom
Nancy C. Jennens
Sarah Montie Johnson
Shirley B. *Johnson*-Lans
Cynthia *Almy* Josephs
Adria *Holmes* Katz
Ruth *Davis* Kelly
Jane *McIntyre* Kilborn
Anitra *Bingham* Kolenkow
Dorothy *Kessler* Koperberg
Aurelia *Carissimo* Koros
Virginia Ann *French* Krause
Janet *Brown* Kuenne
Jane *Connell* Lamont-May
Sandra *Shohet* Landau
Roberta A. Lanigan
Elizabeth *Williams* Lawson
Helen *Weigel* Leavitt
Anne *Waddington* Leonard
Nancy *Palais* Levin
Jane *Elkind* Lewin
Tovah *Soloveitchik* Lichtenstein
Elizabeth Johanna Linch
Carol *Goldstein* Lissack
Sara Livermore
Susan *McIntosh* Lloyd
Janet *Ferguson* Lyman
Eleanore *Ellsworth* MacDougall
Carol *Manning* Mahnke
Nancy Anne *Leet* Manning
Phyllis *Park* Marsh
Jean *Dunbar* Maryborn
Patricia Jane Maslon
Nancy *Grant* Mayer
Margaret *Putney* McCall
Emma *Merrill* McCreanor

Katharine Wolcott *Watts* McGovern
Katherine *Hitchcock* McHugh
Margaret *Means* McIntosh
Eleanor *Dearing* McKinster
Mimi *Winslow* Mead
Joan Mickelson
Elizabeth *Johnston* Milleker
Eileen *Fahnestock* Miller
Victoria *Pearson* Miller
Judith *Rice* Millon
Sarah *Jordan* Minnigan
Cassandra *Chrones* Moore
Evelyn V. K. Morgan
Julia *Harmon* Morgan
Eleanor Kenner *Smith* Morris
Myra *Shapiro* Morris
Paula Morse
Alison *Mumford* Morss
Judith *Haley* Murphy
Anne *Martignette* Murray
Barbara *Lamb* Narendra
Mary Moak *Cameron* Neuhauser
Lisa *Dodd* Nicholson
Vivian *Bonebrake* Nossiter
Sarah *Christian* O'Dowd
H. Joan *Shuman* Ochroch
Martha *Waddell* Olson
Paula J. Omansky
Elizabeth Paine
Marian *Bear* Papermaster
Anne *Barrett* Passarelli
Pamela *Read* Peck
Karin M. Peterson
Ann *Hallman* Pettigrew
Mary *Richards* Pi-Sunyer
Jacqueline E. Piazza
Deborah *Maynard* Pixley
Anita *Humphreys* Pomerance
Peggy *Milch* Porder
Joy M. *Hambuechen* Potter
Catherine *Herzog* Powell
Vera Christine Pratt
Dickie *Hebert* Priest
Catriona Rae
Jo *Maheu* Raleigh
Rosa *Rosenbloom* Rasiel
Janet Kathryn *Peterson* Rawdon
Elsa *Weil* Reich
Dorothy *Martin* Reiley
Cynthia Rich
Jean Marjorie Richards
Therese *Jaeger* Ried
Marjorie Helen *Force* Roberts
Carole *Latter* Robinson
Marguerite *Stern* Robinson
Jane E. Rogers
Lucille *Shechet* Roseman
Lavinia *Lamont* Rosenthal
Elisabeth *Farber* Rubin
Catharine *Dawson* Rush
M. Luisa *Lobo* Ryan
Eleanore *Phillips* Sanderson
Lesley *Mangel* Schapiro
Elizabeth *Coleman* Schoeberlein
Gay M. Schroeder
Cornelia *Davenport* Schwartz
Harriet *Orlov* Schwartz
Maylie *Marshall* Scott
Phillippa Scott
Mary *Van Beuren* Seavey
Wiltraud *Pfeiffer* Segel
Sibyl *Inslee* Sender
Leslie *Van Zandt* Shaver
Joanna *Shaw*-Eagle
May *Werthan* Shayne
Joan Louise *Foster* Shireman
Nancy Diane *Campbell* Shober
Mary *Alexich* Shoemaker
Ina *Backman* Shoenberg
Geraldine *Poplack* Shohet
Betty *Clark* Snell
María del Carmen *Rovira* Soler
Kendall *Smith* Stanley
Jill *Spero* Steefel

Ellen *DeWolfe* Steere
Joan *Workman* Stein
Ellen *Deitsch* Stern
Gabrielle B. Stocker
Gail Stocker
Cynthia *Crain* Stokes
Anne *Johnson* Stone
Ann *Andrus* Stonestreet
Frances *Elliot* Storey
Ann *Browne* Strickland
Elizabeth Ann *Whitney* Strong
Abigail Jane Sargent *Lewis* Sugarman
Jeanne Marie *Baldi* Sullivan
Cordelia *Morrison* Swanson
Katrina Martha *Welles* Swanson
Lee *Dodge* Sylvester
Pringle *Hart* Symonds
Anna *Newman* Taylor
Charlan *Edmundson* Terry
Diane Gail *Spaniack* Tichell
Jean *Finch* Topping
Mary Van Zandt *Rust* Townsend
Rebecca *Garrison* Tracy
Jo Anne *Rothenberg* Travis
Mary *McGuire* Tyler
Sarah M. Tyler
Joan *Rubinstein* Urdan
Jean Valentine
Elizabeth Hoover von Kalkhurst
Sara *Smith* von Tramin
Anne Juliet Wadleigh
Nannie *von Stade* Ward
Zelda *Rakowitz* Wasserman
Carye *Simons* Watson
Margaret E. *Rose* Webber
Janet *Gardner* Weinberg
Beverly D. *Bunnin* Weinfeld
Jean *McCullough* Weir
Dorothea *Schmidt* Wender
Jane Corey Wenning
Lindsay *Butte* West
Marina *von Neumann* Whitman
Cleo *Staciva* Whitten
Elinor *Dean* Wilder
Gail *Rennie* Willard
Jody *Fisher* Williams
Maureen *Ryan* Willson
Hildegarde *Willmann* Wilson
Sarah *Barrows* Worm
Barbara *Bent* Worthley
Jeanne *Jason* Wright
Kathleen *Mao* Yang
Cynthia Ridgway *McCarthy* Zaitzevsky
Constance *Bookidis* Zavos
Beatrice *Ufford* Zenzie
Doris *Wickham* Zirul
Natalie *Greenough* Zuckerman

Geographical Index

ALABAMA
Florence: Charlan *Edmundson* Terry
Theodore: Elizabeth Ann *Whitney* Strong
Tuscaloosa: Katharine *Woollen* Fitts

ARIZONA
Tucson: Margaret Elizabeth *Adam* Halaby

CALIFORNIA
Atherton: Rosemary *Fenech* Enthoven
Berkeley: Rebecca *Garrison* Tracy, Hildegarde *Willmann* Wilson
El Cerrito: Harriet *DeMoss* Bigelow
Encino: Katharine Wolcott *Watts* McGovern
La Jolla: Joan *Rubinstein* Urdan
Los Angeles: Phillippa Scott
Ojai: Diana *Frothingham* Feinberg
Palo Alto: Susan *Baker* Hartzell, Cassandra *Chrones* Moore, Ellen *Rome* Ehrlich
San Diego: Cynthia Rich
San Francisco: Geraldine *Poplack* Shohet, Margaret E. *Rose* Webber
Santa Barbara: Anne *Martignette* Murray
Santa Cruz: Ann *Hallman* Pettigrew, Gabrielle B. Stocker
Santa Monica: Anna *Newman* Taylor, Brenda *Webster* Brown
Sunnyvale: Anne *Carson* Berry
Sutter Creek: Martha *Waddell* Olson

COLORADO
Boulder: Elizabeth *Coleman* Schoeberlein
Centennial: Gretchen *Dankmeyer* Edwards
Grand Junction: Emma *Merrill* McCreanor

CONNECTICUT
Deep River: Jean Marjorie Richards
Greenwich: Phyllis *Trustman* Gelfman
Guilford: Lee *Dodge* Sylvester
Harwinton: Ann *Perkins* Bott
Killingworth: Sarah Montie Johnson
Old Saybrook: Sarah *Barrows* Worm
Woodbridge: Barbara *Lamb* Narendra, Anne *Tyler* Calabresi

DELAWARE
Wilmington: Zelda *Rakowitz* Wasserman

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington: Judith *Rice* Millon, Joanna *Shaw*-Eagle

FLORIDA
Boca Raton: Dorothy *Kessler* Koperberg
Hialeah: Jeanne *Jason* Wright
Miami: Christine Allen
Naples: Virginia Ann *French* Krause
Plantation: Joan Mickelson
Sarasota: Carol *Manning* Mahnke
Wimauma: Betty *Clark* Snell
Winter Park: Dickie *Hebert* Priest

GEORGIA
Decatur: Nancy Diane *Campbell* Shober

ILLINOIS
Chicago: Jeanne Marie *Baldi* Sullivan

MAINE
Belfast: Janet *Gardner* Weinberg
Harpswell: Louise Chapin *Slater* Huntington
Milbridge: Deborah *Doggett* Arey
Portland: Jane E. Rogers
Rockport: Marjorie Helen *Force* Roberts
Spruce Head: Mary Moak *Cameron* Neuhauser
Vinalhaven: Deborah *Maynard* Pixley

MARYLAND
Annapolis: Merle *Moses* Bowser
Bethesda: Jane *Elkind* Lewin
Chestertown: Winifred *Guthrie* Anderson
Mitchellville: Anne *Johnson* Stone
Potomac: June D. *Hawker* Gorman

MASSACHUSETTS
Amherst: Emy *Brooks* Dickey
Bedford: Anne S. Davidson
Belmont: Susan *Campbell* Brownsberger, Gail Stocker
Boston: Paula Morse, Ann *Myers* Hershfang
Brookline: Janet *Ferguson* Lyman
Cambridge: Anne *Birch* Hughes, Paula Cook *Budlong* Cronin, Catharine *Dawson* Rush, Carol *Kirsch* Dietz, Lavinia *Lamont* Rosenthal, Mary *McGuire* Tyler, Angelica *Spykman* Harter
Chestnut Hill: Beverly D. *Bunnin* Weinfeld, Marguerite *Stern* Robinson
Concord: Joanna *McCarter* Cowperthwaite
Duxbury: Paula Marie *O'Neil* Donius
Framingham: Sandra *Jones* Farrar
Hingham: Elizabeth *Garvey* Cole
Ipswich: Sara Livermore
Lexington: Jane *McIntyre* Kilborn, Nancy *Palais* Levin
Mansfield: Karin M. Peterson
Marblehead: Carol *Goldstein* Lissack, Laurie B. *Gorfinkle* Hammer, Bonnie *Newman* Howard, Rosa *Rosenbloom* Rasiel
Nantucket: Nancy *Tuttle* Adam
Newton: Anne *Ipsen* Goldman, Carole *Latter* Robinson, Meryl *Mann* Cohen, Mary Van Zandt *Rust* Townsend
Newton Centre: Cynthia Ridgway *McCarthy* Zaitzevsky
Northampton: Linda *Schein* Greenebaum
Norton: Barbara *Bent* Worthley
Plainville: Alice E. *Masson* Edwards
Plymouth: Alice Temple *Pond* Hyslop
Stow: Joan *Harvey* Burns
Sudbury: Eva Jane *Neumann* Fridman
Waltham: Margaret *Means* McIntosh
Wellesley Hills: Judith *Seltzer* Inker
West Tisbury: Vera Christine Pratt

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor: Marina *von Neumann* Whitman

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis: Cynthia *Crain* Stokes

MISSOURI
St. Louis: Hope *Rabb* Edison, Jo Anne *Rothenberg* Travis

NEVADA
Reno: Margaret *Putney* McCall

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Concord: Katharyn *Saltonstall* Hok
East Kingston: Jean *Finch* Topping
Exeter: Patricia *Van Doren* Dunn
Portsmouth: Eleanore *Phillips* Sanderson
Rumney: Jody *Fisher* Williams
Warner: Beverly *Stewart* Almgren

NEW JERSEY
Maplewood: Alice *Cooper* Crozier
Princeton: Janet *Brown* Kuenne, Daisy *Harper* Fitch, Adria *Holmes* Katz
Tenafly: Lee *Robbins* Gardner
West Orange: Elsa *Weil* Reich

NEW MEXICO
Arroyo Seco: Hope *Collier* Buechler
Santa Fe: Nancy Higginson Fordyce

NEW YORK
Armonk: Patricia Diane *Burkhead* Isom
Bedford: Maureen *Ryan* Willson
Bronx: Marcia *Frank* Allina
Brooklyn: Elinor *Dean* Wilder, Claire Elizabeth *Gorham* Cohen
Dobbs Ferry: Virginia *Winstead* Barton
New York: Ina *Backman* Shoenberg, Barbara *Beckett* Giordano, Marie *Dupuis* Bardos, Elsa First, Helen *Gardiner* Garrison, Nancy *Grant* Mayer, Evelyn *Janover* Halpert, Shirley B. *Johnson*-Lans, Elizabeth *Johnston* Milleker, Kathleen *Mao* Yang, Jean *McCullough* Weir, Peggy *Milch* Porder, Paula J. Omansky, Victoria *Pearson* Miller, Nancy *Pforzheimer* Aronson, Margaret *Rabi* Beels, Katharine *Spalding* Cunningham, Jean Valentine
Painted Post: Vivian *Bonebrake* Nossiter
Penfield: María del Carmen *Rovira* Soler
Port Washington: Ellen *Deitsch* Stern
Rhinebeck: Clare *Scott* Brandt
Rochester: Diane Gail *Spaniack* Tichell
Schenectady: Abigail Jane Sargent *Lewis* Sugarman
White Plains: Hope *Layton* Furth

NORTH CAROLINA
Chapel Hill: Maeda *Jurkowitz* Galinsky, Sue *Weaver* Crook

OREGON
Happy Valley: Joan Louise *Foster* Shireman
Portland: Judith B. Fisher

PENNSYLVANIA
Bala Cynwyd: H. Joan *Shuman* Ochroch
Kennett Square: Pringle *Hart* Symonds
Media: Eleanor *Houghton* Hurd
Newtown: Beatrice *Ufford* Zenzie
Philadelphia: Ann *Browne* Strickland, Joan *Friendly* Goodman
Pittsburgh: Kendall *Smith* Stanley

RHODE ISLAND
Barrington: Sarah *Christian* O'Dowd
Riverside: Nancy Anne *Leet* Manning

SOUTH CAROLINA
Aiken: Nannie *von Stade* Ward
Myrtle Beach: Nancy *Richardson* Downey
Piedmont: Keller *Cushing* Freeman
Simpsonville: Phyllis *Park* Marsh

TEXAS
Austin: Adrienne de Chetelat *Dechetelat* Hanmer

VERMONT
Charlotte: Valerie *LeVal* Graham
Pawlet: Anita *Humphreys* Pomerance
Rutland: Susan *McIntosh* Lloyd

VIRGINIA
Blacksburg: Lindsay *Butte* West
Stanley: Natalie *Greenough* Zuckerman

WASHINGTON
Anacortes: Anne *Barrett* Passarelli
Bothell: Joan *Workman* Stein
Seattle: Dorothy *Martin* Reiley
Vashon: Ann *Bahnsen* Irish

WISCONSIN
Milwaukee: Nancy *Pfaelzer* Florsheim
Waukesha: Janemarie *McKelvie* Hillier

ANTIGUA AND BARBUDA
English Harbour: Lisa *Dodd* Nicholson

AUSTRALIA
Sydney, NSW: Jean C. Downie

CANADA

ONTARIO
Ottawa: Jennifer *Matthews* Connolly, Deborah *Wait* Fraser
Owen Sound: Antonia *Traugott* Greenwood

ENGLAND
Gerrards Cross: Priscilla *Matthews* Beldock
London: Gay M. Schroeder
Newton Abbot: Cleo *Staciva* Whitten

FRANCE
Roussac: Miranda *Redfield* de Toulouse Lautrec

ISRAEL
Alon Shvut: Tovah *Soloveitchik* Lichtenstein
Ramat Gan: Florence *Rafael* Cheifetz

JAPAN
Tokyo: Honor *Williams* Ishida